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THE WYOMING MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Devoted to the Literature of Northeastern Pennsylvania

EDITED BY S. R. SMITH.

JULY, 1888--JUNE, 1889.

8 W. Market Street,

Wilkes-Barre, Penn'a.

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WYOMING MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Literature of Northeastern Pennsylvania

VOLUME I

WILKES-BARRE, JULY, 1888

NUMBER I

IN MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN.

It is not hard for me to think,
Though cabined in this little town,
Of lands and cities o'er the brink
Of yonder hill, where day goes down.
Nor is it hard to understand
That yonder orb, which shines on me,
Swims through unmeasured, vast, and grand
Remoteness of the stellar sea.
It is not hard,—for, look you! where
Those blossomed vases are arrayed,
So close at hand this summer air
Is perfumed by them, lives a maid
Whose smiles my soul's best blessings are,
And yet, for all that I can say,
Her soul is distant as a star
That swims ten million leagues away!

Andrew B. Saxton.

REALISM AND IDEALISM IN FICTION.

The attitude of our civilization is such that it renders this age the most favorable in history for the domination of realism. With materialism in philosophy and agnosticism in religion so rampant; with the American passion for making everything financially remunerative so concentrated; and with the utilitarian gloss on all the paraphernalia of our great electrical and other inventions so patent,—men have no leisure left to exercise a taste for seemingly worthless fantasies of genius. With the average citizen the ideal is fast disappearing in the wake of the roc and phoenix, the nymph and faun of old age superstition. Undoubtedly, the re-action is a coming event. The vision of what might be if it were not, should cause man to

shudder. An earth where faith and romance shall be abjured in favor of doubt and realism, will be the haunted sepulchre of man's moral nature.

But while man has a dual conception of his own worth and ability, one being the ordinary valuation placed upon him by society, the other his own inner consciousness of extraordinary possibilities, he must have romance; for in that he has a world apart where he may indulge his hopes and egotism with extensive ambition, and without proving a bore to any one.

The important question is, which is better worth portraying, the connatal ideas of man, and the events to which they would lead him if acted upon, or the acquired ideas of man, and the conventional incidents of common-place actuality. It may be contended that most novelists combine somewhat of both elements in their work. True; but of those novelists, which, excepting two, perhaps three, can be pointed out as the author of dignified and continuously correct delineation? There are few geniuses with the peculiar power of achieving both purposes successfully. George Eliot and Thackeray can thus be named. The fiction-writing multitude, consciously and unconsciously, pursues the same standard, but in its work the prevailing falseness of art and nature is so observable to the earnest reader as to receive no greater regard than toleration. But the great masters of fiction, who are members of the nobler guild of belles-lettres, with the exceptions just named, are wholly absorbed in reproducing life after one of these two patterns, ignoring the other.

Young writers are peculiarly fallible to the charms of Miss Antithesis. She has a subtle air of invitation that woos one almost insensibly into a flirtation from which one awakes at length in despair, only to find the adored one a mass of tawdry tinsel. Ever since Dr. Johnson rolled out his cadences comparing Dryden and Pope, all other efforts of the sort seem to bear a stereotyped grace.

Let her allurements be successful, however, for the occasion, and let us see how she can array the two great opposing doctrines of literary writing. Idealism, then, tends to elevate the soul, and appease the moral hunger of man; realism only reassures the evidence of our physical senses. For example, we read Hawthorne and are ennobled, enthused, and sometimes awed; we read Howells in tranquillity, with satisfaction, and with a mild curiosity. The former treats nature as a symbol; the latter as a fact. Soul and thought form the theme of one; body and speech the study of the other. Hester Prynne, Miriam, and Zenobia were characters created by a sort of synthetical welding on the anvil of imagination in the flaming forge of Hawthorne's inner consciousness. Lydia Blood, Arbutnot and Lapham, were characters at hand to be chirographically photographed and be commented upon in a refined repertorial manner by the analytical pen of Howells.

Hawthorne's attitude is that of a man in revery, standing with folded arms and down-cast eyes in the solitude of his wooded hill back of the "Wayside"; Howells we can better imagine, without any intention of satire, as suavely controlling the focus of a camera in a photograph gallery on Broadway.

Truth and beauty in romance, too often dwindle to triviality and estheticism in realistic fiction. As regards style, free, strong expression too often degenerates into painful and stilted technique. The first is the art of imagination as much as the latter is the science of imitation.

There is room in our literature for both these tendencies, and each in its turn will overbear the other, but idealism will be always the haughtiest stream, strong, rushing, and pellucid, bearing on its bosom craft which could put in at any port, and not astonish the inhabitants, for the sailors would be versatile in all languages. Let "Silas Lapham," or "Daisy Miller," anchor in the harbor of some future day, and we can imagine the looks askance of those on shore at hulks as strange to them as Chinese junks to us. Realism will be of future value only to the historian. Idealism in all ages tries to concentrate the knowledge of the metaphysician and psychologist.

W. George Powell.

HOLY MISSION.

There is no singer, howso'er unnoticed,
Whose song has reached a single lonely heart
And made it better, but has holy mission
That sets him from the aimless throng apart.

However lowly in its inspiration,
The word that carries healing in its thought
Is writ in love that wings the message surely
To him who waits in sorrow over wrought.

Rest sure, discouraged singer, if thy spirit
Is burning in its love of human kind
Thou hast no song but in some secret corner
Blessing and blest, its healing work shall find.

Ione Kent.

SLEEP.

The day is weary, and sweet Mother Night
Soothes it to sleep beneath the silent stars
That keep, the while, their never-ending vigil,
Lest wanton sun the somber portals pass
Bright dreams to steal away.

The world's at rest, and all its children, aching
From pain of heart or muscle, lay them down
For strength to bear again to-morrow's load
A little farther on.

O! land of dreams, unnumbered pilgrims weary
Fix their sad eyes upon thy welcome shore
As on a haven safe, where hearts, dismantled
By sorrow's gales, that sweep e'en hope away,
May anchor fast, 'till, day and hope returning,
They trim their sails and venture forth again.

T. P. Ryder.

CONCERNING BIRDS.

The touch of melancholy, inspired by a stroll through the woods, is dispelled by the sight of painted creatures flitting here and there about the flowers and among the branches—birds, butterflies, beetles, bees, swarms of insects—some born for a day, some for a season, and the rest for only a few journeys with this planet around the sun. As if conscious of the brevity of their life, the birds are in ceaseless activity—feeding, dressing their garments, wooing their mates, caring for their young, or laying in a store for the coming time of want.

How they stare at us through their little bright eyes, as if inquiring whether they have met a friend or foe.

Birds, like trees and men, can only be understood by those who love them, and no one can love them who has not visited them at their homes. It is almost a waste of time to study a work on ornithology to get introduced to their inner life. Indeed, one can no more fall in love with birds by the contemplation of their stuffed skins, or the carcasses and pictures of them, than he can warm up in sentiment toward any other strangely painted dead thing.

If you would learn to truly love canaries, get a hatching-box in February or March and raise young ones. Give the parents the freedom of the room once in a while. Let them show off outside their prison bars. So, if you would know something of the feathered denizens of the woods, study them there flitting about, each exhibiting a distinct individuality of size, color, habits, song and flight; each having a very striking cunning in wooing his mate, making his nest, securing his food, and evading his enemy. Volumes have been written about these loveliest of creatures, but they must be lived with to be appreciated.

Now, that one's ear is open, there comes pouring into it the voice of the flute-throated brown thrushes—prima donnas of the wood—the chirp, peep and twitter of the little

songsters—animated bouquets—and, over all, the screams of the great hawk—tacking, careening, circling—now plunging, now gliding—yachting on the breezy, viewless air, having taken an early breakfast on a nest full of callow birds, despite the cries and threats of their bereaved parents.

I never can think of these beautiful things as mere worm destroyers any more than I can that my utilitarian friend, who makes the suggestion, is himself destined for worm food.

But if such an one should ask me, I could tell him that the policy of preserving birds as worm killers is the very worst kind of a policy; for the bird, in a day, devours, say one hundred big fat beetles (who do the farmer and gardener no harm), while the same big beetles, if left alone, would each have devoured one hundred little ones, and it is the little ones that spoil the shrubs and vines. Besides, the innocent beetles and flies and aphides and all the ephemera have as much claim upon our mercies as the birds have, and the millions and billions of them will live their little lives out without regard to our statute laws or the sentiment of the nursery rhymers. Big birds catch and eat little ones, and the more little birds there are the more big ones there will be to eat them. Little birds catch and eat beetles, and the more little birds there will be to eat them, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Every thing is food for something, and the number of things depends almost wholly upon the amount of food available, so these things cannot be affected by human laws, any more than man can regulate the storms.

The insects which impoverish men are not food for birds. For instance, birds do not eat the currant worm, or the cabbage worm, or the potato bug, or the tent caterpillar, or the wood louse, or anything else that amounts to a plague, but these same things have a parasite which is just as effectual for their destruction as if the birds were to attack them.

I once saw a hawk stand over a thrush's nest, pick up the young ones and swallow them alive as if they were mere strawberries. I have seen frogs and snakes do the same thing with the young of sparrows.

On the ground of utility I see no reason why it is more cruel to kill a bird for its skin than to do the same thing with a seal or any other fur or hair-bearing animal.

In my presence a bird caught a butterfly, the cat caught and eat the bird, and the dog killed the cat in a quarrel over the next quart of milk set out at the back door.

So it is, every living thing is tied to the great wheel of fate and everything else is subservient to man's subsistence and his pleasure. While you, dear reader, and I must enjoy the birds for their song and beauty in freedom, others are paying high prices for their feathers without the skins, or for their flesh without either of these appendages.

Fuss and feathers, big Ingen and plumes, pretty hats and dirty bird skins, suggest to my mind a great amount of weakness rather than spirit of barbarity, and my love for birds is such that I abhor the person who wantonly destroys a single one of them, and the boy who robs one of their nests to gratify a spirit of cruelty is on the highway to ruin. They are all here for a purpose, and, like the stars,

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

D. L. Rhone.

THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

July 3rd, 1778.

Dramatis Personæ—An Old Resident and a Stranger.

Scene—Prospect Rock.

INSCRIBED TO WILLIAM P. MINER, ESQ.

"There is the valley—look around—
See, there's the winding river,
And just above the bend's the ground,
(Historic ground forever,)
On which the patriots fought and died,
Father and son and grandsire hoary
Each took his part against the allied
Forces of Indians and of Tories.

"Tell you the tale? You must be a stranger,
From a strange land, to never have heard
Of the sorrow and fear, the anguish and danger
The settlers were in on that memorable third
When all Hell seemed let loose, and Satan himself
Led the red-handed host in the bloody affray,
When they came on their homes and accomplished
by stealth
Their murderous work on that terrible day!

"Just sit down here and rest, while with my mind's
eye,

I search for a date to begin with the story:
'Twas in seventy-eight, on the third of July—
(A hundred years now, since that conflict so gory.)
Those were soul-trying times a century back,
Our country was then in the throes of its birth
And the patriots here—and there were no lack—
Had gone to assist—leaving defenceless *their*
hearth.

"'Twas then Tory Butler, and his blood-thirsty
crew

Swooped down on their prey like wolves on the
fold,
And fathers and mothers, sons and daughters they
slew

Till but few were left, that the tale might be told.
'Twas a terrible day, and a horrible deed,
When father 'gainst son and son against sire
Were arrayed, and each caused the other to bleed
And wreaked on each other a vengeance most
dire.

"'Twas in vain they cried mercy! no mercy they
gave,

But, thirsting for blood, with their tomahawks
keen

Struck them down in their tracks, age nor youth
did they save

So hellish their fury—O, dire was the scene!
Four hundred or more fell in the affray,
Gave up their life's blood for their country and
home—

True patriots those who died on that day
Whose deeds will live on for ages to come.

* * * * *

"There is the valley—historic vale—

Where sleep the brave their battles o'er;
Hard was their lot, and sad the tale
That tells of all their hardships sore.
Harrassed were they on every side,
Both by Indian and by Tory,
Until in Freedom's cause they died
Upon that field—A field of Glory."

J. Andrew Boyd.

A MEMORIAL SKETCH.

No matter how truthful and impartial the writer aims to be, much is lost when he can only attain an inferior or partial knowledge of those motives of action, those principles of conduct, and those traits of character which constitute the individuality of him who is to be described.

It has been quaintly said, that poets, painters and musicians are born, that is, made by nature; whereas, law is a human, artificial, difficult science, not to be inspired, but acquired only by diligent, hard study; the greatest and grandest requisite for an attorney.

It is an established truth, that for many years in this country the occupants of the bench have been men of pure and elevated character; wielding an influence that tended to make men of letters, not only ornaments of the bar, but benefactors of the society in which they lived, and furthermore, the example of high professional distinction stimulates a laudable ambition to excel, as it teaches industry, energy, and perseverance, and that by the exercise of these virtues, together with independence of character, political consistency, and spotless purity, both in public and private life, a truly enviable reputation may be attained.

To see the past, and especially *political* events, with an accuracy that will anticipate the dispassionate judgment of posterity, requires the strictest impartiality; in other words a freedom from prejudice and passion, that one who enters into all the excited feelings of personal or party strife, can hardly be supposed to possess.

The political conscience is usually an adjustable quantity or entity which is frequently regulated by the knowledge that platforms are proverbially uncandid, and intentionally vague; and until they say what they mean their insincerity is wasted, and voters, knowing the party's intention, will act accordingly, whether such action supports or opposes the measures the

platform proposes to establish; and recent advices from political centres show that political human nature has not changed essentially since a generation ago, Henry M. Fuller and Winthrop W. Ketcham, by the inwardness of the faith, the power and the personal popularity that was in them, accomplished that revolution in politics in this county, in which they stood forth as leaders and standard bearers.

These men, of whom the present generation has too little knowledge, have gone down to the grave to be registered with the past. To those who knew them, their life-work was a time of pleasant memories, and happy associations; and the wish to recall them to a generation they did not live to know, is induced by their unique methods in the successful management of campaign work.

In personal magnetism they were unequalled; both had a positive frame of mind, were of plain manners, of eminently social habits, and too confident of their powers to appear ambitious; and by fair means unflinchingly pursued their own ends.

They were personal friends, and although they gave little or no preparation to their efforts at stump speech making, they at once attained a personal popularity that has not been excelled.

Their manner was harmony exactly adjusted to the occasion, and their reasoning convincing without any appearance of art or design; and it must be acknowledged that such competitors as Charles Denison and Hendrick B. Wright were worthy of great personal and political consideration, which is abundantly attested by their professional and political success.

Their time was an epoch, which formed a chronological link between politicians; when parties received more general public attention than they do now, and when natural powers of argumentative skill seemed at once to give high social position.

The reputations of Fuller and Ketcham never waned during their congressional occupancy where they identified them-

selves with the prominent questions of the day, and took a resolute stand for domestic industry.

Both were skillful leaders, and showed pre-eminently their characteristic powers of inspiring their party with their own energy and resolution; they were generous and spirited men; ingenious, modest, and fearless in the expression of their views; and while they retained the respect of all, they were always esteemed for their integrity, and admired for their independence.

In adding the name of Harrison Wright to this memorial sketch, it is admitted that the felicity of the subject consists in the distinguished names which it embraces, and in this record the writer would rather expose himself to the imputation of ignorance than ingratitude.

According to the recollection of forty years ago, Harrison Wright, in his manner of speaking, was fine, earnest and impressive; and it is possible, that the effect, due to the merits of the performance, owed something to admiration for the man, for he possessed great amenity of manner, was easy, accessible, and communicative.

His speeches abounded in touches of eloquence, which became characteristic, and which, to thoroughly appreciate, require a consideration of the adventitious accompaniments of the occasion.

His manner exhibited the fruits of large professional intercourse, he was fond of his profession, and as a criminal lawyer he was eminently reputable. To a complete knowledge of the world he united a general scholarship; lived in no man's favor, and while he made himself useful to his friends, he was formidable to his opponents.

He was a man of social distinction but never exhibited a spirit of ostentation; he had a mien and mental discipline which showed to one who is accustomed to their manifestation, as gentlemanly culture.

He was not necessitated like many of the professional brethren of that day, to acquire some experience of the *res angustae* before their professions brought

them comfort and competency, and wanting that support and encouragement, which many young men similarly situated have found, he formed a tender connection that would be a solace in his solitude and seclusion while devoting himself to business and study. His studies were various and extensive, and he well estimated the means that were to make him at once the equal and competitor of men who for years had occupied the foremost places at the bar.

He had an eye in which shone some revelation of his intellect and character, which no man ever saw and forgot. His competitors were fluent, classical, earnest, laborious, and ingenious; and were the objects of his study as well as his books. In professional circles he produced an impression which is not now effaced, and of which his early efforts at the bar gave promise.

He was in no sense a politician; the political sky of the time of Fuller and Ketcham has changed, and politicians adopt now a policy so quiet, that prominent partisans are generally but little known to the public.

The mass-meetings and political processions of the past generation are no longer in vogue; and the stump orations of that period are no more heard in the land; and those campaign overdoings, to arouse popular enthusiasm, are registered among the pleasantest memories of that eventful time. Now partisan denunciation with campaign arguments and papers furnished to order, are no longer trustworthy.

Appeals to judgement of voters are still made through the medium of newspapers; and this communication with the public is less partisan than formerly, and as a means of instruction is more agreeable and conformable to the present general public taste.

Furthermore, by the more reasonable it is believed that the judicious addition of Republican leaven to the Democratic heap of meal will not only improve its dietetic

qualities but occasion a hygienic influence that will promote the general political health and good-will of both parties, and thus remove sectional discordance, promote national unity, and secure the best interests of the American people.

In this county, as an active participant in the time to which reference is made, history will recall the name of Hendrick B. Wright, whose fame, as a politician and lawyer, extended far and wide throughout the land. Col. Wright was a man of marked kindness, never wanting in sympathy for the needy-poor.

A few years ago an aged, infirm and very destitute man came to the writer seeking aid from the government as a soldier of the Florida war in 1837. He said Col. Wright had sent him: I said Col. Wright is accustomed to give something more substantial than that to old soldiers, whereupon he replied, Col. Wright has kept my family for ten years. And such was Col. Wright. He was acquainted with human nature, and in private life he was esteemed for an expanded benevolence to all around him. He was simple and perspicuous in his manner, dignified and impressive as a speaker; as an orator he exercised uncommon sway over the minds of men, with graceful gesture and chaste language, he reasoned well and with a promptitude that required little or no preparation for debate. His social qualities rendered him one of the most companionable of men; he possessed resolution of character, and while in early life he applied himself with indefatigable zeal to study, he never relapsed into any indulgence inconsistent with a manly and virtuous character.

In conversation he had strong powers, and was remarkably instructive and entertaining, for he had great brilliancy of wit and quickness of apprehension.

He was beloved for the urbanity of his manners, and he was always a practical friend to the poor, and a companion to either the young, aged, light-hearted, or

broken in spirit; he was estimable for his virtuous principles, and his extensive acquaintance with men and things. He and the writer occupied adjoining offices for nearly twenty years, and this is authority for saying that few men were kinder in their disposition or more benevolent in their lives. He was distinguished for the correct and honorable discharge of his various duties, and found an unfailing source of happiness to himself in contributing to the enjoyment of others. He had a cultivated taste for literature and possessed a rich store of political knowledge. As a politician he was consistent, judicious enthusiastic; was well versed in parliamentary rules and frequently acted as chairman.

He was chosen representative to Congress, and discharged some of the most respectable offices in the gift of the state.

He possessed a sound constitution, and his countenance indicated a placid state of mind, depth of thought, and an inflexible resolution. His opponents accused him of a passion for popularity, the truth of the charge is questioned, but a fondness for being beloved can be hardly reckoned among the bad traits of a man's character. As an advocate before a jury he excelled, and was often engaged in difficult cases. He left behind him the reputation of a thorough and skilled lawyer, and an estimable man. He maintained through life a character for strict integrity, great penetration of mind, humanity, virtue, energy political and professional ability and gentlemanly deportment.

George Urquhart, M. D.

I'LL NAME THEE.

A maiden fair with eyes of blue
And golden hair, with form sublime,
With lovelit eyes and heart so true
That none can say aught but divine—
Whose finger-tips the lilies shame;
When she appears the roses bloom;
Her quiet grace brings forth her name—
I'll call her June, fair flowery June.

A. W. Betterly.

GLIMPSES OF GWALIA.

Lines read at St. David's Banquet, Wyoming Valley
House, 1884.

Perhaps my good opinion of our Saint
Is heightened by the prospect of the Dinner;
Yet, feeding on the feast my fancies paint,
I find, my Pegasus grows thin and thinner.

Come Barebones, there's no clover in the air,
Nor clover blossoms blooming in the stables;
St. David's feast's at hand! Must take me there
Tho' groans should greet us from the groaning
tables.

Before we go there, you must fatten up,
And I grow thinner for three thorough courses;
Once there, 'tis yours to fast, and mine to sup,
So we may show them what a Welsh fast horse is.

He's half forgot his Welsh, I fear, but then
A winged horse should be excused from talking
If he but do some singing now and then—
You'll find he's Welsh when he gets down to
walking.

I fancy, many hundred years ago,
My Pegasus and I thro' Gwalia traveled,
And met St. David there, for aught we know,
The mystery will never be unravelled.

If not, why is it that my steed and I,
At mention of St. David and his pasture,
Are seen together on a sudden fly,
Several sheets in the wind, as we were last year?

Oh! for a real Welsh pony fat and sleek;
My winged steed's been starved for generations;
It were not safe for me to wear a leek,
He'd taking a liking to it, with his rations.

Once in awhile I to my father show
The horse he rode in boyhood; but he tells me
That Pegasus was never his, oh! no!—
I think he was, the way the steed impels me.

He seems so fond of Welsh, and ever was
Of good Welsh preaching—p'rhaps he's now re-
calling
The time he was a Pulpit Pegasus—
And served my father in his sacred calling.

He used to graze by Helicon's sweet stream,
And roam 'round Mount Olympus—they're in
Gwalia!

I saw them once when journeying in a dream,
And of those healing waters found the value.

And I was soul sick, when I found them first,
And, for the songs of Cambria, hungry-hearted;
Within my breast an ancient, inborn thirst
For those sweet springs whence me my birth had
parted!

'Tis humor then no less than pathos gives
An impulse to the memory and affection;
Something, before us born, still in us lives,
Full of deep joy, *and* oftimes of dejection.

A mirth-provoking habit of some friend,
Who in his Cambrain grave has long been sleep-
ing,
May come before us, as our way we wend,
To start our laughter, or to still our weeping.

The tearful *cyfaill*, dead these many years,
A place on high with his Welsh harp was given,
Whose angel face shines brighter thro' those tears—
Ah! me the good old Cimbric saints in heaven.

Some dear old dame, with heavenward-pointed hat,
Who occupied the pew next to the preacher;
So sacred seemed the seat wherein she sat,
You sometimes thought she was your soul's best
teacher.

Some gray old man the church steps scarce could
climb,
Whose trembling voice the tune made more
melodious;
Who, singing with the angels, lost the time,
Thinking of heavenly mansions more commodi-
ous.

Some quaint old preacher, on his old white horse,
You doubted whether you would ask to dinner;
Yet pressed him hard, and so he came of course,
And thought you saint, who were, you feared, a
sinner.

A grand old preacher, singing, as he soared,
His Sunday sermon, hallelujah-lifted,
Till in the *hwyl* all souls had got on board
And toward the port immortal sailed and drifted.

But, greatest he, whose marvellous mind and voice,
Woke all of all Wales, and half the world there-
after;
Who made the people weep, that would rejoice,
And with one word turned all their tears to
laughter,

The half-blind Christmas Evans; who caught more
Of heavenly bliss with *his* one bright eye gifted,
More of its glory, from this earthly shore,
For that the veil was only partly lifted.

His mantel fell; amid the sermon's *hwyl*
How sweet to hear a listening happy creature
Laugh blessed little laughs, I fear would spoil
An English sermon and upset the preacher.

Nor does the good Welsh tongue fine music lack,
Sweet sounds its consonants cannot extinguish;
And tho' to Babel some would trace it back,
It must have been they mixed it with the En-
glish.

Its crooked looking consonants can make,
 With all the aspirants and gutturals going,
 Enough of rugged melody to break
 A Welshman's heart with love of Wales o'erflow-
 ing.

There's deryn-dee, sweet sounding name!—sweet
 bird!

We catch your music in the name you carry;
 And there's the "vron-vrith," thrush, and in one
 word,
 The cuckoo, "gog," on which we love to tarry.

And there's the delyn, sweet Welsh word for lyre,
 A name well suited to its sounds, and given
 Of souls touched by the harp's celestial fire—
 The grandest harpers, surely, this side heaven!

And then the names of rivers! here are some
 The Tav, the Tivy and the Towy, telling
 That music's golden voice is never dumb
 Along their banks, nor mute in any dwelling.

Welsh hills and hamlets, villages and vales,
 Farms, country seats, and castles new and
 olden—
 Their very names are legends sweet of Wales,
 "Poems of Places", many, glorious, golden!

There's Craig O'Nos, sweet Patti's lofty nest;
 The lowlier Nant y Glo, and Pant y Celyn,
 Not that these names are prettier than the rest,
 I feared to spoil their beauty in the spellin'.

Sweet sounds of harsh and soft! of hail and dew!
 How well they suit old Cymry's glorious voices!
 Hen Iaith Cymreig! how could we part with
 you—

While in your songs the singing world rejoices!
 Thou, "Gwlad y gwenith gwyn!" O happy land!
 How sweet to fly to thee on fancy's pinion,
 Amid those wheat-fields white in dreams to stand;
 Land of the white gloves! Gwlad y menig
 gwynion!

* * * * *

Mae ceffyl bach yn mron i maes o wint—
 What horse would not such broken Welsh ex-
 tinguish!

A fe ddylasai dewi lawer gynt—
 If I have killed him, this is all there's in't—
 Died of too little Welsh and too much English!

D. M. Jones.

THE THREE FIRS.

The night is here, the land is drear,
 'Tis past the hour eleven,
 Not a starry gleam in lake or stream,
 Not a starry gleam in heaven.

Away, away, oh kinsman mine,
 Up-saddle with whip and spurs
 And pause you not till you reach the spot,
 Where stand three somber firs.

Three fir trees silent, gloomy and dark,
 And a castle grim and old,
 Slow crumbling back like skeleton bones
 To its yearning mother-mold.

Away, away, oh, kinsman dear,
 With hoof-sparks leaping bright,
 For the witches meet in that lone retreat
 In revelry high to-night.

In satanic glee o'er turret and tree
 They float in a shadowy throng,
 And their ghoulish croon of their withering tune
 You hear in the wild wind's song.

They circle and prance in their fitful dance
 To christen the fir trees three:
 The outer ones will be Fortune and Love
 And Hate will the other be.

And joy he may who secures a spray
 Of each outer one's witching green,
 But woe to the man who receives the ban
 Of the death-breathing one between.

Now kinsman dear the hour is here,
 Not long ere the east is grey,
 No longer impede thy champing steed,
 Make haste for the prize and away.

Fortune and Love thou hast gained them both,
 Thy future, oh, who may tell!
 But why does the light in thine eye so bright
 Shine out like the gleam of hell.

What wouldst thou under the awful tree
 Whose branches are cursed anew,
 In whose faintest breath is the dew of death,
 Weak wretch, what wouldst thou do?

Three prizes clutched in his eager hand,
 As he spurns the half-mirred gate,
 And two from the trees of joy and life,
 And one is the brand of hate.

And two there'll be for his own door stone,
 For his enemy's one there'll be:
 He hath love and light for his own home bright,
 And death for his enemy.

* * * * *

Oh, kinsman mine thou art grey and old,
 The stones are sharp to thy tread,
 Thy wife lies cold beneath the mold,
 Thy children are stark and dead.

For thy mind was dazed, thy brain was crazed,
 Ah, hard is the hand of fate!
 Atone, atone! for thine own door stone
 Was given the brand of hate.

Theron G. Osborne.

LOCAL LITERARY NOTES.

CLAUDE G. WHETSTONE is doing strong editorial work on the *Philadelphia Times*.

IT IS RUMORED that Theron Giddings Osborne is about to engage in local educational journalism.

MISS ALICE SMITH, the writer of several pleasant verse compositions, was married, June 15, to George H. Ives, of Scranton.

The Historical Record, edited by Dr. Fred C. Johnson, is a rich depository of the early literature and history of our Valley.

THE RECENT PAMPHLET publications of Sheldon Reynolds prove that he is as clear in expression as he is painstaking in research.

DR. H. HOLLISTER, author of the "History of Lackawanna Valley," has one of the finest collections of Indian relics in this country.

THERE IS A GENEROUS demand for a new history of the Wyoming Valley, the writing of which can be best done by Hon. Steuben Jenkins.

THE POEMS OF "Stella of Lackawanna" have been published in neat book form, with steel engraving frontispiece of the talented author, by D. Lothrop & Co.

MISS IONE H. KENT, one of our cleverest writers of verse, has made commendable progress in her art studies at Cooper Institute, New York City, during the past year.

THE PUBLICATION OF Mrs. M. L. T. Hartman's "History of Old Huntington" has been somewhat delayed on account of her being thrown from a carriage and quite seriously injured.

MRS. LOUISE PALMER SMITH, the author of a number of bright and original stories which have appeared in *Putnam's*, *Harper's*, and *Lippincott's Magazines*, is strongly urged to collect and publish her stories in book form.

THE ADMIRERS OF Mrs. Verona Coe Holmes' writings hope that the day is not distant when her verses will be published

in collected form. Her poems have the sweetness and strength which characterize the writings of the lamented Helen Hunt Jackson.

HOMER GREENE'S "Burnham Breaker" has been translated into the German. It is a book of marked merit, and, in artistic execution, is not inferior to many of the stbe stories of the day.

WHEN LESS THAN nineteen years old, Hon. John E. Barrett published a book in Enlgand which proved a great success, the entire edition being exhausted shortly after its publication. It was entitled "The Wrecked Homestead" and depicted the Irish land system in the guise of fiction with remarkable accuracy and freshness. The British press received it very favorably, and the conservative Dublin *Nation* gave it a three column review.

Will S. Monroe.

ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

Midst all the palm-crowned company
He seemeth always something more than they—
"Christ's own beloved John." Not Peter,
Even, the rock on whom he builded,
Nor Paul, the matchless silver-voiced,
Nor Thomas, with his hands upon his wounds,
Nor any of them all, down to this latest day,
Seem, my fair saint, so fair as thou,
"His own beloved John."

Calm-eyed and sweet,
Almost, as Christ to look upon, was he;
Almost the same soft, gentle way; with hair
That fell in waving locks his shoulders o'er,
And perfect brows, and perfect moulded mouth;
Too sad to smile, and yet in his fair face
Something more sweet and tender dwelt
Than that which lights the fondest mother's smile
Above her sleeping babe.

Beside Golgotha's cross
I often see that John divinely stand,
The last to hear his Master's last farewell
Through the drear agony of human pain.
I see the women clutching at his feet
Where stayed he when all other men had fled.
And then I love to watch him standing so,
To catch the glory of his dauntless eye,
And know that he who was the best beloved
Was faithful in the last and mightiest hour.

John S. McGroarty.

WHY DAISIES ARE WHITE.

There is a quaint Hebrew legend
Of the shadowy buried age,
When man's history lay written
On but one short upturned page—
Part illumined by the brilliance
Lent from bliss as bright as brief—
Part recorded in the tracing
Of a pitying angel's grief.

To the gates of loved lost Eden
Sorrowing Eve each morning crept,—
From the bowed head, golden glory
To the dust its fair length swept,
Veiled her brow in silken softness,
As against the portals dread
Bent the slender hands,—forever
Reaching after sunshine fled.

Never strain of Eden warbler
Wandered thro' that woful bar ;
Never gleam of silver river
Flashed out under sun or star.
Ever stood the stern-eyed keeper
Lifting steadfast gaze afar
O'er the woman, waiting vainly
For the gates to drift ajar.

Once she cried with bitter longing
And next morn her weary eyes
Brightened, as a starry daisy
Smiled from walls of Paradise.
Daisies then were blue as Heaven,
But neath that baptismal rain
All their petals paled and whitened,
Bleached by the exile's pain.

* * * * *

Still the daisies fleck the meadows,
But their pure sweet faces rise
White, from tears our fair frail mother
Wept without lost Paradise.

Harriet Clay.

INTRODUCTORY.

In this publication we wish to glean in old as well new fields—to go in quest of the modest blossoms, to gather from all wayside places. Many are careless and unjust to themselves. They set no value on their own productions. Their talent may not be great, and their writings lack versatility and power but may possess a happy, delicate turn of expression, grace and intelligence, that appeal both to the mind and imagination. They sing, but not

to be heard. Their special genius give a peculiar charm to their productions. All cannot write with clearness, firmness and intelligence, or go straight to the bottom of any subject, or express themselves with precision. Their style may be simple, their thought not highly imaginative, but there will be in their words, in the turn of phrases, happy thoughts that others will care to read.

How many then there are with intelligence, talent for expression, force of character, that read, think, or write but little, who possess a productiveness of soul which streams forth with infinite charms. If such would listen to this impulse they would be better, and happier and the narrow range of their lives would be broadened.

Sometimes from simple hearts will flow admirable things, without restraint or false pride ; they reveal their inward life and admit us into the sanctuary of their souls.

Intellectual activity is its own best reward. All worthy effort is a striving after truth and perfection, and reveals what ordinary attention fails to seize, and is a vital stimulus to others. We learn to find, in the driest matter and the dullest words, hidden sparks, and see a beauty whose properties are light and truth. There is a kind of knowledge that inspires the sympathies and imagination, quickens the moral vision, elevates our taste and gives a power of concise and sincere expression. In the cultivation of these things we shall find for ourselves and others, a rich harvest of true happiness and usefulness. The instinct of genius is an instinct for what is truly admirable. The aim of all literature is a criticism on life.

S. R. Smith.

D. M. JONES, ESQ., who was announced as one of the Directors on Advisory Board, has requested that his name be dropped from the list, on account of his professional engagements, but promises to be an occasional contributor.

SALUTATORY.

I have been requested, as one of the Board of Advisors of this publication, to say a few words in explanation of its purposes, and commending it to the thoughtful and favorable consideration of the reading public.

Other pens, better calculated for satisfactory acquittance of such a task, might have been summoned to its performance, but none that would answer more willingly or hopefully in encouragement of any enterprise intended to awaken the ambition and spur the energies of our people in any line of useful endeavor.

Of books there are more turned out in a year than the average man could familiarize himself with in a lifetime. Of newspapers there are myriads. Of weekly and other periodical organs of fiction, suited to all the varying grades of taste—good, bad, and indifferent—there is a pronounced surplus. Of literary monthlies, supposed to garner and present the best thought of the world on all topics of current consequence, there are many, nearly all of them excellent in their several ways, pleasing and useful companions for the leisure hours of busy men and women.

The WYOMING MAGAZINE belongs solely to neither of these classes, and yet will modestly essay to be in some degree an embodiment of like purposes and parallel results to the best of those in each. It hopes to record history, biography, scientific discoveries, etc., never heretofore in print; to be a medium for news of a kind that, while not coming precisely within the domain of the busy every day journalist, is yet of at least equal interest with any that does, and as deserving of being "put into types" for the improvement or amusement of the reader; to offer a little something now and again in the way of clean fiction, provided it has a local application, or be the work of local writers, showing in itself that the genius at the bottom of it merits encouragement; and, more than all, to develop continued and improving effort

upon the part of Valley writers in all the literary fields where men and women essay to work with the hope of helping themselves while benefitting their fellows.

In this beautiful valley and its surroundings, there has been found inspiration for the grandest of American poets; in the highly dramatic incidents of its earlier history the pens of the most eminent historians have secured some of their choicest materials; in the magnificent wealth of its mineralogical stores, and its other generous natural equipment for the best purposes of latter day civilization, there is for that class of writers who deal with the practical problems of life every needed incentive whereby their best powers may be most fully developed; and in all, there stands out so conspicuously the goodness of the Lord to his undeserving people that the most irreverent spirit must needs be moved by it to fitting eloquence in expressions of profound gratitude and in elucidation and enforcement of the grave duties it involves. If it be true, as has been said, that "In the Great Giver's hands lie gifts of many kinds, and to the scantiest dole of this world's fare we oftentimes see added that richer boon—a grateful heart," how wondrous rich are we in the gratitude the profusion of his gifts to this valley and its people must of necessity inspire in every healthy heart!

Within the circle of such influences, and with the worthy purposes thus all too imperfectly described, the WYOMING MAGAZINE begins its labors. Tradition says of Draco that on his appearance in the theatre of Ægina, where he is understood to have carried his law, he was suffocated amid the applause of the people, who, according to custom, threw their garments and caps upon him. We shall be satisfied with much less emphatic manifestations of approval, and it is hoped and believed that, through faithfully trying to deserve it the management will be accorded the very moderate degree of encouragement and support with which it will be content.

C. Ben Johnson.

WYOMING MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Literature of Northeastern Pennsylvania

VOLUME I

WILKES-BARRE, SEPTEMBER, 1888

NUMBER 3

CALVIN CRADDOCK'S CURE.—A SKELETONIZED ROMANCE.

I.

SOME LETTERS.

I.

MR. MERWIN TO MR. CRADDOCK.

*Seven Pines, Pa., May 6, 1887.
Midnight.*

My dear Craddock:

I can not tell you how it pains me to recall my invitation when you have completed all your arrangements; but you cannot come to The Pines—that is, you cannot meet me here. I leave to-morrow, and *forever*. I feel as if I can never see the cruel place again. It is not a long story, yet it means so much to me—goes so deep into my life—is so closely woven with all my hopes and ambitions that volumes could not tell it, nor can I, you know the whole story now. Old man, the word has been said, and, knowing her as I do, I believe my hopes are past recall. Under the circumstances it would be the torments of the damned to remain longer with the Leighs, and occupy the anomalous position I now must. The Colonel understands it all. He is both sympathetic and disappointed. All these years I have felt as if I again had a home, and he has been as much like a father to me as it is possible for him to be. He certainly has kept his word to his old friend, and there is the curse of it. In his family I am only a *brother*, and in my grief I get but a *sister's* sympathy. I shall go mad, if I think of it. Her tenderness, her kindness, her compassion are all infinitely worse than scorn. I

could stand it to be spurned for unworthiness, but this—this outward throb of heart while soul is still—this respect, esteem, admiration, sympathy, all poisoned for me by mere affection—this is bitterest of all.

I go to New York in the morning and take the first steamer for somewhere—anywhere. Can you meet me? I must see you old fellow, for to you alone I can tell what I cannot write. These four years have brought us close together, and if there is any comfort for me you can give it. I will be at the Hoffman.

Yours, as ever,

FRED MERWIN.

2.

MR. CRADDOCK TO MR. MERWIN.

Belleville, N. J., May 8, 1887.

My dear Frederick:

Such a mishap! I am laid up with a sprained ankle and likely to be confined a fortnight. Your letter came this morning. My dear boy, you know how deeply I sympathise with you. It is one of the occasions when words count for naught. There is hope, however. I think that your decision as to an immediate departure was a good one—"for announcement only," as they say of credentials. I know that you are too deeply in earnest to be cured; but cured you must be—ostensibly at least. Do you catch the point? She really loves you, I have ascertained that long ago, and nothing will teach her the fact so quickly as your absence for a hopelessly long time.

Obeys strictly the prescription that I enclose, and carry out the plan there mapped

to the letter. Don't fail to send a screed from *mid-ocean!!!* and be sure to keep the journal.

"Here's good luck to Frederick's Ventures."

Yours.

CAL.

3.

MISS NETTIE LEIGH TO MISS ETHEL RAYBURN.

Seven Pines, Pa., May 7, 1887.

My dearest Ethel:

Your note and its charming news only increases my anxiety to have its writer arrive *in propria persona*, although I am afraid you will not find it as lively here as it would have been had Frederick remained with us. I see that you surmise the reason he went. I need not tell you how surprised I was. Indeed such a thing had never entered my head, though now, as I look back on the past year, I can see things that ought to have prepared me for it, perhaps. But we have been children together, you know, and I only thought of him as one of the family, * * * * of course, when I told him all was over. How strange it is that we cannot make that mysterious thing they call love grow within us; and that where we would most welcome it, there it refuses to be! We can not force it any more than we can yield to a power that does not exert itself, and yet we are wretched—I am wretched at the thought of the pain I have caused him. * * * Were it better to have given the affection I could give, and trust that it should ripen into love? I confess the question perplexes me—I am uncertain of it, though decision has been given, and he has gone forever. * * * * Oh, Ethel, do you know that I feel somehow as if something in my nature is to blame for it all, and as if that something were lacking to respond to what he looked, but did not say for very love of me. * * * * I have been awakened by a rapturous thrill in which I had no past—have had a revelation of a world I

could not enter, and yet I long to—something that fills me with awe; is bitter, yet sweet. * * * * I can feel what might have been, could I have yielded and rested in his strong arms; yet I know that I could not love him. After a few days I suppose the effects of this shock will wear away. * * * * How soon do you suppose Fred will get over his disappointment? * * * * Don't fail to bring your tennis suit, to-night.

NET.

4.

MR. CRADDOCK TO MISS RAYBURN.

Belleville, N. J., May 10, 1887.

My dear Miss Rayburn:

I am delighted to know that you can enter so cordially into my philanthropic scheme for our young friends, and likewise that you coincide with me in the diagnosis of the case. The symptoms, as you report them, strike me as decidedly favorable, and with proper alterative treatment I think the malady may be gradually brought under control, if you will kindly permit me to provide you with doses of the proper remedies, from time to time. I think it will be safe to commence the administration of homœopathic quantities in a few days; meanwhile, I would very slightly *stimulate the heart's action*; carefully avoiding any reactionary excitement. *General acceptance of the situation as final and conclusive* will be found mild tonic; and I am more than convinced that your own presence will be a most valuable remedial agent. With bright prospects of success, thanks to your assistance, permit me to subscribe myself,

Very truly yours,

CALVIN CRADDOCK.

5.

MISS RAYBURN TO MR. CRADDOCK.

Seven Pines, Pa., June 20, 1887.

The nurse takes pleasure in reporting to the physician in charge a marked improvement in the patient. The medicine is working well, and is evidently

assimilated quite successfully. The bit of description from Fred's journal of Swathmore scenery was greatly enjoyed, and I certainly must congratulate you on the "incidental" mention of Miss Courlenay. Some unerring instinct must have prompted that—or do you know more of these affairs than I have any idea of? I know you and Mr. Merwin exchange confidences quite fully, but I am certain even *he* could not have been posted as to what a judicious selection that name would be. * * * A little incident occurred yesterday that suggests the propriety of more circumspection in certain quarters. Col. Leigh returned from the city after a weeks absence and entertained us at the tea-table with a thrilling discription of the chase he had after a young man at Long Branch, who so closely resembled Mr. Merwin that the Colonel could not beleive that it was not he until the hotel register proved it to be a young Philadelphian!!!

It was interesting to note the effect on the patient, and I am rather inclined to think you would have been pleased had you been here to note it.

Many thanks for the magazine, the news paper clippings, and last, but not least, the "Hyler's specific," though the remark, that it was part of your *treatment*, was simply inexcusable. * * * I shall be very glad to accept your kind offer to help me through the city on Tuesday.

Sincerely,

THE NURSE.

6.

MR. CRADDOCK TO MR. MERWIN.

Long Branch, N. J. (addressed.)

WALTON CLUB,

New York, Aug. 10, 1887.

My dear Fred:

I think that you may now return from England via Philadelphia. You had better write from there a mere business letter to Col. Leigh asking him if he will meet you in New York, and imply-

ing that you will not go to "The Pines." Later you may go, however, and I think all will be well.

I leave for Boston to-morrow, and shall probably be absent for a week or two. You can write me care of Brown & Co., or better wire me.

Hastily yours,

CRADDOCK.

II.

SOME TELEGRMS.

1.

Mrs. Henry Raymond,

Williamstown, Mass.

New York City, Aug. 11.

Will arrive to-morrow morning.

ETHEL.

2.

Proprietor of Greylock House,

Williamstown, Mass.

New York City, Aug. 11.

Reserve a good room to-morrow for

CALVIN CRADDOCK.

3.

(*One week later.*)

Calvin Craddock,

Keen, New Hampshire.

Seven Pines, Pa., Aug. 18.

"*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*" Shake.

FREDERICK MERWIN.

4.

To Frederick Merwin,

Seven Pines, Pa.,

Keen, New Hampshire, Aug. 20.

"*Veni, Vidi,*" *Victus sum.* Shake, *aussi.*

CALVIN CRADDOCK.

III.

TWO NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

[From the *Phila. Press.*]

MERWIN—LEIGH.—At Seven Pines, at the residence of the bride's father, on October 28, Mr. Frederick Merwin to

Miss Nettie, only daughter of Col. James
Leigh, RevC. C. Bronson officiating,

[From the Albany *Argus*.]

CRADDOCK — RAYBURN. — At Trinity
Church, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30,
Mr. Calvin Craddock to Miss Ethel,
only daughter of the late Hon. Henry
Rayburn, of Williamstown, Mass.

Marion Stuart Cann.

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS AT A YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

A class of girls, of merry girls
From sweet sixteen to twenty ;
With sparkling eyes and tossing curls
And smiles and kisses plenty.

With damask cheeks and rosy lips
And clear and gentle voices,
While each, from toes to finger tips,
In health and strength rejoices.

In music and in morals learned,
In science swift advancing,
With fame artistic fairly earned,
And perfect, quite, in dancing.

With mathematics bravely through,
Well up in French and Latin ;
Somewhat adept in flirting, too,
(How came you to get that in ?)

With school and school books all behind,
And all the world before you,
With peace of heart and peace of mind,
And angels watching o'er you ;

How can a man of thirty-years
Who never had a daughter,
Appreciate your hopes and fears
Advise you as he ought to ?

How can he tell you what to do,
Or what to leave to others,
Or give you counsel such as few
Can ever give but mothers ?

Advice enough you've heard like this :
That girls were not created,
With constant joy and constant bliss
To be forever sated.

But that with smiles must mingle tears,
And with the pleasure, sadness,
And that the train of flying years
Brings woe as well as gladness.

That so alone can souls be strong,
And hope and peace be sweetest ;
That pain and pleasure both belong
In lives that are completest.

And yet there's little else to say,
Still less to give you aid in ;
A man of thirty years, to-day,
Knows less than many a maiden.

For you are each too good to be
Told how you can be better,
And old enough to be set free
From childhood's charge and fetter ;

So pure that everything to you
Is pure, the whole world over ;
So true that he must needs be true
Who seeks you as your lover.

And true this friend would ever be—
The rest he cannot tell you ;
He dares not speak his love lest he
Should unawares repel you.

He says, in whispered word, "farewell" !
But loud his thought is ringing,
And what his lips have failed to tell,
His heart at least is singing.

Homer Greene.

TO THE MAGAZINE BOSS.

II.

Your number two was something like.
You have struck the proper gait for a
provincial magazine. Can you hold it?
There are who will endeavor to sit down up-
on you for this. Don't let them. Don't
be a cushion. I'd rather be a fence, with
sharp pickets in it, than a cushion. There
are few who will care to sit upon the fence.
Too many publishers become cushions,
and oft sitting makes them very flat.
So don't be a cushion. Yes, you have
struck the right swing, but you will
need to make it still more practi-
cal. It is the commonplace that the pub-
lic wants. It hasn't the etherealizing
effect that the sesquipedalic profound pro-
duces, but it's a sight more filling. And
filling is what you are after, I take it. By
filling I don't mean inflating. You know
just how satisfying a meal of wind pudding
is. Give us something to bite off and

chew on. Let's leave the lolly-pops for those who haven't teeth, and have exhausted the glands that provide intellectual pepsin. Too much advice? What's the good of being an integer in the "Advisory Board" if one can't advise? Perhaps the title's an honorary one. There it is again! There's such a lot of buncombe now-a-days, that really one doesn't know whether he is what he's called, or only a cipher to fill a place. It reminds me of the long string of Vice Presidents at a Podunk meeting for the amelioration of the tom-tits in a neighboring dingle. But I reckon you meant business when you selected the "Advisory Board." If it was only an honorary arrangement, please scratch off number 2 or 9, whichever it is, and call it quits. But if you mean business, let's not waste any sentiment over this little magazine. You don't publish it for pure recreation. You want to get expenses out of it, at least. Something over wouldn't come amiss. Now, to do this, you want to stir the literary pool of this vicinity and make something bob around. And there's a heap of difference in the kinds of stirring. Some stirring makes a lot of bubbles, and they look pretty in the sun, and glint, and iridesce' and call forth exclamations. But, my dear fellow, they always burst, and you can't find them. Then there's a kind of languid stirring, where the stirrer pulls out his paddle and looks for the hole in the pool. That kind won't do. The stir you want to make, and which we are watching for, is something different. It should make things GO! It should make waves, and a big splash. It should set everything to dancing that happens to be afloat. There's nothing so tame as a calm. It makes the mind and body lazy. You've been aboard ship? Well you know how it is. When it's calm and smooth there's a languor on everybody's face. But when the swell comes, and you go up-uppy and down-downy, and smile, then think you'll die and fear you won't—then there's something like action. Make your waves toss.

Better start a qualm or two, or even a genuine libation to literature's Neptune, than to create a perpetual, idiotic smile.

My metaphor wasn't suggested by the "Fish Tail." But that tail came mighty near wagging your whole magazine. It did, for a fact. You shouldn't let that contributor drop out. If she has any more of that kind left in her portfolio, get them. Beg them, buy them, steal them, but don't let them slip. You'd better cut the whole kit-ka-boodle of the rest of us than lose one of her morceaux, whether poetical or prosiform.

I don't see our friend Charlie Linskill among WYOMING MAGAZINE writers. There must be some mistake about this. The Luzerne Journalistic Philosopher, par excellence, should have a choice corner in every issue. He is *sui generis*, original, sentimental, unique; one who observes from a stand-point which none other takes. But he will come in good time. He will deliciously disturb any stagnancy that may occur in your literary pool. You will see the green scum agitated; maybe a frog may leap and croak; possibly a clumsy turtle may wiggle up to, and complacently squat on a brown log; perchance a graceful lizard may sleekly protrude himself; or a sinuous eel make a scollop ripple on the green surface; or all of these may happen at once, in commotional unanimity. It would be just like Charley to do that thing. Don't let Charley slip, whatever you do, even though he modestly roll his eyes heavenward and disclaim his worth among Wyoming's guiders of the facile stylus.

Ben. H. Pratt.

A PARABLE.

One day within my spirit home
 A room I set apart,
 And sanctified its walls with love—
 My chamber of the heart.
 I put my treasures all therein
 To make it truly fit,
 And chose a friend, and bade his soul
 Beside my soul to sit.

I robbed him in such raiment fine
 As Kings and nobles wear,
 And set before him life's best wine
 Its vintage, sweet and rare,
 "Now here," I said, "we two shall dwell
 Together, thou and I
 In blest content, and all the world
 May carelessly pass by."

Ah, well-a-day, when he had ta'en
 Of all my heart's best store,
 He wearied of my gifts and me
 And passed from out the door.
 He left me standing desolate
 To wonder at my loss;
 To wonder that the gold of earth
 Is mingled so with dross.

And shall I sit in lonely tho't
 And stretch out empty hands
 For tokens of my friends return
 To answer love's demands?
 Nay, I will rise and braver work
 And seeming loss, count gain;
 But bar the door that if he comes
 His coming shall be vain.

No cunning skill nor artifice
 Can mend a broken faith,
 Between us two must ever be
 Dead friendship's haunting wraith,
 But he who enters where my soul
 Has now its precious store,
 Must give his best as I do mine
 Or stay without the door.

Ione Kent.

A PLEA FOR THE FANATICISM OF THE PURITANS.

That men should entertain different thoughts is evident, for there is a tendency in man to swing, pendulum-like, from extreme to extreme. There is no golden mean in science, no half-way ground in politics, no neutral grounds in religion. There never has been a fence between positive and negative truths. Then why should we condemn the Puritans for their fanaticism? To-day any proposed change in the forms of our government and religion would be instantly derided and the originator would be christened theorist, madman or fool. We sincerely believe we are near the acme of our civilization, but the judgment of the twentieth century may pronounce us fanatical enthusiasts.

One generation makes history, the next records it. The old canon which prohibited the Roman church making a man a saint until he was dead fifty years was a good one, for old Father Time is the best judge of all.

Go into the Adirondacks and read this brief but impressive inscription:

JOHN BROWN,
 EXECUTED AT CHARLESTON, VA.,
 DECEMBER 2, 1859.

What does it mean to you as a philosopher? Can you fail to apply the facts of history and confirm the truth in these words: "Wise men argue questions, but fools decide them." How significant are the lines of the poet, too:

* * * * *; "where to-day the
 martyr stands,
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in
 his hands;
 Far in front the cross stands ready and the crack-
 ling fagots burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe
 return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into history's
 golden urn."

In 1859 we said that John Brown had failed, but we render a different verdict to-day.

We all wear glasses owing to our education and environment. First, to judge the Puritans we must be Puritans; second, we must look through the telescope of time.

Historians have created the fanaticism of the Puritans just as poets have created the image or picture of the Goddess of Liberty. Many of our histories censure, without reason, the rigid, unyielding firmness of the Puritans. The laws of the Puritans, as they were enforced years ago, seem to us intolerable, and from our standpoint we must admit them to be severe, but who will deny that this people then were just what they should have been? Think what they had to accomplish; what a mission they had to fulfil! Weakness, indecision of character would have been their ruin. They were undoubtedly destined to be firm and exacting in all their rites and

ceremonies. Timid, lax, effeminate men could never have broken the yoke of bondage, the iron rules of despotism. They disobeyed in open defiance the mandates of the most powerful king on earth. This was surely not fanaticism. It might properly be call the madness of Leonidas, Schamyl or L'Ouverture.

Is it not possible for communities as well as individuals "to run mad"? One thing at least must be said in favor of the Puritans; if they were fanatical they were unconscious of being so. Let us then forgive their religious persecutions, their stubborn adherence to fixed principles, for their purpose in life demanded a code of laws inviolate and in-exorable.

Historians are not alone to blame for wild conceptions. Poets sometimes overwork the imagination. What a creation is the Goddess of Liberty on a basis of facts! Only Bryant had the true conception of liberty, for he wrote:

"O, Freedom! Thou art not as poets dream
A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man
Armed to the teeth art thou;" * * *

George Howell.

I, THE CRICKET.

Kr-r-ee! Kr-r-ee!—

I sit on the door-stone and rasp my wings,
As the cool comes on and the darkness brings
Owlet and bat and fire-fly fine
Into this dusky domain of mine.

Kr-r-ee! Kr-r-ee!—

I keep open house, for a hinge let go
In a month-ago wind-storm and forward and fro—
At the beck of the breeze—tip-tilted, askew,
Swing the door the day long or the gusty night
through.

Kr-r-ee! Kr-r-ee!—

I keep open house; those holes in the wall
Out-staring, opaque, are the windows. The hall
Opens wide to all weathers. The shower and the
shine
Come at will, go at will, in this mansion of mine.

Kr-r-ee! Kr-r-ee!

I'm a sociable soul: I've a comrade's regard
For the burrowing mole, in the nettle-choked yard,
And the blundersome beetle, that buzzes and
booms—

Of a moonlighted night—through the echoing
rooms.

Kr-r-ee! Kr-r-ee!—

Here was gladness, here grief, in the days that are
gone.

Here was warmth, where the hearth-stones lie
Shattered and prone.

But failed has the flame and the sight and the song,
And alone, I, the cricket, chirp blithely and long.

Kr-r-ee! Kr-r-ee!—

Who were here have departed. The sweet briar set
Where a hedge was aforetime survives them as yet.
Near the jungle of vines in yon nook of the wall,
See, their pied tiger-lillies rise tawny and tall.

Kr-r-ee! Kr-r-ee!—

Yet to me what their feasts or their fasts or the
days

Of their births or bereavements? I lie in the haze.
And the summer is sweet, and to breathe and to be
Is wealth for a happy-go-lucky like me.

Kr-r-ee! Kr-r-ee!—

So I chirp my delight, when the evenings come on,
Soft sandaled, gray-kirtled, from under the stone
At the spider-webbed door-way I flit unafraid,
And my own love I woo, with my shrill serenade.

Verona Coe Holmes.

FISHER'S SONG.

Written to the air "Let all Obey," from Balse's opera, "The
Enchantress."

Wake, comrades, wake, to greet the morn!
When sunrise smiles in orient skies,
Our boat upon the lake upborne
Should gently float till daylight dies.

CHORUS:

No joy of summer's greenwood bowers
Is like the angler's for delight;
Who spends with us the golden hours
Will find them well his choice requite.

For us the wood-thrush tunes his song;
For us the forest's balmy air;
Ours, too, while summer days are long,
The sweetest rest from toil and care.

CHORUS: No joy, etc.

Haste, comrades haste! Not ours to sigh,
"Oh, for a boy's free life once more!"
No child heart can earth, wave and sky
So crown with gladness brimming o'er.

CHORUS: No joy, etc.

Susan E. Dickinson.

"UNDER WHICH PATHY?" — A
FAITH-CURE TALE.

[Continued.]

He aided Margaret as best he could, and soon saw Hal fall into a deep sleep. Margaret, now fully composed, turned to the Rector. Woman like she had instantly discerned his state of mind. "They are often so much worse," she said in a half whisper. "You must not blame yourself. Indeed I alone have been to blame. I should have told you all before. I intended to tell you all to-day. *Indeed* I did," she added not quite interpreting the Rector's look. "You see I had kept the secret so long, I had wanted to keep it *always*, because—"

The Rector interrupted her. It was fated to be a day of blunders to this man of good intentions and rich sympathies, but so incomprehensibly wanting in that rare intuition which to some natures comes only after much experience of the tragedies of life.

"I think I can account for Hal's attack to-day," he said. "I do not believe that the walk or the work at the library did him harm, but, most unfortunately, a man fell in a *fit*."

At that last word, Margaret, with eyes blazing, crossed to where the Rector stood, and caught him fiercely by the arm. She tried to speak and failed. First a gurgle in her throat, and then a succession of piercing shrieks rent the air. She flung her arms up high above her head in wild gesticulation, and sobbed great, tearless sobs, and then her words came. "Oh! God; Oh! God; my poor boy, poor boy knows all. Knows what I have striven to hide from him for seventeen long years. I have killed him—yes—but *not to-day*. I murdered him in a fit of rage, when as a babe he lay upon my breast."

For almost eighteen years she had indeed locked closely in her heart, what now seemed to waive her personality aside, and assert its right to be proclaimed to all the world.

"Mother! Mother!"

The boy's voice exorcised the demon of frantic grief and recalled Margaret to herself. Hal had risen to a sitting posture, pale and weak. The Rector, dreading to act in the emergency lest with the best intentions he might precipitate another tragic crisis, led Margaret to her boy, and then without so much as the intrusion of a quiet "good-bye," withdrew.

The mother, who had sunk down sobbing on the lounge, soon felt Hal's arms about her, and into his ears she wept her self-accusings.

Hal comforted her.

"Mother, you have revealed nothing to me," he said gently, "you have only confirmed, what I had already suspected. This morning in the library by chance—*was* it by chance, mother, I wonder—Oh! could I only believe it was all *ordained* and the Almighty *intended* me to know—I opened a volume of Boërhaave and my eye fell upon the word '*epilepsy*.'"

Margaret started, trembling violently, as Hal uttered the cruel word which meant so much, and the boy paused as if to recover his strength to go on.

"I had long suspected the real nature of my disease mother, and I was determined to inform myself if possible, about it. I read of a woman who had nursed her child—"

But he could *not* go on.

A silence followed for the space of many minutes, and then Margaret relieved the tension of her nerves by sobbing out, "And you *understood*, Hal?"

"Yes, mother, I partly understood, and then when I saw what I saw later, I understood *all*. And this, mother, is what you have suffered for almost eighteen years. What appalling spectacles to meet your loving eyes." He drew his mother closer to him as he added—"My disease has almost run its course, and I have no heart left to battle with the demon any longer. The end must come soon. It is better so, mother."

His mother's serenity would come back, Hal knew, all the more enduring and sustaining for her fresh out-burst of grief, and so he let her weep on and sob out her confession unchecked.

"I was high tempered as a girl, Hal, and wayward, and when you were only three months old your father angered me. And the punishment came so quickly, so awfully."

That evening the scene in Mrs. Kennedy's cottage presented a striking contrast to the one from which the Rector had withdrawn so silently. It was infinitely more pathetic. Margaret's serenity had returned. She had wept the secret of her heart into her boy's ear, and was now rallying all her strength, determined to meet the future bravely for his sake. For the few months which she believed remained to her of her child's life she would devote herself to him with redoubled earnestness. No further selfish indulgence in grief should incapacitate her for duties which would call for the best her mother love could yield.

As Margaret sat white and motionless by Hal's bedside, with her head resting against the pillow upon which his lay, all traces of the morning's excitement had passed away. The simply yet daintily furnished upper room, where through the fleecy curtains the evening breeze, perfumed with the breath of summer roses, fluttered, seemed to embody a death-like repose, and into it the Rector entered unannounced.

Finding the lower door unlatched, he knew they were looking for him. Margaret rose but uttered no salutation, and he understood this too.

Hal must not be disturbed.

Mr. Montgomery noiselessly crossed to the window and pushing aside the curtain looked out. The pathos of the speechless grief that met his eye touched him as no manifested sorrow had ever done. He had come to speak words of comfort and of hope. He had come not only to point the

sorrowing to the unseen comforter, but to urge them to appropriate the God-given agencies which he believed might yet save Hal. But he dared not agitate the sick boy in his exhausted state even in the fulfillment of duty. Would he even dare, he wondered, to utter a short prayer, whispering it so low that Hal, if asleep, might not hear, and Margaret might be solaced. And forthwith into his heart stole an intensest longing.—Oh! if through the medium of his petitions to the throne of pity he could inspire the two bowed souls with the great hope that filled his own! And who will blame him in the uplifting of his heart to God in these unspoken words:

"If, oh God, my God, thou wilt *bless* the human means put forth to save this boy, *fan* the faint spark of hope born of my prayer in these two breaking hearts. If thou decreest otherwise, *quench it utterly.*"

A moment later he was kneeling by Hal's bed, with one hand placed lightly on that of the boy's which lay white and still upon the counterpane.

In lowest tones he petitioned for mercy and for light, for help from God, for help from man. He prayed to the Father of love and the Son of pity, and his words were simple and few. Margaret turning her face downwards sunk it deeper in the pillow, and through Hal's closed eyes tears forced themselves. Neither made further sign and the Rector, having said "Amen," remained upon his knees a moment longer and then withdrew, as noiselessly as he had entered.

III.

Having left Margaret's cottage in the morning Mr. Montgomery had gone directly to the house of the chief physician of the town, a man between whom and the Rector existed a sincere and hearty friendship.

Doctor Hayward's life had been remarkable for its self renunciation. He had been a student from his boyhood, and now, that

he had reached his seventieth year, he still kept in the vanguard of progressive thought, more particularly in all matters pertaining to the relations of science towards the profession to which he had devoted the energies of a brain at once clear, vigorous, accurate and comprehensive. He had performed cures which had given him wide reputation. He had written what had won for him repute among the literary and scientific men of the day, and he had refused positions of honor which would largely have increased his worldly revenues, associations and admirers. He preferred to remain in that section of the country where he had been born and educated, where his life as a married man had been passed—he was now a widower and childless—where experience had gained for him the knowledge later made so useful, and where he could command the leisure to pursue his researches in comparative seclusion. He was a man peculiar in his remarkable attachment to his surroundings, even in their more trivial details, and one utterly without ambition, as the world construes the word. He had worked hard that the results might benefit his race, but of himself, in connection with his triumphs, he thought but little.

The Doctor professed no religious faith and rarely went to a place of worship. When he did, however, it was to that one in which the ministrations of his friend, the Rector, were held, and to it he was drawn more in search of gratification of æsthetic leanings, than because of any pious impulse. Boldly outspoken in behalf of what he believed the truth, it was neither policy nor cowardice which restrained him to reticence on this one subject. Into his composition had entered a large measure of sweet charity, such as few of his dogmatic friends possessed, and to give pain to the feeblest or narrowest minds, in a matter so important to a majority of his neighbors as their faith, was simply impossible to him.

The big-hearted, big-bodied old Doctor had received the Rev. Mr. Montgomery with his customary courtesy and warmth of welcome, and the Rector lost no time in recounting to him his harrowing experience of the morning.

"I would not impose all this long and painful story on you, Doctor," he said, "and especially at an hour when I have no right to intrude, but I need your help sadly. I *must* save that boy. Although, God knows, most innocent of crime, I fear I have dealt him his death blow."

The Doctor, stroking his long, white beard, listened patiently with his eyes fixed upon the floor.

"Doctor," continued the Rector, "*can* you give me the least encouragement on which to base a hope? For God's sake *if* you can, *do* so!"

"Frank," responded the old man, raising his keen, deep, blue eyes to the Rector's face, and speaking with great deliberation, "I can *honestly* give you no encouragement until I have carefully examined the case. Did you say the boy had had these fits since early infancy, and is now almost eighteen, and that he had been so afflicted because of his mother's suckling him while in a violent rage?"

The Rector nodded, "yes."

"On hearing this," continued Dr. Hayward, "I would, under ordinary circumstances, assert the case to be incurable. But life may be prolonged and made relatively comfortable."

"But, Doctor, if all ambition to live has died out, can you, in that event, effect much?"

"To be honest, *No*."

"On the other hand, Doctor, will not a strong desire to recover increase the efficacy of the means used, even in so desperate a case?"

"Undoubtedly it will have great weight."

The Rector had risen to go, having promised to ask Margaret's permission to bring Doctor Hayward to visit her boy. With his hand upon the door-knob, and

with a very pronounced twinkle in his eye he said:

"If, after seeing Hal Kennedy, you should consider the case hopeless, I think I will consult *Caroline*, and see what her *faith* can achieve for him."

The Doctor broke into a hearty laugh, as he replied,

"If Mrs. Dudley and I were only adherents of the same system, Frank, we might *combine* our treatments. And why should we not in any case?"

The faintest suspicion of embarrassment was perceptible in the Rector's manner as he answered, "You well know that I utterly repudiate the idea of a cure, simply as a result of faith, without the intervention of God-given human means, unless it may be in cases of purely nervous affections, where the patient only needs a certain stimulus to recovery, which, if exerted in any other way, would achieve as astonishing results. I have no belief in miracles in *these* days, Doctor."

"While I," quickly responded the Doctor, "Never believed in them in *any* days. But to go back to *Caroline*. If she will promise not to interfere with my treatment of the patient, confining herself exclusively to his spiritual condition, and allowing me full charge of my own realm, I shall have no objection to you summoning her to the case. Clearly explain these conditions, however, and tell her I will not ask the patient to have the least faith in me or my treatment. I will only insist that he shall obey my orders strictly. I know it will be unusual in Mrs. Dudley's practice to recognize an unbeliever as an assistant, but, after all, she will only regard me as such nominally. Should I deem the case hopeless, I will pass it entirely into your sister's hands, and finally if the cure be accomplished, she may have all the glory. What say you?"

"All I can say, Doctor, is that you are extremely generous, and that I thank you most sincerely."

The Doctor once more fell to stroking his beard and when he spoke again, there was something so very deliberate in his tones and manner that the Rector resumed his seat to listen.

[To be Continued.]

Fitzhugh.

A FRAGMENT.

As a shipwrecked mariner,
Deprived of his sole guiding star,
And driven darkling o'er a sea
Which rolls and tosses ruthlessly,
Espies with sudden joy a shore,
Whose blooming growth and verdant floor
Shall his lost peace and strength restore—
So I, since Stella, angel bright,
Took from here her heavenly flight,
Now see with tremulous joy that *one*
Who, of all on earth, alone
Hath power to reclaim me e'er
From the hell of black despair.

Four springs thy beauty now hath grown
Since first I met thee, warm and young,
Ere yet thy beauty's bud was blown,
Or yet that ripened splendor flung
From thee, like sounds of sweetest song;
E'en then, ere all thy value saw,
I felt come o'er me that strange awe
Which changed to love ineffable,
As first to last notes of a bell
Whose mournful tolling seems to tell
Of what words cannot speak so well;
E'en then, when first I met thy gaze,
To which my heart gave speechless praise,
My soul divined of something near
Which soon or late my life should rear.
Though distance long hath veiled thee
From my sight, in vision
Still I sought and hailed thee
To effect my sweet transition
From darkness to thy place elysian.

Thou dost gloriously seem,
Like a swift recurring dream
Which gradually and faithfully
Glows into reality;
A little pace—and I shall meet thee,
And with fearful joy shall greet thee;
For I shall find the long-sought gift
Which bides in thee alone,—to lift
From me this gloom and heaviness,
This weight of evil and distress,
Which lately have been gathering fast,
And seemed my heart and brain to blast.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is to be regretted that Will S. Monroe is so taken up with educational duties, that he has to abandon his literary work.

* * *

We observe with pleasure the extensive notice and popularity which D. M. Jones' poem on the "Death of Sheridan" has received throughout the country. Mr. Jones seems to have a special talent for patriotic utterances.

* * *

Theron G. Osborne's poem on "The Three Yankee Fairies," exhibits the qualities which are most individual in his poetic nature. These lines have the quaintness and delightful originality always seen in his best work.

* * *

The WYOMING MAGAZINE may not prove the exponent of a very notable Nineteenth Century literature in north-eastern Pennsylvania, but as an *avant courier* for the Twentieth, its value and significance are unbounded.

* * *

Wilkes-Barre boasts of a promising dramatist in the person of Dan L. Hart. Mr. Hart's most recent work is a drama entitled, *The Battle of Life*, illustrating Southern California life. It is to be said, to the credit of the author, that his play is not of the sensational kind too common upon our provincial stage.

* * *

Scranton's West Side contains an appreciative and lively literary coterie, consisting, among others, of Howell Harris, T. Ellsworth Davis, Col. R. A. Phillips, John H. Powell, Joseph Lewis, A. J. Colborn Jr., and George Howell. It may be said of any of these gentlemen, that he would be the ornament, the arch-Bohemian, of any literary club.

* * *

It has been said that there is a tendency among local writers to take upon them-

selves the reckless license of hacking at, and altering, the classic proportions of the English language. If there is anything which will induce a premature decadence of English speech, no doubt it is the very fault of rapid and careless writers. What is referred to, of course, is the use of slang, manufactured words, and incomplete sentences. For the sake of literature and art, let us try to preserve intact the purity and undefiled character of English phrase.

* * *

Have you ever noticed the similarity of strain and sentiment in the poems of John S. McGroarty and Thomas P. Ryder? These two authors are, no doubt, of poetic kinship. The poems of both possess the qualities which we express by low, sweet, soft, tender, and pure. Mr. Ryder's poems aim at the expression of holiness and cheerfulness. Mr. McGroarty has covered a wider range with equal success. No careful reader of poems can avoid an affectionate regard for the spirits, so kindly and gently concealed within their lines.

* * *

This query is put to the local press: "What constitutes a good prose style?" A rhetorician would say that a sound prose style is that which, being correct and clear, procures continuous and interested attention. He would add, besides, that it is only by the judicious variety of balanced, periodic, long and short sentences, that this end can be secured. If laws of language were laws of State, it would be the custom, long before to-day, in this age of type, to hang those repertorial monsters who are continually murdering words, phrases and sentences. There is a law of diction, governing the choice and right use of words; there is a law governing the formation of new words, and there is a law of variety in prose style. What sentence shall we pass upon the head of the wretch who wilfully violates all these laws.

Sylvester Crumbs.

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MANUAL TRAINING.

Just now a popular fad in education is industrial training. Its advocates do not agree upon the principles involved nor upon the details of its application, nor even upon the ends to be attained by its introduction. The subject is treated fully in the July number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and the present purpose is merely to present a few plain *root* notions.

1. As an addition to the present common school system, manual training is practicable only as an extension of object teaching. The attempt to teach any of the mechanical trades in school would require a special teacher who would have very few pupils, and would require an extensive and expensive plant. The plan, moreover, would probably meet with the opposition of all the trades unions in which the apprentice system is subjected to very stringent rules. The public school system to be successful must be sustained by public opinion.

2. An essential part of object teaching is embraced in the phrase muscle training. Few boys at twelve years of age can drive a screw into a pine board with a hand screw driver. They do not know how to apply muscular force to overcome the resistance. The use of various tools is the only way in which one can learn how to overcome inertia and cohesion. Having learned the use of one tool, a pupil more rapidly acquires a practical acquaintance with the push needed in other mechanical operations and soon judges correctly of the force required to drive a tack or a spike, and at once puts forth what is required

without the awkward and futile attempts which marked his first effort. It makes little difference what tools are used, but a variety is necessary

3. The carpenter's square is a tool which should be in every school room, whether industrial training is a part of the curriculum or not. This introduces an element not considered in my second section, namely, mental activity not associated with muscular force. This tool also is the basis for instruction in form and extent. While mensuration cannot be taught in the lower grades, it cannot be well taught in any grade without this wonderful instrument of precision. A full account of its uses fills a large volume and I would suggest to teachers not familiar with its use to look well into the subject before undertaking to teach from it.

4. Another interesting study in connection with manual training is the connection which exist between brain and muscle. The first time you undertake any manipulation you proceed slowly and make many false and futile motions. You pause and reflect, and try one way and another until at last you perhaps succeed without spoiling the job or your materials. It is only by repeated performances that you can do the thing surely and rapidly; after a while the operation is done almost without conscious thought, in other words you are said to work automatically. Mental processes follow the same law. It would not go far amiss to call this unconscious muscle memory. When you meet a friend, you speak his name at once with-

out conscious act of the memory. When the muscles are called upon for a special customary act, they contract at once, the motion is made, the thing is done automatically. This prompt obedience of the muscles to the nerve stimulus received from the brain is the result of training, of repetition. For a more complete account of this process, the reader is referred to "Bain, on Mind and Body."

5. Their education of the muscle is essential to the development of the best bodily activity, but its value is much more extensive than mere development of the bodily powers. The functional activities of the brain itself is greatly heightened by the process. The mind can act, so far as we know, only through its organ the brain. The theory that muscle skill develops general brain power is sustained by the well known fact that skilled artisans have brighter and more active minds than laborers, even admitting that the brighter minds seek the more skilled manual employments.

6. It thus became evident that manual training helps to develop mental power and is a very valuable mental discipline, whatever be the future employment of the individual. This consideration is sufficient support to the doctrine that it should form a part of any school curriculum. It may be further remarked that a knowledge of practical mechanics is useful to any person whatever his calling. Illustrations meet one constantly and everywhere. A story is told of a learned Judge, not a resident of Wilkes-Barre, who drove his horse against a sapling, which slipped between the wheel and the thill of his buggy. He called a darkey to cut down the sapling, that he might proceed on his journey.

The objection that the cost of tools and a workshop would be burdensome, supposes a more extensive plant than is necessary.

The objection that time would and could be better employed in study, ignores

the fact that primary work with tools is study.

The objection that the teachers might not prove competent, can easily be met by the teachers themselves.

Frederick Corss.

"THEY TELL US OF AN AFTERMATH."

Can you rest satisfied, my sweet?
Has your soul gained its utmost bound?
The guerdon's won and you have found
The world you prize so at your feet.

If you were dead, my lady fair,
The sordid touch of coins would weigh
Your eyelids down, and yet to-day
The coins weigh down your soul instead.

And you are happy—nay, my own,
Your lord and master comes and goes
Unheeded; day by day there grows
A calm restraint too plainly shown.

While underneath your calm repose
There is a heart that cries in vain
Against the mockery of pain—
Against the emptiness life shows,

No touch of his can thrill you through
And yet my presence brings a flush
Upon your cheek; your feelings rush
To give your eyes a double hue.

If I should stoop to ask your soul,
You might be won (against your will)
In longing vain, that love might fill
Your life, and play a double *role*.

But to your owner still be true
And act your present part in peace,
I would not wrong him so, nor you,
That love might be and honor cease.

How poor the triumphs that we deem
Will bring our hearts full happiness!
How great the missing tenderness
We lose to gain our triumph seems.

I gave you truer love, you flung
It by for gold, now keep your gains.
The gold you held so dear remains,
And mourn not for the spirit wrung.

And empty heart be empty still
And moan your sorrow out unheard,
Nor tremble at a chance-spoke word
That sets the leaping blood at thrill.

They tell us of an aftermath;
They preach to us of recompense—
We only feel the haunting sense
Of one false step upon life's path.

Ione Kent.

THAT KID O' JACK'S.

I allus liked that gal. Sech a purty bit of caliker; and w'en shee'd smile it ud seem as if she was talkin' laff right outen her blue eyes.

Her name? Well, 'twas Dym. Her old dad allus called her Dymsey, sort of er baby name, and we fellers shortened it to Dym.

Good? Why see 'ere, pardner, "good" is a name fur things to eat. She, our Dym, was an angel. You don't know Dym, an you prob'ly never will. She was raised right thar, neath the shadder of the big shaft-house, and thar was suthing about that gal from the time old Jack, thats her dad, come outen the house with a smile big er nuff fur twins an sez, "Its a gal, boys." That seemed too good fur Custer Vein Patch.

But she wasn't made to live aroun' yere, mos' perticaly she wasn't made fur Jack's kid. But she stayed, an growed an blossm'd an bloomed. An' the boys went on a fallin' in love with her an' the men a worshipen'n until she got to wearin' long dresses, an' then thar came 'long that ere stockholder scurshun. They come down to see how much they wuz wuth in coal land, an' as ole Bill says to gloat over their 'ooman property. Well while they wuz gloatin' 'mongst other stock they saw our Dym, an' I guess they inventoried her purty high. It wuz jest like seein' a grand peranner in a barn.

One young feller seemed to take a per-tickler fancy and walked aroun' all that afternoon with her. She seemed to like him fust rate—jest like seein' sombody she knowd long ergo—sort er engaigin' with her betters. That's w'at made me say she wuz never made fur Jack's Kid. That young feller came aroun' here twice after that, and shortly after the las' trip, Dym tuk to lookin' kinder sorrerful like and a goin' off a lone inter the woods fur long walks. On night I seed her stan'in' at the foot of the big culm dump er lookin' over the val-

ley, one han' wuz over her eyes and she wuz starin' at the sun as he sunk behin' the big Pocono. She seemed try'n to think out somethin'. Her light dress wuz blown tight against her figger an' her hair hung down like a big sheet er gold. She seemed all the world like a picter I saw wanst of sum woman what was waitin' an a watchin' 'er lover swim the river, an' he 'er goin' down almost. But she stood thar a lookin' an' a watchin' an' fin'ly I heer'ed her speak:

"I dont want to leeve dad." I heer'n her say, "he's allus been so good. But I carnt stay here in this place. Its killin' me." And then she turned,—she didn't see me nor nuthin' on arth, and I see'd a light streamin' outen her eyes that seem'd to say "I don't belong 'ere an I must go to some un I love."

W'y pardner that gal was'nt with in a thousand miles of the patch thar fur a minit. I didn't say nuthin' an' shortly after that our Dym disappeared suddenly one night. Jack kinder tuk it hard at fust, an' then he grad'ly lifted up an' he sez, sez he: "Its the same old story—The fine gentleman an' the collier's daughter, my marster an' his slave." An' I nodded, fur I felt Jack wuz right, an' I know'd what ud come of handsom' Dym with her fine fren' in the big city.

Time rolled along an' Jack, who was head man at the big shaft, answered every bell, an' wunce in a while of a night he would tell me what a gurl that Dym wuz w'en she wuz young. How she used to bring his grub prompt at noon w'en she could hardly walk, an' how she used to give him a good night kiss allus the las' thing every night. Sech by'gone remembrances he used ter tell us, an' wunce in er while a big tear would kinder creep out, an' then we'd know Jack still loved his misguided child.

Well, two years rolled along to almos' er day, an' it wuz June time. The great big roses Dym had grown, come outen their winter's sleep an' nodded at each other in

a soft sort of a way an' thro'd gobs of sweet scent in the air, an' all nature seemed pleased at suthin, er other.

One day we heer'n a whistle way down on the branch, an' a new whistle it wuz, too. An' the way it blowed! seemed as if that thar injun wuz a sayin' "Hold on thar, I'm comin' jest as fast as I kin." Purty soon we seed the President's privut car cum a tearin' up the branch an' stop right near to Jack's shanty. Then the door opened an' who'd we see but Dym, an' my grashus how she wuz fixed up! but it wuz the same sweet smilin' Dym, in spite of 'er fine clo's. Almos' every man of us ran down to the car cepten Jack who hung back in a sorrerful way. Dym was fol-lered by the fine lookin' young feller, an' both made for Jack. Dym fell on her dad's neck an' sech huggin an' cryin', an' kissin', I never see'd the beat. The young feller wuz lookin' on in a pleased kinder way until he saw us a hangin' round an' lookin' ugly, w'en he draw'd hissself up a peg and leadin' Dym forard a step er two, an' she a blushin' like a peony, sez, "Gentlemen erllow me to interdooce you to my wife, Mrs. James Falconer" he wuz the president's son, "an' I hopes you'll come down an' see us some time at our home in the city."

Well you orter heard those fool miners cheer. It beat anything I ever hearn. An' w'en I heerd those words an' seed her hang on ter her husban's arm with sech grace an' pride, I made up my mind mor'n ever she wuz never made fur no kid o' Jacks.

B. W. Betterly.

SEASIDE RHYMES.

Written Aug. 11.

When "Chaste Diana" hangs her silver sickle in
the west
And day is gently dying lulled by Nature into rest;
When drowsy bats and owlets are wheeling thro
the grove,
A twilight's charm falls on me as along the beach
I rove.

O, the melody of ocean sounds, repeated o'er and
o'er!

The sky above, the sand beneath, and the looming
breakers roar.

Was music ever sweeter than to listen as the wave
Chants a never-ceasing requiem o'er the buried
sea-nymph's grave?

O, ever restless ocean! what is it ye would say
As ye moan and fling abroad your arms where
sun-kissed ripples play?

What message do ye bring to me from those be-
yond your shore?

Tell ye of *hearts* that *moan* and *burst* as thy bil-
lows evermore?

Like the ocean, *life* is restless, grasping sandy
shores in vain,

Now advancing—now receding, pleasure followed
e'er by pain;

Flinging *tears* like *pearls* of *ocean* broadcast o'er
the beach of time,

Moving sometimes gently onward, raging oft in
might sublime.

The sobbing waves roll onward with faintly dying
moan

And sighing breezes waft away their wierd-like
voices thrown

In echo back—I hear them repeat the moral
gained:

"*Work on, work on*, till life shall end and *rest be*
well attained."

Marie M. Pursel.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

O frail little flower, alone on the plain,
You fill us with hope of a life we would gain;
Thy beauty consumes what is base, like a fire,
And leaves our hearts free from the sway of desire.

You teach us so much of the wonderful plan,
And how to be wise, than is taught us by man.
A welcome we'll find when we stand at the gate,
If with hands filled with flowers in patience we wait!

Flowers, the sweetest, cheapest things
on earth. They look as if they were de-
lighted with the fields, the sunshine, and
the wind. They look so brave, as if they
expected to live a thousand years. Their
distilleries filled with honey! Caressed
by the winds! Pastured on the air! The
unwritten laws of God! Divine thoughts
realized! Little windows into an unseen
world!

With their sun-dyed garments and
heaven-scented breath! Stray visitors

from some fairer clime come to teach us beauty and purity.

Sometimes in my dreams I see fields covered with flowers, sweet and chaste; hills, covered with roses and mixed with lilies; daffodils, yellow and tall, hanging their heads as if in deep meditation; and coronets of flowers from the orient, with pendants of pearls. Their purity makes them saintly. Their sweet posterity is born in showers, *when spring walks o'er the earth with scented breath.*

Flowers fill the hands of childhood with wealth, and their hearts with delight. They are friends that never fail us. Other beautiful thing we admire, but flowers we love. They are fair shrines where we offer a willing homage. They do not ask anything of us, for they are of royal birth. All nature stands ready to serve them; they are fashioned and fed by unseen hands. All they do is to hold up their faces to the sun, and kiss the air sweet!

They are the fit companions of women, children, and saints. We will always believe that in bright summer nights, sprites and fairies hold high carnival in little glens where wild flowers grow unseen.

They never tell us what they think or do. Sometimes they hide from us as if they knew we could not do anything for them but destroy them, or take them from the fields to serve at our feasts, where they make rich textures look tawdry, opaque, and gray.

Some flowers are so like bells that we think we can hear their tiny peals, helping to make up the anthem of nature.

In long, hazy afternoons, when old Time goes to sleep, their little chimes will peal out to wake him up. When the flowering weeds and tall grasses sway in the sweet tints of evening, they ring their low-toned vespers, and then, without fear, sleep through the long, silent night.

Why do we want them to go down into the grave with us to waste and die on our mouldering forms? It is that they rob the

grave of its horrors to the living, by framing the faces of our dead with emblems of resurrection. We place flowers on the cold breasts of children, to go with them where we cannot. Their faithful lips kiss hands and breast, and fill the chamber of death with sweet odors—little waves of life in the awful, wasting desolation.

S. R. Smith.

THE POETS OF WYOMING.

*O ye, who never saw our sweet, grand Vale,
And think it strange perhaps that thus I praise
Names quite unknown beyond Wyoming's pale
With lavish comment worthy Shakspeare's bays,
Know this: I sing Wyoming's own fair days,
Her own far-gleaming plains, her own blue sky,
Her silver river, and her woodland ways,
As all belonging to a place on high,
In its own constellated station neath God's eye.*

1.

Not on the side of Helicon alone,
Round fountains hid in bowers mossy-lined,
Do muses guard an ever sacred throne
Invisible, and, sitting in the wind,
Those green immortal bands of myrtle bind,
Whose very odor robs of needed breath
The bards who strive the magic path to find,
Which leads, through inspiration's shibboleth,
Unto that seat of fame beyond the grasp of death.

2.

Not Castaly alone the Muses please
To haunt, and bless with gifts oracular,
But here, in Nature's new-found home o'er seas,
E'en here, in this mysterious region, far
Across Athena's purple margin bar
Of twilight—in Wyoming's ample vale
Of rich strewn loveliness, where naught doth mar
The double view of distance growing pale—
Behold a well that for their presence ne'er will fail.

3.

And oft, Wyoming, all a summer's day,
Upon the mountain side I lay to gloat
Above thy grandeur reaching far away,
While time, loud-pulsing, tensive swelled my
throat
With broken thoughts; and oft thou seemst a
boat,
And I an elf astride the gunwale high,
As breathless on the sea of space afloat,
Fast through the dewy surge of eve we fly,
'Neath guidance of the love-star in the western
sky.

4.

Where rise the azure Alleghanies round
 This other Eden, and like bulwarks seem
 In ranks arranged to shield from care her ground,
 There gushes from its rocky birth a stream,
 So vivid in the sun with silver gleam,
 So bounding, and with charm so subtly blessed,
 That soon will poesy anoint her theme,
 Not in the old well, quaffed of all its zest,
 But in this free, untainted fountain of the West.

5.

Many the bards who learned to steep their rhyme
 Where Susquehanna's limpid currents rolled
 In eager passion from the crags that climb
 Among the dawn-born mists: those mists ice-cold
 That swoon away within the sun's hot hold,
 And strangely vanish in the crag's embrace.
 Yet more there are of such Horatian mould,
 Strong, youthful spirits that now panting pace
 Apart, to brood, Wyoming, on thy saddened face.

6.

From Prospect Rock I've gazed and scanned the
 dome,
 And leaped o'er the horizon's cautious trend,
 And lingered far and near above the home
 Of every well known and beloved friend
 Of Gertude and of poesy. Thoughts rend
 Themselves, and lacerate the heart impetuous,
 And Love is anguished, when such claims contend
 For homage; let no voice that's garrulous
 Be ever mine, but, being tongue-tied, worship
 thus

7.

How many and miraculous the scenes
 Thy sternly knotted brow, O blanched Rock,
 Have gazed upon! How long the faithful paeon
 Of wood, of wave, of bird, of all the flock
 Of hymnal sounds, hast thou contrived to mock,
 Thou prone and pillared saint of white-haired
 Time,
 Still holding up thy head o'er every shock
 Of change, so cold, so bare, yet chaste, sublime,
 In purity to which but angels dare to climb?

8.

Didst thou remain unmoved at Campbell's song?
 Or did that cold demeanor lose itself,
 Revealing flitting smiles? But not for long,
 Before, old Stoic, though begrudged the pelf,
 And turned more sternly cold than ever Guelph
 To Ghibelline.—Then Halleck came and sang
 His sprightly strain. Did not the licensed elf
 Provoke thy wrath as impishly he sprang,
 And in thy ears facetiously his tauntings rang?

9.

Ah! the dim dreaminess of Sabbath morn,
 Primeval calm and peace, that once were thine,
 Still has its spell upon thee, though forlorn
 Thou reignest o'er the vanished realm supine
 Of thy once boundless solitude divine.
 Oft from that largess, Fancy with her wand
 Invokes the ghosts of dreams and visions fine,
 Soft joys, fair heroines, and lovers fond,
 As moving as at midnight poet ever conned.

10.

Nor Christabel in vermeil silk arrayed,
 Before a purple arras were more fair;
 Nor yet a buskined Dian of the glade
 With Gertude in her bower can compare,
 Laughing and crying over Shakespeare there.
 O notes of weal and woe still yet profuse!
 O form that never from the heart will wear!
 That image!—Gaze, O poets, on the muse
 Of pure emotion, clothed in Nature's simplest hues.

11.

For there are poets yet—although 'tis said
 That Science has proscribed the sacred roll;
 Imagination comes to woo and wed,
 And Art is e'er the bride of some sweet soul;
 Like Cupid, Rhyme can ne'er be brought to goal
 To be the target of inhuman hate,
 Its tuneful note grief-changed to martyr's dole.
 Thus many golden voices sing elate,
 Beside the Susquehanna and her swifter mate.

12.

Her swifter mate—dark Lackawanna's wave;
 Beside her waters blackened as a cloud
 Of stormy midnight, birds vouchsafed a stave
 Of joyousness one time that lightly bowed
 The very heads of flowers. But the shroud
 Of blightful change that decks her now, is gay
 In correspondence to the tears allowed
 By grief, for *her*, the mind of poisoned ray,
 The dead in life, the sweet, the wretched "Edith
 May."

13.

O Fate! if e'er thou didst a dastard act,
 'Twas then! Clutched from her dreams, her
 love, her bliss,
 In her fair height of beauty, to be racked
 'Mong terrors worse than any death that this
 Hard world could grant! Oh where was
 Mercy's kiss?
 Did none bewail? Oh was there none to weep?
 Ah! never yet was Heaven so amiss!
 Well might such anguish wrest stern rocks
 from sleep,
 And make Wyoming to her end the memory keep!

Edith Drinker, author of two vols. of very fine poetry
 published under the editorial management of N. P. Willis,
 forty years ago. She was a resident of Montrose.

14.

Hushed also is the harp, whose tender trill,
Like the lone hermit thrush, once trembling
The pensive silences of dell and hill [broke
Beneath the Beech Wood's branches, and awoke
An echo never dying, which yet spoke
For many days with accent of strange stress.
Softly thou struck thy low-tuned lyre—the yoke
Of silence fell away—and lo! our blessedness,
First herald of the beauties of the wilderness.

15.

Ione,² Verona,³ Stella,⁴ —naiad names,
Forever legend-haunted; rhyming rills [claims
Of sound; gemmed caskets holding all that
A kin to ideality;—faith fills
These glens unto the ridges of their hills,
For Nature trusts her temples unto you,
Well knowing that whatever mood she wills,
Finds in your hearts response as pure as flew
From out the violet when the first zephyr blew.

16.

Behold that city in its onward march
To rank as one of Earth's great capitals!
A moment it has paused upon an arch
In Susquehanna's winding stream, and all
Its aspect, with its burnished tower and hall
Is of a rapt intent to form a scene
Of beauty such that cannot help but call
From poesy fair words, and spirits keen
To play the courtier royally for such a Queen.

17.

And there such spirits are, who live to sing,
And each to each act friendship's sacred part;
See Theron,⁵ Niven,⁶ Ryder,⁷ careless fling
Their soulful odes into the busy mart;
See him,⁸ who wedded poesy to art,
And him,⁹ who sang of Lethe's purple tide,
And him,¹⁰ who gave to Florence sorrow's heart,
Upon the muse's altar scatter wide [pride.
Those rich, ripe offerings which give the muse her

18.

Most weak the lines which thus address the
Of such deft masters of the poet's skill; [names
The joy to praise cannot be mine, but Fame's;
What my frail verse doth lack, her hand shall fill;
But thoughts of this true band so haunt me still,
That if my touch could but compel the stars,
I'd make them syllable o'er every hill,
Led by the ruddy light of eager Mars,
Their mames, their thoughts, their deeds, in
bright eternal bars.

¹Juliana Frances Turner, author of the "Harp of the Beech Woods," published in 1822.

²Ione Kent, ³Verona Coe Holmes, ⁴Stella of Lackawanna.

⁵Theron G. Osborne. ⁶E. A. Niven. ⁷Thomas P. Ryder.

⁸S. R. Smith. ⁹D. M. Jones. ¹⁰John S. McGroarty.

19.

Now rends the sky, and lo! in riven space,
A vision bowered in a fleecy mist;
Ah! it drops into the cloud's embrace,
And now, its glories, not of earth, exist
In but the tarnished image which a tryst
With fancy can alone recall to light.
Ah, could but a seraph's tongue assist
My simple-worded pen to here indite
The mystery and the revelation of that sight!

20.

Yet in most simple phrase let me relate
The vision, which was such the Poet Sire,
Of Italy once sang. I would create
Like him a fabric with a woof of fire
To clothe my surging thoughts ere they expire;
But least the fairy of my tryst withdraw—
Let one weak trembling stanza's mimic choir
Recite the wonders of the world I saw,—
Then let me seek the silent reverence of awe!

21.

A city I beheld where vistas reach
Along a valley's flow from end to end;
To this vast human sea the mountain beach
Alone made bounds, and seemed with heaven
to blend
In stange similitude; while heaven did bend
To clasp both spire and pave with golden air.
And in this air did mortals walk, and send
A halo from their brows like to the rare,
The holy essence which Perfection's crown did
bear.

22.

It is a monarch city of the earth,
In that far time of which we fondly dream
When man has found his brother's manly worth,
And works with him until Love's contact gleam
Is visible. So let her turrets gleam
I' the morning light. We'll leave the castled air,
And poise above the rapid human stream
Which moves toward the city's proudest square,
With eyes intent upon the latest marble there.

23.

The rarest monument of art it stood,
High lifting Purity above the throng;
The rapt multitude gaze in generous mood
Upon—the Gertude of our Early Song.
And at her feet, what to that age belong,
The greatest poets that have yet been born
Are gathered. One heart, one eye, one tongue,
Declare the sentiment which Time had worn—
*Blessed the days, the men, when music had its
morn!*

W. George Powell.

¹What Byron calls Dante.

"UNDER WHICH PATHY?" — A FAITH-CURE TALE.

[Continued.]

"We know, Frank," he said "that while a Regular, I am not of the straitest sect of the Pharisees, and I have much sympathy with those who have freed themselves from the shackles which the National Medical Code has imposed on all so called regular practitioners. However, I have never yet chosen to meet in the sick room on equal terms, one whose title indicated him to be an exponent of any exclusive dogma, whether that were Homœopathy, Eclecticism Allopathy. *Allo-pathy*," he repeated, bringing his fist down upon the table with a crash, "Heaven save the mark! A mis-applied title which some of these empirics apply to the therapeutics of thousands of us who are no more *Allo-paths* than we are *Angels*!" He laughed as he finished his sentence and readjusted his glasses.

"How I scorn the man," he went on slowly, "who claims that *his* dogma or *his* ism contains the *whole* known truth, I don't care whether it be in medicine or in theology. But I especially despise the man who parades under the flaunting banners of any *Pathy*. And yet after all we are only beginners and I for one am in search of truth, and will seize it when I can, no matter what its source. And, by the way, if this new system is to be recognized by us, we will have to give it some more high sounding name than '*Faith-Cure*.' It should at least be catalogued with the other *Pathies*, than many of which it is not a whit more ludicrous. 'My Priscian is a little scratched,' but come now, old fellow, you are fresh from the classics, lend us a helping hand."

"What do you think of *Proseucho-pathy* for prayer-cure. Is it sufficiently high-sounding and scientific for you?"

"Admirable, admirable," exclaimed the Doctor.

"It is at least *distinctive*," continued Frank, "and expresses what it means more clearly than many of the terms of your

professional jargon. It was only the other day that I learned that an *Alienist* was not some kind of a foreigner but an insane doctor, and that a book on *Pediatrics* was not a treatise on corns and bunions, but one on teething, mumps and measles."

The Doctor again threw himself back in his chair and laughed immoderately. "Well! Well! Frank, he exclaimed when he could get his breath, "Now go home and write to the high priestess of the new creed, and tell her that we bestow the precious name of *Proseucho-pathy* upon her new system, *without hope of fee or reward*."

On reaching home Mr. Montgomery wrote to his sister without delay, and he felt sure that she would not deny his request.

After an early breakfast the following morning, the Rector hurried to Hal, whom he found stronger for his night's rest.

"You are better, Hal," was his cheerful salutation.

"Perhaps I am," answered the boy sadly, "and if so, I can but regret it. I am looking forward with impatience to the end now, and I trust that it may come soon and without another of those appalling accompaniments. I care little for myself but I would spare mother. As for death I have no dread of it whatever, for, as you know, I have virtually died a hundred times. It is simply, when all is said, closing one's eyes on the *Here*, to open them on the *There*." He pointed upwards. "And as to the *There*, no one knows more than another." He stopped speaking and seemed exhausted. The Rector remained silent. Soon Hal turned and looked into his face with a smile upon his own.

"Do you know," he said, "what would be my idea of Heaven? It would be a place where I should be a man, not a puny, diseased caricature of one, but a man made by the Great Creator honestly in his own image, strong—well-formed—a Hercules like *you*."

"A *Hercules*, Hal," exclaimed the Rector, Aristotle tell us Hercules was afflicted with your very disease."

"Hercules an epileptic! then after all I have something in common with a hero and a god. Would that Hercules in one of his labors had strangled the demon—but tell me did it strangle Hercules?"

"I do not know whether the disease was curable or not in ancient days" quickly responded the Rector, for Hal had at last given him his cue, "but I do know that in *these* days there have been astonishing recoveries."

"My case however is a hopeless one," said the boy, as if divining the Rector's intention and wishing to discourage it. "My mother tells me that the physician who attended me during my childhood assured her that the cure of one whose disease had been occasioned as mine was, had never been known."

"But you might make the exception, Hal, and science you know, in the direction of nervous diseases, is making valuable discoveries every day. Why not consent to place yourself under Doctor Hayward's care for a time? He is an eminent and skillful physician, and if you can be saved he will save you."

After much persuasion the sick boy yielded a reluctant assent. He had no faith whatever in the possibility of a cure, but to gratify the Rector he was willing to submit to an experiment, which at least could do him no further harm than extend a life almost intolerable somewhat beyond the limits which he, in his desperation, had assigned to it.

Her boy's consent secured, Margaret's was yielded less reluctantly. Perhaps in spite of her firm belief in the infallibility of her former doctor, her mother's heart, through all the long, weary years, had still treasured a faint ray of hope—who knows?

At precisely twelve o'clock the next morning Doctor Hayward's buggy appeared at Mrs. Kennedy's door, and out of it

lightly sprang the Rector, to be followed by the old Doctor whose descent was more gradual and cautious.

Mr. Montgomery only stayed long enough to present Doctor Hayward in due form to Margaret, and then left to keep an engagement with one of his vestry, for which he was already fifteen minute's late. This accomplished he returned to his own study, there to await a visit from the Doctor, who had promised to join him at one o'clock. Entering, he had gathered up his mail, which lay upon his writing table, and had forthwith thrown himself into an easy chair, placed in such position near the window, that he could readily look beyond the verandah just outside, across the lawn over a low hedge of evergreen on to the road along which the Doctor's buggy would be sure to come on his return from the Kennedy cottage. Singling one letter from the rest, post marked Philadelphia, he slipped it into a side pocket of his coat. The others seemed to pertain mainly to business and were of little value, for he soon threw them down in a heap on a chair near, and fell to patting the head of a handsome setter, who a moment before had entered through an open window and laid one of his paws upon his master's knee.

The Rector's study was a very miracle of luxurious confusion, no one article being strictly in place; the engravings on the walls and the heavy book cases alone excepted. The Turkish rug that covered the floor, the handsome curtains draping doors and windows, the large divan and various easy chairs with their rich upholstery, gave evidence of refined taste and lavish expenditure. For these, however, the Rector could not be held responsible. They had all been gifts from Caroline.

Mr. Montgomery's landlady, remarkable for her scrupulous neatness, had occasionally had her own way with regard to the arrangement of his belongings, but her labors had invariably been cancelled within the shortest possible time after the

Rector's return to his quarters, and she had latterly accepted the hint, feeling sure that matrimony alone could correct so deeply grounded and serious a fault.

The Rector had been seated near the window hardly ten minutes when he spied the Doctor's buggy in the distance. At the sound of approaching wheels, Flash had withdrawn his paw from his master's knee, sprung out upon the verandah and was soon bounding along the road making a whirlwind of dust in his frantic efforts to reach his sworn friend in the shortest possible time. The Rector could see the Doctor lean forward as if to talk to the handsome brute who kept up his gymnastics about the buggy, not only for the purpose of demonstrating his own joy apparently, but also with a view to emphasising his assurance to Doctor Hayward of even a warmer welcome from his master within. As the Rector stepped out upon the verandah, Flash, who with stately wags of his handsome tail had superintended the Doctor's decent from his buggy, now demurely preceded him up the steps with the air of having bagged for his master the choicest game of the forest.

"Well! Doctor," "Well! Frank," were the salutations which passed between the men as they met, after which they entered the study without further speech, the Rector's face beaming with inquiry, the Doctor's a perfect blank.

The Doctor settled himself, with what struck the Rector as quite unnecessary deliberation under the circumstances, in a large, straight-backed arm chair, and with even greater deliberation fell to wiping the perspiration from his forehead. Finally he spoke, only however to say, "Give me a fan, Frank, this is one of the hottest days of the season." Frank had some difficulty in finding the desired article, and seemed half inclined to be unamiable.

The Doctor fanned himself fully a minute before speaking again, and then fell to stroking his long grey beard.

"Frank," he said at last, "I have care-

fully examined young Kennedy's case, have secured all possible data with regard to antecedents, causes for disease et cetera, et cetera,—details you would not understand or care to hear—and am of the opinion that while there can be only one chance out of one thousand, or I may say, out of *ten* thousand of effecting an absolute cure, that one chance shall spur me on to do my best to save him. "The sick boy, in my opinion, is now in that very condition of mind, when conversion to your sister's eccentric views, will, I think, be quite possible. My advice therefore is to get Mrs. Dudley to come on without delay. It would be well too to make a convert of the mother, whose imagination in her present mood will be readily impressed. I believe, you see, with the earnestness of a papist, that the end usually justifies the means, besides Caroline's belief can do no actual harm to any one. In fact, in such a case as this, it's *admirable*—ha! ha! *admirable*."

The Doctor now that he had opened his lips to some purpose, apparently preferred not to be interrupted. He had an engagement at half past one o'clock, and he intended to meet it to the minute.

"Well Frank," he said, as he rose to go, "I wish I could give you more hope, but I promise to do my best. And do you know, old fellow, I never went into a case with a more ardent desire to win."

A week later a letter had reached the Rector from Mrs. Dudley, and he had lost no time in taking it to the Doctor. Seated again in Doctor Hayward's office, he patiently waited as the old man slowly read his sister's pages. He "Would be fully informed before going," he had laughingly said to the Doctor, as he handed him the letter, "with regard to the etiquette which ought to attend the introduction of a consulting physician under the present anomalous circumstances,"

Having arranged his spectacles to the proper focus, Doctor Hayward read to himself—

"My dear Brother Frank, I have never refused a request of your's in my life that I can recall, and am not likely to do so now, although a trip in this heat to Warwick is scarcely a move I would have been likely to have made for my own individual pleasure, much as I want to see you."

The doctor halted, with a benignant smile on his face, and while readjusting his glasses, remarked, "Let's see! Caroline is fully fifteen years older than you, is she not?" and then went on reading—

"Your account of the sufferings of young Mr. Kennedy satisfies me that his disease is clearly one of *possession of the devil*."

The Doctor's smile changed character and threatened to expand into a laugh, as he continued.

"I am sure you will think me all wrong, Frank, but I *know* what I say to be the truth, namely that in these days, there *are* actual possessions of the devil, just as in the days of Christ, and that with fasting and prayer and the exercise of perfect faith, and unwavering belief in the *literal* interpretation of the precious promises of scripture, the demons *can* be exorcised. They *have* been and I have *seen* them. I do not, of course, mean that I have seen the *demons themselves*, but only lately however, I *did* see a poor girl undoubtedly under demoniac influence. Her paroxysms, during the prayers for her deliverance, were *awful*. But faith conquered, and after inflicting the most frightful bodily torture, the devil left her, and she rose up calm and restored to the full vigor of her faculties *after*, I should not forget to add, a long and apparently dreamless sleep. Now what stronger proof of the miraculous efficacy of prayer could one have? Oh! Yes, dear Frank, prayer, an honest fervent pleading of God's own promises, *will* achieve *miracles* even in *these* days. How I wish you could hear dear Doctor Hiram Leech talk on this subject. By the way, do you know he has lately opened a hospi-

tal in Philadelphia, where the most astonishing faith cures have been performed? One man, for instance, who was carrying a hod of bricks to the fifth story of a house on Chestnut street, fell from that fearful height to the pavement below, and broke every, well, *nearly* every, bone in his body. Now you will acknowledge dear Frank that it would require an unquestionable miracle to cure that man without surgical treatment, but the thing was *done*. The poor creature even in his mutilated condition was able to exercise a certain modicum of faith, and Doctor Leech's prayers did the rest. He anointed the sufferer's head with oil and besieged the throne of grace for hours and finally, in God's good time, the answer came. The splintered bones placed themselves in position and quickly knit together, and the man rose and walked about perfectly restored. I did not *see* this case, but had it related to me in all its minutest details by Doctor Leech himself, which, you know, Frank, was *quite* as convincing to me, as if I *had* seen it. But of one other case I must write you, even at the risk of extending my letter beyond all reason. A poor woman, full of *all kinds* of ailments, some known and some unsuspected by herself, was most *remarkably* cured. She had simply gone to Jesus and told her tale of woe, mentioning every physical infirmity under which she suffered; not keeping back *anything*, and Jesus heard her and restored her fully to health. But no! I shouldn't say *fully*, exactly. A few days later the poor creature discovered the existence of a tumor, and confided in the sad discovery to me, whereupon I immediately took her to Doctor Leech's cure. Needless to say her faith combined with that of the dear Doctor accomplished the miracle, and the tumor utterly disappeared. Oh! Frank, that *you* might have this precious faith. Give that dear old unbeliever Doctor Hayward my regards and tell him I will work with him in the case of young Kennedy only because I am not permitted to have the sole charge of the patient. Tell him

also that I will insist upon his orders being fully carried out. They will not *harm* the boy, and by the way, that is precisely the view Doctor Hayward will take of my prayers. And finally I want you *both* to promise that in case my poor intercessions fail to save the young man, you will offer no objections to my taking him to Doctor Leech whose success as an exorciser of demons is truly *remarkable*. You may look for me on Thursday.

"Your loving sister,
"CAROLINE DUDLEY."

THE PATCHES ON HIS COAT.

Long purses do not always sport
The highest kind of hat,
Nor fine clothes always indicate
A bank account that's fat;
And your judgment of your neighbor
Will sometimes be remote,
By adverse calculations
On the patches of a coat.

Oh the patches, big and little,
Placed on crosswise, up and down,—
The worsted on the shoddy,
The green upon the brown,—
The dainty ones that, stiched with care,
Such loving hands denote—
There are lessons for the learning
In the patches of a coat!

See that school boy coming yonder,
Bravely through the battling snow!
Basket swinging, tippet flying,
And with cheek and eye aglow.
Ah, what scenes of joy and comfort
In his home-turned vision float!
You can tell it by the patches—
Dainty patches on his coat.

Mark you too that young mechanic,
Striding onward through the mart,
There is vigor in his bosom
And courage in his heart.
Would you know a wife's devotion?
You may read it where she wrote,
All unconscious, in the stitching
Of the patches on his coat.

Take the laborer or tradesman,
Miner grim or weary swain,
Read the story of the patches
And the owner's life is plain—
Is his wife a help or hindrance,
Worth a fortune or a groat,
Love and joy, neglect and sorrow
In the patching of a coat.—*T. G. Osborne.*

CLING TO FAITH.

I do not know, I cannot comprehend
The wisdom always of God's holy ways;
I only know that for each prayer I send
I get new light and strength to live my days.
When sick and faint and cares oppress my life,
He bids me hope and gives me peace of mind;
And when the world is plunged in hate and strife,
I find in Him a friend both just and kind.
And so, content to take Him at His word,
I blindly cling to Faith and live my days.
Believing all my secret soul has heard,
I cannot doubt, but only trust His ways.

Will S. Monroe.

BOOK NOTES.

How delightful it is to learned that Lee & Shepherd are going to issue a series of such quaint works as Steele's "The Lover," Leigh Hunt's "Wishing-Cap Papers," Douglas Jerrold's "Fireside Saints," Mr. Caudle's "Breakfast-Talk, and Other Papers," Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorpe," Roger Ascham's "The Schoolmaster," etc. The republication of these books will be to harness a new steed to each author's chariot of Fame. What memories are connected with these names! Steel, the jolly companion of Addison; Leigh Hunt—who has not, like Macaulay, "A kindness for Leigh Hunt?" Douglas Jerrold, wit and humorist; Alexander Smith, who in his day outrivalled the fames of Keats;—all these names are among those which render the study of literature so fascinating. *Lee & Shepherd* will no doubt find their new departure remunerative.

LITERARY NEWS.

Miss Ione Kent has returned to her art studies in the League at New York City.

Mr. E. W. Marshall has stationed himself as a clerk in the War Department at Washington.

We notice with pleasure the Publication in Harper's Weekly of a story of the mines by Miss Brower, entitled "Terry." Miss Brower is one of the popular contributors to the WYOMING MAGAZINE.

Miss Hattie Clay, of Scranton, author of the poem "Why Daisies are White," which attracted so much notice to the first number of this MAGAZINE, was married recently to Mr. Charles Penman, of the same city.

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THE UNREAL IN CHILDHOOD.

There are some people in this world who are slaves to realism. Like the late Mr. Gradgrind they are forever worshipping at the shrine of facts. They frown darkly upon anything that offers even a suggestion of unreality. The material thing is their all, and the supernatural is looked upon as a bugaboo of the mind, invented by designing knaves for the subjugation of the ignorant and the superstitious.

Such people believe in the total extirpation of all the innocent fairy tales which have, from time immemorial, brightened the young lives of innumerable boys and girls the world over. With ruthless hands they would tear down the opalescent veil that hides the glories of fairy-land, and then wonder because the little ones do not appear to appreciate this mistaken kindness.

At the risk of being dubbed a dreamer, I take issue with this kind of realism. I fail to see what purpose can be served by this cruel destruction of the idols of the child. I am a firm believer in childish children, and nothing so grates upon my sense of the fitness of things as to see the quart measure of mature intellect squeezed into the pint cup of immature babyhood.

I hate prodigies. I detest the practice of those, who, for the sake of winning praise from the narrow and the ignorant, do grievous wrong to the budding intelligence of their children, by crowding into their heads thoughts and ideas of which they have about as adequate a conception as

has the parrot who mimicks the forms of human speech.

Generally speaking, the people who take a senseless delight in prodigies, and load up their suffering little ones with useless lumber for the sake of "showing off," consider the story of Robinson Crusoe dangerous and ungodly, and banish "Kris Kingle" from the fireside, because, forsooth, they have no material existence. We all look back with fond regret to our childhood's realm of dreams. We all of us, affirm that during that period of our lives the kingdom of the unreal knew no more loyal subjects than we. We were loyal to our fairy queens, and always stood ready to defend the fair fame of Haroun al Raschid. Would we have become better men and women had our parents dispelled the fond illusions and sowed the germ of infidelity in our young minds ere we knew what the hated word implied? or would not that deadly seed have taken root and grown, and spread its snakey tendrils around our young hearts and sucked therefrom every feeling of reverence for the divine and the supernatural?

If, instead of trampling upon the budding faith of childhood, we strove to cultivate and nourish it, even through the medium of harmless fiction, there would be more true religion in the world; for faith is the keystone of the temple of God, as unfaith is the strongest weapon of the devil.

The saddest spectacle the human eye can look upon, is that of a mother taking her little child upon her knee and gravely informing it that there is no such person as "Santa Claus;" that he does not come

down the chimney to fill the little stockings on Christmas night; that the reindeer and the sleigh-bells, and the big load of good things are but the baseless fabric of a dream, and that it is papa or mama who decks the Christmas tree, and the candies and nuts and toys are bought at Stubbs' confectionary store instead of being wafted on the wings of the clouds from fair realms of eternal sunlight.

What idols are shattered! What faith is crushed out; what cruel disappointment fills the little heart, and embitters the young life. What fond hopes, what glorious visions are dispelled, and what a solid foundation is laid by the unsuspecting mother for the sneering scoff of the unbeliever!

Fairy tales are to children what standard fiction is to the maturer mind, and as the mission of true fiction is to place great truths in the mouths of apocryphal men and women that they may teach them to us ere we are aware, so the romances of the nursery implant in the fertile hearts of the young the seeds of a faith that when the time comes, can, by an unconscious process, be merged into the higher and holier belief in the existence of an unseen, all-seeing God.

The education of the intellect at the expense of the heart is becoming too prevalent. It is dangerous. Its effects are apparent everywhere. The younger generation is becoming skeptical. Whatever can be grasped by the human intellect and reasoned out satisfactorily from a human standpoint, is accepted as true. Everything beyond the grasp of pigmy human intelligence is cast aside and labeled "superstition."

The boy who glories in the knowledge that "Santa Claus" does not come down the chimney, is very likely to become the kind of man who rises superior to the faith of his fathers, and egotistically matches his few ounces of super educated brain with the infinite wisdom of the Creator.

Let me then offer these few disjointed

thoughts upon the altar of fairy land, that they may plead the cause of the little men and women whose fairest realms are about to be despoiled by the cruel tyrant Reality and his countless legions of facts. Let the mothers of our country stand ready to repel the invasion, that their children's hearts may not become prematurely withered by the biting storms of the Real, when the sunny climes of the Unreal should nurture them until the blossoms of fairy-faith ripen into faith in God.

When the merry Christmas bells ring out their glad tidings on the frosty air, when all faces wear smiles of expectancy and millions of little ones are counting the days and the hours, when old "Chris" is loading up with numberless good things, and every chimney is looked upon with awe-stricken reverence, the father or the mother who would destroy with a word this beautiful fabric of a child's imagination commits a crime against the happiness of that child which years of kindness will not condone.

Let their fancy run riot among bogles, fairies, kelpies and brownies, cultivate their faith in the goodness of the fairy god-mother, make the golden slipper of Cinderella as real as the velvet one on your foot; question not the existence of any of the thousand and one children of children's fancy, and you will be building up a mountain of faith that will be proof against the attacks of generations of skeptics.

T. P. Ryder.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

I often watch the shadows play
Upon the mountain side as they
Chase golden sunbeams here and there,
And think there is no scene more fair.

As silently, mysteriously
As God doth still the raging sea,
And cause the flowers to bloom and fade,
So he doth blend the light and shade.

I know not how, and yet I know
The light makes shadows come and go,
And they are nature's mirrors, too,
Which brings the sunlight's smiles to view.

There is no scenes on earth so fair
But light and shade are blended there.
And so the noblest lives are made
From blended lines of light and shade.

There is no sunset bathed in gold
But that the clouds the hues unfold.
So trials ever bring to view
The beauties of a soul that's true.

When bending o'er the water, we,
In some surprise our faces see,
'Tis not where shines the brightest ray,
But where the deepest shadows play.

So God, through trials, doth reveal
Our helplessness, and make us feel
Our need of Him, until we pray
That he will guide us day by day.

Just as the sunlight bends its bow
When raindrops fall, so here below
God's smile more beautiful appears
When we behold it through our tears.

There is a peace God can bestow
That only hearts resigned may know;
So 'tis in love and wisdom true
He lends the light and shadow, too.

But Heaven will have no need of night,
And so will be forever bright;
For love and peace and joy will be
It's light through all Eternity.

Helen S. Stanton.

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

The question, should women vote? is to-day agitating the public mind. Advocates of the cause are being daily heard, and by their sympathy, sentiment and sophism succeed in eliciting the favor of the multitude who are dissatisfied with themselves and likewise ill at ease with every body. In order to allay this uneasiness and approve this growing dissatisfaction and have restored to them that peace and quiet which, in their opinion, the government so unjustly withholds from them, they desire to enter the political field, the very place where contention, strife, discord and commotion are most prevalent. Is peace and contentment found in public life? Did Sancho find ease and comfort at Barataria? No, while his inauguration and administration were conducted with great pomp and ceremony, he concluded that "St. Peter is well at Rome,"

and that for himself he would rather go to "Heaven plain Sancho than governor to Hell."

The United States government has seen fit to entrust men possessing certain qualifications with the power of casting a vote, but God holds him responsible for a right use of it. Looking at it in this light—as a place where are forced to associate with the bad elements of society, where influences are brought to bear to arouse men's evil passions, where honesty and integrity give way to avarice and appetite, and, where men are held to account for their abuse of this trust—we should imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble when he beholds the great mountains of iniquity that have been piled up by his own hands by seeking to abuse and abusing this sacred trust; when on every hand we see such a perversion of this trust, how carelessly and thoughtlessly men use it, how it is bought and sold, how men besmear and besmirch themselves with villainy and dishonesty by destroying its proper use—we cannot understand why a person who is exempt from it would desire to be charged with this grave responsibility.

But here is where those women who are fond of novelty, for a majority do not desire it, wish to be admitted, and as they seek to establish their claim by argument, by argument only can they be met. While it is not necessary in considering this question to enter into an examination of the end of government, yet the question turns on the means of government; as the object of a vote must be determined.

At the dissolution of the Roman Empire the feudal system sprang up with its rigorous rules and beneficial results. Under this system, purely military governments were established. The central idea of this, as of all other governments, was that of securing and concentrating power.

In those precarious times it was necessary for the purpose of holding the manor, to have this power available at a moment's warning, at the winding of a horn, or an

alarm of a tenant in cornage. Each lord therefore took a band of soldiers and allotted each of them a piece of land upon oath that they then became his men for life and limb. The force of a hundred armed men was thus secured. They were ready at his will to execute his commands, skillfully and successfully. Thus we see that the primary end of government was security from invasion, and the armed knight was the means employed to obtain and preserve this security. By degrees men turned their attention to agricultural industries, and the feudal system began to wane apace. The forces that were used to repel the invader were now employed in clearing the ground, in repairing the demolition and alleviating the hardships and miseries caused by this fierce and deplorable warfare. With the cultivation of the soil began the cultivation of the mind. War begat poverty and poverty begat necessity, necessity begat invention and invention begat property. Peace was established in society by daily toil. The home circle began to glow with joy and happiness where the din of the battle was hushed, and men's labors were both pleasant and profitable. In such a state of things men found time for study and investigation. Their ideas began to be cleared up, their understanding to be advanced and raised to a higher standard, and it was found that power was most beneficial when directed by reason, so that the last and best declaration on the subject of government, was that governments were instituted among men for the purpose of *securing* to them certain unalienable rights, as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed.

The elements of this formation of government are two,—the consent of the governed and the power of the government; the former the superior and the latter the inferior element. In the feudal days one man took a hundred men with him in line to enforce his word, now one man takes

the power of a hundred men delegated to him by a vote, and deposits it in the ballot box in the office of the ruler. Under this conception suffrage is not a right as men have pleased to call it, but it is only an expedient, a means of expressing a willingness to uphold and enforce that which he willed by his vote.

Seeing then that a vote is designed only for the purpose of deriving power from the governed, would it be expedient and advantageous to the people to employ the power of women for the purpose of ruling a nation? What is the power of a woman that she desires to give it by a vote to the government? All power in the abstract is the same. Its effects, and the results of its use differ only as the means of its employment differ. I will not now say that the agencies men possess for using power are in every respect superior to those of women, I now only contend that the agencies of man are more adapted to governing nations than those of women. The most powerful attribute of man is reason; that of women is sentiment. The one springs from the mind the other from the heart. She inspires, entreats, influences and beguiles—he commands, forces, subdues and betrays. Submission to one may be transitory or partial, while obedience to the other is imperative and absolute. She is more generous, he more benevolent; she is relenting and shrewd, he is bold and judicious; when her power is exhausted his is successfully used; she is a compliment adding grace and beauty to strength and dignity. The proper field for the employment of those is the daily walks and talks of life; of these the administration of public affairs. Were she to vote she would rob herself of her power by seeking to use it in a field where it would not be appreciated.

The vote of a man represents a power equal to the power that any other vote represents, and we feel safe in trusting the government to the hands of him whom the numerical majority may choose to repre-

sent them. What we look for and demand in this majority is stability, reason and goodness. Reason to formulate and direct, stability to maintain and enforce and goodness to enlist the aid of the majority. Under a universal suffrage such a majority could not be secured.

One of the greatest claims for allowing women to vote is that by so doing politics would be cleansed and purified, a better code of laws would be enacted, and society would be rid of its evils and evil influences. But this from the nature of the case is impossible. They could give no additional aid for the enforcement of this new legislation. Women are no more a unit on the question of morality and purity than are the men. They do not stand in a body opposed to the social evils. An agreement on any plan of operation is not assured, and even if they had a plan they could do nothing without the assistance of a majority of the opposite sex. Besides the evils which prevail, society exists in the nature of mankind not in government, and the government is as good to-day as a majority of both men and women desire it. Municipal governments can not be used to change the natures of men—God alone does that—and to permit women to vote for that purpose is only a useless expense, and a visionary scheme.

Under our system we are proud to look to the head or capital as the seat of power. Thus we say the forces at Washington, the power of Congress, the strength of the Union, when in fact all the power of the government is in the village, the township, the home; here in our midst where it will be found every time when needed. Hence if women should vote their power would be the same then as now, and if now they are unable to rid society of the evils complained of, so they will then be. We conclude, therefore, that no individual benefit would be derived, nor would any additional power succeed or good be accomplished if women were to cast a ballot.

D. L. Creveling.

BETTY'S BLUNDER.

(A Soliloquy.)

Oh! Benjamin, how *could* ye do it? Fair turnin' me easy turned head,
Me takin' for pure, blessed gospel the beautiful words that ye said,
When I give ye the answer ye plead for, and promised to be your own wife,
While feelin' all through, yes clean through me, the thrillin'st joy of me life.

Oh! Benjamin how *could* ye do it? and me sittin' there all so true,
And never, no never wunst dreamin' deceit could be found e're in you.
And thinkin' ye loved me, me only, and never had sweet-heart before,
For so, Ben, you told me, you told me a kneeling right there on the floor.

Oh! Benjamin how *could* ye do it? And whatever made you to say,
The dear Lord watch ever betwixt us, whenever yer gone fur away.
I'm doing me best to forgive ye. But, Ben, don't you think 'twas a sin
To be puttin' a ring on me finger with a strange, ugly name writ within?

Oh! Benjamin how *could* ye do it? And I in me happiness dumb,
To ask me to please ne'er remove it, until the sweet marriage day come.
When ye'd put on another one like it, exceptin' this stone set in deep,
Which ye said was the blue of me eyes. Ben. didn't ye think they could *peep*?

Oh! Benjamin how could ye do it? Did ye think that me mind wasn't right
To be takin' the ring the ring yer girl "*Mizpah*" gave back to ye mebbe in spite?
When next time ye go out a courtin', remember *some* sweethearts have *pride*,
And like in the rings that ye give them to find their *own* names writ inside.

Oh! Benjamin how *could* ye do it? I'm thankful ye can't see me tears,
Nor know how me heart argies for ye and tries to put flight to me tears,
For it says, Ben's no fool and ye know it——
I'm the fool! How me cheeks burn with shame!
I'd forgot. It's that prayer out of Scriptor all crammed in one queer soundin' name.

Fitzhugh.

AN APOLOGETIC RETROSPECT.

I am an old man. Having long passed the Rubicon, I am about ready to enter upon the last scene. In spite of my years I thought it but proper that I should endeavor to give your enterprise my feeble aid. As I find it beyond my waning powers, I feel that I ought to at least express my interest in your undertaking.

Yesterday morning I had drawn my easy chair to the window and from its cushioned recesses was contemplating the fading glories of the year. My mood was not introspective, I had no inclination to philosophize on the sere and yellow leaf, but rather retrospective: for the soft autumn sunshine, after so many cloudy days, had seemingly restored my youth, and life's ruby fluid coursed with unwonted activity through the inelastic tissues of wrinkled senility. A touch of memory's magic wand, and the troubles and cares of sixty years were gone. Forgotten alike were the achievements and the heart-aches of a busy life.

I was a child again. As the present was lost to mind, so faded the landscape before my aged eyes. A strange, sweet feeling of utter restfulness stole over me and the patriarch slept. An intangible spirit from the realms of Dreamland sat on Reason's throne and turned the tissueless pages of the past. The scenes of my boyhood surrounded me. I heard the merry voices of my playmates and joined in their sports, or demurely conned the double rule o' three under the school master's vigilant eye and cast shy, admiring glances at the plump-faced, curly-headed damsel in pinafore and pantalettes, whenever his watchfulness relaxed.

Again I felt the tender awakening of boyish love, the stronger beat of youthful passion, the restless flutter of a seemingly o'ermastering ambition, whose zeal for conquest was subdued by a single glance from a pair of loving brown eyes. And then I dreamt again the youthful dreams of fame; of song whose rythm would

awaken a responsive thrill in the heart of the universe; of burning words that would challenge the admiration of the world; of deeds of valor and of benevolence; of mighty achievements in science and in art; of riches and honor—and then I awoke.

The sun was no longer streaming through my casement and as I again took up my load of years, the glamor of my dream was dispelled. As I arose from my chair, I heard the gentle voice of my granddaughter reading the lines of my beloved poet:

"Honor to Him, and all renown,
Who accepts, but does not clutch the crown,"

And after a moments musing, I was forced to conclude that it was not my right to usurp the place of younger men whose ambition and industry had the backing of youthful fire, and that it was but proper for me to relinquish my desire to share their fame.

I therefore, Mr. Editor, ask pardon for thus imposing upon your patience, and as I extinguish my flickering aspirations, I trust that you will cherish but a charitable remembrance of your friend and well wisher.

Verd Antique.

TO RAINY OCTOBER.

Goddess of autumn beauty, fair,
Why wearest thou a face so sad?
Thou hast wealth beyond compare,
And yet thou art not glad.

Thou shouldst wear a smiling grace,
If thy mission thou wouldst fill;
Let thy sunshine interlace
Orchard trees and woodland hill.

With bounteous treasurers thou wast sent
(All in brilliant splendor drest)
To fill our souls with sweet content,
When by thy rich treasures blest.

But, October, thou hast spoiled
All our joys with ceaseless weeping;
Plans for mountain strolls are failed;—
O, only gloom our hearts are reaping.

Sorrowing maid, thy grief confess,
End thy tears, remove their stain;—
October, thou hast soiled thy dress,
With this never ending rain!

Georgia Pine.

ALAS!

I would a tribute pay
 Of song like that which thrives
 And lives as fame, for aye—
 To fair Amelie Rives;
 I would an ode compose
 And matchless numbers weave,
 To praise the verse and prose—
 Of great Amelie Rives;
 I would all praises bring,
 With crown of myrtle leaves,
 And bended knee, to sing—
 Of grand Amelie Rives;
 Straightway my pen would flounce,
 And rhyme shoot forth in flame,—
 If but I could pronounce
 That much discussed name.
 Sylvester Crumbs.

“UNDER WHICH PATY?” — A FAITH-CURE TALE.

[Continued.]

Doctor Hayward's expansive frame had been undulating with suppressed laughter for the last three minutes. He now threw himself back in his chair, removed his dimmed glasses, and laughed immoderately.

“Mrs. Dudley's logic is certainly the most delightfully naive and purely *feminine* thing of the kind I ever encountered. Why, Frank, if I were not a doctor and did not know a good deal about these milder and perfectly harmless forms of insanity, I should declare that letter a hoax.”

“I knew you would enjoy it, Doctor, even more than I,” replied the Rector. “When I have my little laugh at Caroline I feel conscience-stricken. She has been so devoted to me that I feel as if I almost *owed* it to her to accept her peculiar faith *blindly*. I could not do it *intelligently*, you know, in spite of my most honest efforts. As you say, her logic is so utterly irrational. And then *think* of her having full faith in the representations of a man like Leech, well-named when I recall how he has rifled Caroline's pockets, and actually crediting his story about the hod-carrier. She could not have been more convinced of the truth of that if she had *seen* the man's bones knit.”

“But the story of the *tumor*,” broke in the Doctor, “is the most delicious bit of all, as a commentary on the whole system. As I understand Mrs. Dudley, the woman so afflicted asked the Lord to cure her of divers diseases. This he did with the one single *exception* of the *tumor*. In drawing up her pleadings, she, not knowing of the existence of said tumor, did not *aver* the same in her bill of complaint. It appears therefore that the Divine Tribunal grants relief *only* for those matters *specifically* alleged. Consequently the woman's prayers for general good health were disregarded. Finally, through her attorney, Doctor Leech, Mrs. Dudley acting as counsel, she brings her action to get rid of the *tumor* and is cured. And how could it be proven the woman had a tumor,” he added, “she evidently had no physician's word for it. Ah! Frank if your sister Caroline had half a dozen children and had to care for them on about one fourth of her present income, and if in addition, her eccentric and exacting husband had continued to live and trammel her for a dozen years longer, the faith-cure epidemic would *never* have entered *your* family. Well! well!” he added, looking up at Frank with the benignant smile again in full force, “I am glad you have gotten the dear little woman's consent to visit you. If she does no good in one way, she will in another. Some of her money, you see, would not come amiss to that poor widow whose bravery all these long years would make a heroine of her in the eyes of any doctor. Ah! yes, yes, *there* is a life for Caroline to brighten and she'll *do* it, she'll *do* it, *God bless her*—!”

“Yes she *will*,” answered the Rector. “With all Caroline's peculiarities a nobler heart than her's never beat, nor one more full of tender pity towards the suffering.—“And now Doctor,” he added, the earnest expression of his eyes giving way to one of merriment, “I know you will put forth your best efforts to save Hal Kennedy. Just think of the humiliation of having to

yield the case to Leech. And Caroline will undoubtedly kidnap the boy and carry him off to the cure, if you are not *quick* about it, too!"

IV.

Mrs. Dudley, in complexion and general character of feature, was singularly unlike her brother, and yet there lurked about her face and person an indefinite something which betrayed her near relationship to the Rector. The delicacy of her coloring, which had been the secret of much of her beauty in her youth, had given way to a sallow tint, an evident result of ill health, but her handsome features yet remained, and to these her grey hair, arranged in simple waves upon her brow, made a most harmonious setting.

Her dress was simple—indeed at times almost careless, so little did she think of outward adornment, and yet in tatters Mrs. Dudley would never have been mistaken for other than a lady. An ineffable refinement appeared to envelope,—to pervade her. She was an incarnation of it. A woman of the most uncompromising prejudices, and strangely unsympathetic in all that concerned the small every-day perplexities of life that chafe the ordinary soul, she yet had an always responsive heart of pity towards sufferers whose peculiar phase of trial came within the scope of her formulated power to relieve. She gave lavishly to the hungry and naked, she prayed with and for those searching through her particular lens for spiritual light, but if one had gone to her under strong temptation to sin, for him or for her she would have felt no impulses of tender pity. She would only have had for them the stern command, "Sin not." Towards few of the catalogued forms of iniquity had she ever herself felt tempted.

A devotee from earliest girlhood she cared pre-eminently for her church, and for those who did not share the taste she had little mercy.

A more illiberal woman perhaps never

lived, as to her judgment of all those who differed from her in what she deemed the essentials of her religion; her crowning fault being her utter inability to recognize the embodiment of Christ in other lives not devoted to his service according to the creed which moulded and governed her own.

Blemishes such as these, and of which she was totally unconscious, not recognizing them as such, lessened her influence in the very direction in which she would have had it expand, and yet, in spite of this, her life was one unbroken succession of noble acts.

Arrived in Warwick, Mrs. Dudley was met by the Rector—who reached the station barely in time to greet her as she jumped from the train. "*Almost* late," she exclaimed, as a smile lit up her face into absolute beauty—"you'll improve in that respect however when you are married."

"And in several *others*" he replied gaily, "as my super-orderly landlady hinted yesterday when she found traces of Flash's muddy paws on my handsome new divan."

Frank and Caroline soon drifted from the discussion of more strictly personal matters, into a long talk upon the theme that had been the occasion of bringing them together, and the evening twilight found them sitting near the open window of the Rector's study absorbed and all unconscious of the gathering gloom within.

"There is no doubt whatever, dear Frank," said Mrs. Dudley, "that young Kennedy's case is precisely similar to the one of which I wrote you. It is clearly a case of possession of the evil one. Now if only Dr. Leech—"

"Oh! Caroline" exclaimed the Rector, "I implore you to keep Leech on the background. You know you must be as wise as a serpent where so much is at stake."

"Your prejudice against Dr. Leech is entirely unreasonable," responded Caroline with much emphasis.

"Your prejudice in his *favor* strikes me as a thousand times *more* unreasonable."

Now here is a coarse, uneducated man, you will admit that, will you not?"

"No! I will not admit anything of the kind," retorted Caroline, her soft grey eyes flushing with tears of vexation. Dr. Herman Leech is not coarse. He is not, I am willing to admit, a man of much education in this world's knowledge, but he has been taught by the spirit of God and possesses a wisdom infinitely more to be desired. Besides were not the men to whom Christ confided the power to work miracles fully as uneducated as you accuse Dr. Leech of being?"

"I admit, Caroline," replied the Rector, "that Christ chose his followers out of the social class into which, humanly speaking, he was born, and humanly speaking, I perhaps dare go further, and say that he could not well have done otherwise. With them, I admit too, he shared his power of working miracles but that he entrusted that power to any *other* men, I can *never* bring myself to believe, unless, like Thomas, I have not only ocular but tangible demonstration of the fact."

"But that, dear Frank is just what you could have, if you were willing. Just what Dr. Leech could afford you. I, myself, only believed after I *saw*. After I *saw* the boy out of whom Dr. Leech exorcised the demon. After I *saw* the woman cured of that awful tumor. I only ask you to believe the evidence of *your* senses and you go so far as to ask me to *dis*believe the evidence of *mine*."

A long silence followed this remark and when the Rector spoke again his tones gave indication of a fierce effort for self-control.

"It seems strange to me," he said, "that you or any reasoning, reasonable human being, with an exalted conception of God's *justice*, to say nothing of his *wisdom*, can believe the Almighty capable of selecting such men as your friend Leech to endow with a power, which makes of him, in one sense, a God. Yes, I do not go too far when I say a God. One capable of inter-

fering at pleasure with the laws of nature and of accomplishing results in direct variance with those supposed-to-be immutable decrees. But if it be possible, then why, in the name of all that is sacred, did not the great God select as the custodian of such a gift a man like George Hayward. A man of big brain and of the tenderest heart. A man who has been honestly, yes, I say honestly, and earnestly searching for the truth for over half a century. A man whose life in its entire purity, in its sweet charity, in its daily acts of benevolence, in its hourly self-sacrifice, is nearer to that of Christ than any life that either you or I have ever seen or ever will see again?"

In his excitement Mr. Montgomery rose and paced the floor as he went on—"for the truth that would satisfy his heart and brain, that man would endure untold hardships, he would suffer torments, he would yield his life gladly and deem the sacrifice nothing. And *God knows it. God knows it.* Oh! no! no! do not ask me to believe that *my* God, the Almighty as I conceive him, could be guilty of such a *blunder*."

Preoccupied neither Caroline nor Frank had noted Dr. Hayward's steps on the verandah.

As he entered Mrs. Dudley quickly brushing away a few tears, rose and extended her hand with the utmost cordiality.

Many years before, during a short illness, while visiting her brother, and long before Caroline's new faith had come to her, Dr. Hayward had been her medical adviser. His treatment of her case had been very skillful, she then thought, and whatever now might be her opinion of the Doctor as a practitioner, she had never ceased to be grateful for his former kindness.

"Well! Caroline, I am very glad to see you," was Doctor Hayward's hasty salutation as he took Mrs. Dudley's hand in his own and held it while he continued, "I shall not ask you how you are, little

woman, it might, I fear, be a breach of professional etiquette in your practice."

"Why, Doctor?" inquired Caroline, smiling as she withdrew her hand from his, and reseated herself. Mrs. Dudley's rather limited perception of the humorous was always roused to the full by the Doctor's original mode of introducing warfare, so inevitable when they met.

"Why, because," replied the old Doctor as he seated himself with great deliberation in a large arm chair which the Rector had just left vacant, "in your practice it is always optional with one, is it not, whether he or she be ill or well, and one would scarcely be likely to chose to be the former, unless—unless for purposes of *illustration* perhaps."

"You are absolutely incorrigible, Doctor Hayward," exclaimed Caroline, "I have *reasoned* and *reasoned* with you and Frank until I have exhausted all my logic, and now I am going to fall back exclusively upon my prayers. *Those*, you cannot, either of you, escape."

"Nor *would* we, madam," replied the old Doctor reverently, adding a moment later in a bantering tone, "but we protest against the withdrawal of your *logic* in your efforts for our conversion. You do not dream what *it* may effect in *time*."

"Oh! I know you are laughing at me," cried Caroline in perfect good humor, "Frank has been scolding me. You each have your own way of turning aside the truth."

"Oh! now you *are* illogical," retorted the Doctor, "and at a most unfortunate moment too. I am longing to comprehend a situation in connection with your pathy which baffles me and I need your assistance. You say, in this case of young Kennedy's, for instance, that should your faith fail to secure the boy's recovery, you will apply to Doctor Leech to save him. Now am I *right* in supposing that the difference between your power and Doctor Leech's may be likened to that between the different manifestations of electrical emergy?

Your force, or *inspiration* as perhaps you would call it, is full of quantity and can accomplish much when that kind of power is sufficient, but in extreme cases, the Doctor's inspiration is one of more intensity and penetration."

"Few persons," replied Mrs. Dudley, "are endowed with such extraordinary faith as Doctor Leech. He has moreover a power of concentration which very few possess. I do not know much about electrical terms, but I *do* know from actual observation of *facts* that Doctor Leech has performed cures in cases where others have utterly failed. Therefore it is only natural, should I not succeed in saving young Kennedy, at least to *wish* to refer the case to one who, I know, *can* do so."

The Rector on the Doctor's entrance, had busied himself in forcing a reluctant lamp to yield the proper modicum of light, and had then stationed himself near the open window with the air of doubting the propriety of his next step. Caroline's last remark decided him. With flushed face he quickly stepped out upon the Verandah.

Mrs. Dudley lowered her voice as she continued—"It seems to me, Doctor, that if I knew a man possessed the power to alleviate human suffering and exerted it in the noble self-sacrificing way in which Doctor Leech has done, I should hold him in the greatest possible respect. Why! the gift must be of God, and if God choses so to select a man to do him honor, what right has any created being to *despise* him? It seems to *me* a species of blasphemy."

"Madam, in the matter of recognition of man's dues, in the way of respect from his fellow-men, you have trenched upon one of the most subtle difficulties connected with the enigma of life. Are *you* prepared, for instance, to accord that very respect that Frank withholds from Doctor Leech, to all those other great achievors in the field of miraculous cures who have preceded Leech for hundreds and hundreds of years, some of them becoming famous long before the prophets sang the coming

of your Christ? But we need not go back so far as even to the days of the great miracle-monger, Apollonius of Tyana. Look simply at the astonishing and apparently well authenticated cures at Lourdes, at Knock and in our own country at the Spring of St. Anne de Branpre, where the Virgin Mary is supposed to bestow the Divine healing. And again, how about those achieved by spiritualists and by traveling quacks, none of whom claim their cures to be caused by any sacred influence? And these cures too are as well attested as the wonders you cite, or in fact as any miracles *ever* were, and the honesty of multitudes is sworn to by eminent and apparently respectable people. Even granting, my little woman, that you admit the genuineness of these cures, can you yield the tribute of your respect to impostors, rank pagans and spiritualists? Ah! Caroline, Caroline, it is hard to be logical."

Having reached this peoration the old Doctor halted for a reply.

"I, and indeed all those who have received the inner light," answered Caroline, still speaking in subdued tones, "admit that many miraculous cures *have* been effected by ungodly men and women and through no sacred influence. Are we not told, 'Beloved, try the spirits whether they are of God?' And are we not assured that 'Devils can cast out devils?' I do not pretend to question the wisdom of a God who has *permitted* such a state of things. I simply *accept* it, and thank him that he has enabled *some* of us to discern which is the spirit of truth and which the spirit of error. Would that *you* were one of the number!"

"I fear no loftier ambition fills my soul than to be thought worthy by the great Deity of being entrusted with some of the grand secrets he has hidden away in the innermost recesses of nature, to be gradually eliminated through the patience and labor of man for the physical salvation of the race. And I cannot help adding that all men of science now admit that many

nervous affections, and others simply functional, *are* curable by just such processes as you endorse. In highly sensitive and impressionable natures for instance, the faith-inspired anxious hope for recovery, the constant dwelling upon one subject nearest to the sufferer's mind, constituting what we call 'expectant attention,' often in the end, without aid from medicine or from spirits good or bad, effect radical changes in the disease, and sometimes even a cure, and we doctors are only too glad to avail ourselves of such 'expectant' hope to assist our other more powerful remedies. "But oh!" continued the Doctor shaking his head, "no serious *organic* disease was ever so cured."

He looked up at her over his spectacles to see if he had gone too far and then rose—"Good night Caroline" he said "having sent that last shot, I shall beat a cowardly retreat. But I promise to give you an early opportunity to open your batteries on me when you are rested from your fatigue and are better able to point your guns. As to our patient, I believe we each understand the precise limits of our assumed rights in the case, and will carefully adhere to our own reservations."

"I shall certainly not invade yours," laughed Caroline.

"Nor I yours, I promise you," retorted the Doctor.

[Concluded next Month.]

Fitzhugh.

THE HEROES OF INDUSTRY.

Let others write of those who fought
On many a bloody field—
Of those whose daring deeds were wrought
With sword, and spear, and shield,
But I will write, of heroes bold,
The bravest of the brave,
Who fought for neither fame nor gold—
Who fill an unmarked grave!
Heroes, who conquered many a field
Of hard and sterile soil—
Who made the sturdy forest yield
To unrelenting toil.
Heroes who did not idly stand,
But dealt such fearful blows,
That acres broad of worthless land
Now blossom like the rose.

The heroes of the plow, and loom,
 The anvil, and the forge,
 The delvers down amid the gloom
 Of yonder rocky gorge;
 Heroes who built yon lofty tower,
 And forged its heavy bell,
 Which faithfully proclaims the hour,
 And marks its flight so well.

Heroes who brought from every clime
 Rich argosies of wealth;
 Heroes of thoughts and deeds sublime
 Who spurned what came by stealth;
 Who won a guerdon fair and bright,
 And left no bloody stain
 No hearth profaned—no deadly blight,
 Upon God's fair domain.

These world-wide common workers crave
 No laurel wreath of fame—
 No monument above their grave;
 They toiled but for *a name*
 Among the lowly ones who plod
 Their weary way along,
 With faith and confidence that God
 Correcteth every wrong!

Grant P. Robinson.

SIDNEY SMITH ON AMERICA.

Sidney Smith half a century ago in his notes on America, said that we had no literature, that is no American literature of any importance; that we could live a half century on the fame of Franklin, or the poems of Mr. Dwight. He sums up our literature, up to that time by referring to what he calls a small account of Virginia by Jefferson, and an epic by Joel Barlow, and some pieces of pleasantry by Washington Irving.

He also asks, why Americans should write books, when six weeks passage would bring the sense, science and genius of England in bales and hogsheads to our shores. Our national objects for centuries to come would be prairies, steamboats and grist-mills. When we will have had tamed the earth, and have got to the Pacific Ocean, and become an ancient people, and sat down to amuse ourselves, then we can have epic poems, plays, pleasures of memory, and other elegant relaxations.

He told us that we must not allow ourselves to be dazzled by the galaxy of epithets by which orators and newspaper scribblers endeavor to persuade us that we was the most refined, enlightened and moral people on the earth, that on his side of the Atlantic it was unspeakably ridiculous; that we gave no indication of genius and make no approach to the heroic, either in morality or character; that our chief boast should be that we were offsets from the English; that we have done marvelously little to assert that honor, that our Franklins and Washingtons were born and bred English subjects; that during the forty years of our independence our statesmen and political writers were foreigners, that we had done nothing for science art or literature.

He then closes by asking who reads American books, goes to an American play or looks at an American picture. He wants to know what America has done and advises us to keep clear of superlatives till we can answer favorably these questions.

It is hard for us to realize that the picture Sidney Smith drew of us was correct, when we take in consideration the position we who hold in every department of human achievements among the nations of the earth.

S. R. Smith.

BOOK NOTES.

Lee & Shepherd, Boston, are doing a rare service for true literature in publishing their "Chapters from Jane Austen." We have here in one book the substance of the six novels which made Miss Austen famous. It is edited in a thorough and interesting way. The volume contains several portraits, a capital biographical sketch, quotations from leading critics, and an analysis of all her novels, with an essential extract from each. Some knowledge of Miss Austen's writings is indispensable to any literary education, and in this one book one has at hand a comprehensive idea of all her works.

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TRUTH.

Truth is a gem beyond price. The humblest and best of earth have thought their lives well spent in the search for it, and hosts have given their being in defense of it. Truthfulness is the strongest evidence of nobility of nature and the want of it characterizes the lower races of mankind. A man once known to have lied is permanently disgraced.

Some children are naturally truthful but many more become truthful only by precept and example. Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. The most potent agent in the cultivation of this habit is example—which to be effectual must be without variableness or shadow of turning. A bright, observing child who detects his betters in a falsehood never recovers from the shock. If doubt once enter his mind it makes there its permanent abode. I know a man who has made a standing offer to his large family of children of a gift of five dollars to anyone who can detect him in any falsehood or deceit, and I do not know that any of his children have ever been punished for lying. I know more families who are equally punctilious in regard to truth in most respects who see no harm in fostering the common delusions of childhood. Ghosts and bogies, and fairies, and Santa Claus, *et id genus omne* are permitted to infest and corrupt the imaginations of the poor innocents until some day, *dies iræ*, the veil is withdrawn and confidence, truth and sincerity are at an end.

The first impression made upon a child's mind by such a discovery is self-contempt. He is mortified to find that he has been so silly as to believe so transparent and ridiculous a lie. This is no imaginary sketch, I have happened to have the full confidence of a great many children and among them this feeling of mortification is very common. But the feeling is transient. It soon gives way to resentment toward the authors of his chagrin. This again is speedily replaced by the desire to assert his manhood and maturity by getting even, and his fertility of imagination enables him to construct tomes of stories to match those which caused his discomfiture. And so his crescent manhood is fairly started in a career of deception.

Another common and pernicious form of lying is to tell Johnnie, when he is rugged, and strong, and full of mischief, that he must behave or the doctor will come and cut his ears off. When Johnnie is fallen sick and the doctor comes his fears are fully aroused and his struggles to escape from the dreaded operation seriously impair his chances for recovery.

All this has nothing to do with the common use of allegory nor with the use of language to describe natural phenomena as they appear. The tinker who dreamed the wonderful dream of the Pilgrim deceived nobody. The nineteenth Psalm is the essence of grandeur and truth, indeed almost all language is figurative. The swell of the ocean, the twinkling of the stars, the understanding of a problem, the comprehension of a subject the grasp of an idea, a train of thought, the weight

of an argument, the depth of an emotion. the current of public opinion, the eye of faith, the constitution of the United States, a metaphor, the voice of nature, the angry tempest, the WYOMING MAGAZINE, a descriptive word, the state of Pennsylvania. These phrases all convey a clear idea, though the words by themselves by derivation mean something else. This use of language is made necessary by the fact that words are vastly less numerous than ideas.

Another form of discourse is well illustrated in George McDonald's poem, *Baby's Catechism*.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.

Professor Drummond's comment on this is worth transcribing: "For its purpose what could be finer, or even a more true account of the matter than this? Without a word of literal truth in it, it would convey to the child's mind exactly the right impression. Now imagine the conscience of the head nurse banishing it from the nursery, as calculated to mislead the children as to the origin of blue eyes. Or imagine the nursery governess who has passed the South Kensington examination in Mr. Huxley's *Physiology* informing her pupils that ears never 'came out' at all and that hearing was really done inside by the fibus of corti "and the epithelial arrangements of the maculæ acustical."

Professor Drummond adds that the Mosaic account of the creation was intended to convey "one or two great elementary truths to the childhood of the world." "It can only be read aright in the spirit in which it was written, with its original purpose in view, and its original audience."

These examples are the reverse of the medieval myths that survive in the child literature of the present day. Heredity has already established a great superiority of the civilized over the savage infant but the law of atavism has not been abrogated and the child's mind still longs for and revels in the marvelous and learns evil with strange alacrity. It is well to cherish whatever love for the genuine may be engendered by heredity and the evolution of the moral element of infancy.

"Better trust all and be deceived
And keep thy trust and that deceiving
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had blessed thy life with true believing.

Oh, in this working world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'er takes our youth
Better be cheerful to the last
Than lose the glorious hope of truth."

Frederick Corss.

SONNET TO BELINDA.

Thou noble being, I have never seen
Thee as thou shouldst be seen, but thou
Art not unknown to me; thy beauteous brow
Whose radiance imparts to thee a sheen
Of glory, thy blue eyes bright with a keen
Yet mild intelligence—and thy soul's glow
Seen through them, oft have been, as now
Within my heart, o'er which thou reignst the queen,
What thou'st never met mine outward gaze,
And thus I know not if thy body's mold
Be fair or dull? The virtues of thy mind—
Described in language of admiring praise—
Are known to me; and to *such* beauties, told
So *well*, what watchful spirit could be blind?

SONNET TO THE SAME.

Spirit of loveliness, art thou not lone?
Amidst the hurrying, the fleeting crowd,
Where sympathy dwells not, but laughter loud,
Dost thou not feel that thou art all unknown?
Those common beings with selfishness so shown
In every deed and thought, have long been vowed
To their false god, and know not what a shroud
Of thoughts envelopes thee, and what a zone
Of heavenly feelings nourishes thy heart;
But oh! more happy still art thou in this,
For thou commandest a benignant power,
In thy pursuance of ideal art,—
To feel the guarding blessedness of bliss,
Merge thee in an endless blessings shower.

SINCE THE WAR.

"Yas suh, I was born and raised a slave. I belonged to old Col. John Baxter, an' I fetched master mo' good luck, an' eny woman he eber owned. I hase, suh, seemed like I couldn't raise *nuffin* but boys, and neber had no idgits. My boy Jeems brung mo' on de block, dan ary a man Marse John sole. You see Jeems wuz a carpenter, an' he's right smart to wuck now. He libs in his own house in Atlanta, an' I clair fo' de Lord, ef he ain't got a dressin' gown jes like Marse John used to hab. When I see him sot down 'fore de fire an, put bof feet on de *mantel piece* smoking de *best see-gars*—I says to myself—de Lord hain't got nuff miracles yit, an' I feels so proud, I jes' hab to put my hands ober my mouf to ketch de holler, de good Lord bless my soul! I can't hep cryin' for joy when I thinks 'bout it. Well, suh, you axed me 'bout time when freedom cum. 'Twuz moighty curyus. 'bout six months afore freedom I jined de church, an' we all wuz habin' monstrous big revival, but things wuz dat scant, dat Mistis even deal out de soft soap. Well, 'twan no gret while after dat, I sez to some de colored folks, I ain't gwine to sturf you all with 'spicions, but I heah Mistis sayin' last night, dat she heahed de Yankees wuz comin'. Dey all laugh at me, but dat night I sot be de fire-place studyin' 'bout gwine to bed, but de mo' I wuz studyin' de wider 'wake I wuz, so I jes roast two or three taters in de ashes, an' make little hoe cake, an' sot dere 'ea eatin' on 'en, an' yit no sleep wuz techen me. About day brek I sez to myse'f, *Sally*, suthin' is gwine to take place, jes den I thinks 'bout *my* habin' de key to de smoke house, an maybe somebody wuz stealin' that last ham of Mistis; so I runs right down to de smoke house an' eberything dere jes like 'twuz, so, I slips round to de white folkses house an what teck me wuz, to see, dey all wuz up, dat early. So I toats in some light'ood to kindle de fire,

but *mo' fur to see*, what's gwine on. S-h-o-ley, there sot Mistis wuckin her hands. looken nuffin natchel, an' when she looked up suddent an' seed me, she sez mighty pintedly—"Sally, you go to de kitchen till arter breakfast"—I clair Mistis peered like she ain't got no intruss in nuffin. I went out on de peazzer, stud dere sunnin' myse'f, feelin' so lonesome like, I 'bleeve to cry. Bime-by I goes to argafyin wid myse'f fur gittin' foolish fur no trouble I knows on. So I goes 'long to wake up Fectus, he always hab to be waked up since he wuz struck wid de paryalissis, or he sleep on till de jedgment day. Fess was scanlous lazy anyhow. He neber tuck no gre't on wuck. Marse John used to say, "Fess wouldn't even hill up goobers on soft ground. Well, quicker dan I's tellin' you, as I looked up de road I seed a whole pile of men on't to hosses, ridin' so biggity, an' I hollers to all de niggers, 'Marse John dun come home! We won't be pincht no mo' fur neffin'. But de closer dem men cum I knowed I neber seed one *dem* men afore. I clair it's de clean trufe dey all look like victuals been migdty lean, where dey all come from. Didn't peer like quality folks, An' one on 'en rides right plum up to de fence, where we all wuz sittin', an' sez to me, (wid no perlitenes of callin' me 'aunty Sally' or nuffin) 'Guess you be skeered of Yankees ain't yer?' I jes sort o' squinched away, fur I neber wuz much on glibbin' wid weevly lookin' *white* folks, to tell de hones' trufe. I had my spicions 'bout dem bein' Yankees. My head wuz sort o' thick 'bout how dey all looked an' bless me God an' forgive me too, I 'lowed none on 'en looked like we all down here. When I wuz right secure, dey wuz Yankees, I mos't drop to de ground, an' I 'spise to let on to Mistis, I shuk wid trembiln' 'bout her knowin', fur I reckoned Marse John done dead, an' I couldn't be de one to brast dat trouble in Mistis face. Dem ole days is mos' like a dream, but if I lib to be a hundred it ain't gwine to leave me my mind how dem Yanks lub

chickens. Many's de one what's got to testify *heavy* on de jedgment day fur de piles ob chicken dey stole. Sho' 'nough, 'twuz'n long time 'fore 'we all' knowed what to *do wid freedom!* An' long towards first some niggers wuz fools 'nough to think dey could get along widout bein' indus-chus peered like some thought dey had jes fell in a big tub ob good luck, an' white folks gwine fetch bread and lasses right to 'en. Lots ob dem kind died purty clos't after de war. I tell you white folks ain't gwine to let us sit an' nuss ourselves like dat. I's sholy thankful I brung up my chillens to wuck, fur dey is all doin' mighty reg'lar now, an' I don't hab to do nuffin' but toat clothes home for Melinda. I clair suh'! you makes think of Marse John, fur he wuz always axin' 'Mammy' 'bout her troubles, an' I's much obleeged to yer fur dat dollar kase I's savin' to go an' see Jeems.

E. A. M.

“UNDER WHICH PARTY?” — A FAITH-CURE TALE.

Concluded.

Mrs. Dudley lost no time in visiting Hal whom she impressed strongly and agreeably from the first moment of their meeting. Her lovely face seemed to radiate some strength within her, which sent through the boy's veins a quickened pulse of life. Her piety—so genuine, so absorbing, so unshadowed by a doubt, fascinated him. He listened to her reading of the Bible, as though it were a message from on High just received. She made Christ vividly real to him in her talks and vividly present in her earnest prayers. Could that be the same story of the widow of Nain which he had heard so often, without the least emotion, and which now brought tears to his eyes, and made him steal an arm about his mother's neck as he listened? Soon there dawned within him a faith that the Savior who had once restored a dead boy to life, if he were God indeed, *could* perform the lesser miracle and give him, healthy as though born afresh, back to his

mother's arms. That Christ *would* do it was the conviction yet unreached, but Mrs. Dudley knew, in time, even that would be attained, and then if only her poor prayers were not at fault, the cure would be accomplished. Robbed of all hope of aid from a source to which she had expected to turn, were her own faith insufficient to meet the exactions of the crisis she felt that her position required the extreme exercise of all her mental and spiritual powers. *She must not fail.* With the most delicate apprehension of the dangers that beset her path in the inauguration of the methods for the boy's conversion to her peculiar belief, she avoided at first any direct reference to her hope of his restoration through the means she was about to test. She had come to Hal merely as a sister of the Rector's, and Mr. Montgomery had spoken to the boy of her extreme piety, and ardent devotion to the work of saving souls.

Hal had never before been brought into relation with religion in so novel and engaging a form, and yet there seemed to him nothing over-strained or incongruous in the situation.

Mrs. Kennedy, for one of her reserved temperament, had been strangely attracted towards her new acquaintance, always welcoming the lovely stranger eagerly, never failing to be present when she talked and read to Hal, and never omitting to kneel devoutly when the earnest suppliant plead for spiritual blessings on the mother and her son. She had taken heart of the future into which the dear old Doctor had thrown a ray of hope, which in all honesty he had intended to make but a feeble and a flickering one, but which she caught with unreasoning eagerness and transmuted into a flood of sunshine. And in her joy she had let the sweet faith of her own heart slip into Hal's.

When Mrs. Dudley, having made up her mind, after much thought and much seeking for light, that the time had come to tell the invalid plainly of the hope she

cherished for him, she found little difficulty in impressing the boy in his receptive condition of mind, and Hal soon grew to long for a full possession of the new belief.

"Your cure, if accomplished, must of necessity be gradual, Hal," the Doctor had said during his first visit to the boy. "Your paroxysms, I trust, will come less frequently, and grow less and less violent, and finally, it is my hope, that the last may be merely short seasons of unconsciousness. Now that you understand the nature of your disease you can realize the importance of my being with you during the first of these attacks. When you feel the faintest indications of the approach of one, send for me *instantly*."

The sick boy had gained strength enough to walk about the house and even to join his mother at her meals, but one day a fortnight after Mrs. Dudley's arrival, a certain lassitude, induced he thought by the heat, made him prefer the privacy of his own bed-room. He was looking for a visit from the Rector's sister. The afternoon was sultry and threatened rain. Not wishing to disappoint the boy Mrs. Dudley had ventured out, but a severe head-ache warned her not to prolong her stay. The Rector had tried to dissuade her from the visit, but failing, had promised to call at Mrs. Kennedy's at an early hour and drive her home.

Mrs. Dudley had seated herself near the window of Hal's bed-room with the open Bible on her knee and her voice, only possible to a woman of her refinement, seemed singularly fitted to become the vehicle of the message she now delivered.

There was no studied emphasis as she read, and yet without palpable intention, a depth of meaning asserted itself even in her gentlest monotones.

Margaret was seated at the foot of Hal's bed. She had had a dread in her mind all day, but Hal had persuaded her to attribute his weakness, as he did, to the heat. For the first time as the boy lay there

listening, the mother noted the increasing and onimous pallor. She would no longer be deceived. She must go for Doctor Hayward, and yet how could she leave Mrs. Dudley alone with her boy. She dared not speak. Hal would hear her. He was evidently unaware of his condition and a suspicion of the possibility of inflicting upon his new friend, a delicate woman, and almost a stranger, a spectacle so revolting as he now knew his paroxysms to be, would have hastened the dreadful crisis.

In her extremity, the faint beginnings of Margaret's new faith had suddenly taken flight. She remembered only Doctor Hayward's command. There seemed nothing for her to do however, but to wait patiently until Mrs. Dudley had finished reading and was gone. If the attack should sieze Hal before then, she could urge Mrs. Dudley's leaving the room instantly, then closing the door, she would be alone with her son as she had often been before.

As Mrs. Dudley read, a sickening fear took shape in the boy's own heart, and with it came an almost super-human effort at self-control. And now that *he* was brought to the trial of his lately acquired belief, it too vanished utterly. It was too late to summon the Doctor. He dared not reflect upon the possible consequences of his mistake, but in his appalling strait he must have help. God alone could succor. The boy raised his heart in the first altogether honest prayer of his life. Suddenly he open his eyes, looked up at his mother and whispered, "Go for the Doctor and have no fears for me."

Margaret instantly left the room and so silently that the reader, absorbed in her message, seemed wholly unconscious of anything unusual transpiring.

Mrs. Kennedy ran quickly down the garden path she met the Rector at the gate. He had come for his sister. She stopped a moment, finishing her sentence as she ran—"I am going for the Doctor. Stay with Hal."

Mr. Montgomery's first impulse was to drive after her, send her back and go himself for Dr. Hayward, but he suddenly remembered his sister. There was something horrible to him in the thought of Caroline's being a witness of the impending horror, and alone, too. Entering the house noiselessly, he stood at the foot of the stairs listening. Mrs. Dudley was slowly and impressively reading the miracle of the blind man, and had reached the inquiry—"Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

Stealthily mounting the staircase, the Rector reached the small ante-room formed by the landing, and looked into the little chamber. Hal's face, partially turned from him was of a death like hue, and his eyes were closed. A quick start on the boy's part, likely to be caused by the Rector's sudden entrance, would probably hasten the catastrophe, so Mr. Montgomery seated himself where he could keep Hal in view, and be ready to spring to his assistance. Oh! that Margaret would soon return with or without the Doctor—until then, he dared not force Caroline away. As he caught sight of his sister's form, which gave sign of much physical weariness, his situation became almost intolerable. A moment later, his eye on Hal, he was aware of a slight twitching of the muscles of the boy's mouth, and then a short sharp cry struck on his ear. With one bound he placed himself between Hal and his sister, and as he pinioned the struggling form to the bed, said sternly, "Leave the room *instantly* Caroline and wait for me below."

Mrs. Dudley had risen and was approaching the bed.

"This is no sight for *your* eyes, I say. For God's sake *go!*" he plead.

"Rather thank God that I can stay, Frank," she replied calmly, stationing herself so that she might command a complete view of Hal's writhing form. Her face wore an expression of extreme pity, mingled with great strength of purpose,

and she even bent forward to place her delicate white hand for an instant on the the boy's forehead. She would have her brother know she had the courage of her precious faith.

"Oh! Caroline, Caroline," the Rector gasped for the boy's convulsions gave evidence of a legion of devils within, and even the great physical strength of the Rector scarcely sufficed to hold him down upon the bed, "Will you not be reasonable and go?"

The perspiration rolled in great drops from his brow, and his muscles seemed strained to their utmost tension.

"*No!* Frank," she answered, speaking rapidly as she continued, "My place is *here*. It was for this very spectacle I *came*. I understood it all, and it has no terrors for me."

"I rejoice, I rejoice, O Christ that Thou hast thought me *worthy* to stand here, to plead Thy promises, Thy never broken promises in behalf of this suffering child possessed of demons!"

She had sunk on her knees upon the floor, with eyes upturned, and hands clasped, unconscious of all save of the presence of the great Deliverer.

Absorbed in her earnest appeal to the unseen, she knew not when Margaret kneeled beside her weeping, nor indeed that Dr. Hayward had entered the room, and was ministering to the sufferer. The Doctor had taken from his pocket a phial, which he held in such position that the contents were inhaled by the boy, and so immediate was the effect of the inhalations on the violence of the spasms, that the Rector deeming his assistance no longer necessary to the Doctor, had withdrawn from his post, and stood at a little distance surveying the scene. Into the sky all day had gathered ominous clouds, which now burst upon the earth in torrents of rain with the accompaniments of thunder and lighting so terrific in their force and brilliancy as to invest the already thrilling scene with fresh horrors.

But Caroline's voice never wavered. She still plead on:—"O God have *mercy*, have *mercy*! O Christ have *mercy*, have *mercy*! Thou who whilst on earth, didst command the unclean spirit to come out of man, now look in pity, in tenderest pity, on *this* sufferer. Thou knowest he *too* hath a dumb spirit which teareth him, and he *too* gnasheth with his teeth, and he *too* pineth away. Thou hast said *all* things are possible to him that believeth. Lord *we* believe. We *all* believe, this sorrowing mother, this stricken son, albeit our faith is very weak yet. Help, oh! help Thou our unbelief. Even *now, now* Lord Jesus, we beseech Thee, rebuke the foul spirit. Say unto him Thou deaf and dumb spirit I *charge* Thee, come out of this boy, and enter no more into him!"

The gathering gloom now suddenly lit up by quickly succeeding gleams of lightening gave to the scene a solemnity which deepened as the words of prayer came from the suppliants lips like a wail of intensest anguish from a breaking human heart.

The patient's paroxysms had ceased and the Doctor now stood by the Rector's side, with folded arms, looking down upon the kneeling women.

Margaret's face was hidden in Hal's pillow, while Caroline knelt apart with uplifted eyes, and seemed as one beholding strange vision. She prayed as though appealing to a living Christ; one personally present. It appeared at times as though he must have turned his face aside, for again and again she plead His promises, as one might, who for an instant feared to be denied. She would accept no denial. "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless us!" As she uttered these words it seemed as though the lovely vision had turned and smiled upon her, saying, "Daughter *thy* faith hath saved him."

Transfigured as with an ineffable joy her face shone as she rose to her feet, and flinging out her right arm towards the sleeping boy, with a gesture of stern command, she uttered the words.

"Thou deaf and dumb spirits, I adjure thee in the name of Christ Jesus, depart from this man and enter no more into him forever!"

Even as she spoke a glare of lightening flashed through the room, great peals of thunder shook the house to its foundations, and the boy was siezed by a convulsion so appalling that it was as if legion upon legion of devils tortured him. The Doctor and the Rector reached the bed at the same instant, and as the Doctor applied his remedy, the Rector tried to screen Caroline from a view of the revolting spectacle. There was no need. Caroline was thoroughly prepared to view it calmly, for was it not an evidence to her, that her exorcism had been heard by the raging demons within, and were they not having a last revenge before leaving their victim forever? The very atmosphere of the room full of a pungent, mephitic odor seemed to the excited woman, but another evidence of demoniacal presence.

On her knees again, bowed in silent thanksgiving Mrs. Dudley now knelt, to rise a moment later and find the boy, as she knew she would find him, in a deep, peaceful sleep. Margaret pale and trembling sat watching by the bedside. The Rector stood by the window looking out upon the freshened landscape, over which the sun in brilliant effulgence, seemed just ready to burst forth. The Doctor was gone.

"You have *saved* my boy!" exclaimed Margaret, as she rose and placed her hand in that of Mrs. Dudley—"God bless you—O God bless you!" Her lips were trembling and her eyes streaming with tears.

"Frank we will go now," said Caroline gently, and her face had the pallor of a corpse.

VI.

For a week Mrs. Dudley's physical condition was one, which to the Rector's mind, required medical attention.

"Do let me send for Dr. Hayward, Caroline," he urged again and again.

"Oh Frank, can you *never* understand?" Mrs. Dudley would respond, "I will gain strength soon. It will come by faith and prayer."

"When?"

"As soon as I am able to concentrate all the earnestness of my faith, and ask, believing as I should, indeed as I *must*, to gain the blessing."

"As I understand you you must get well up to a certain point first, trusting to *nature*, I suppose. Then when your faith aggregates the desired quantity, quality and intensity, only possible to an improved physical condition, you appeal to the Great Physician for aid, and he *completes* the cure. I fear I can *never* understand."

Mrs. Dudley smiled a weary smile. She at all events, *did* understand and to comprehend the precious comforting mystery was not given to all. "Would though it had been to Frank," she sighed.

Caroline's absolute belief in Hal's restoration through the efficacy of prayer alone, had been shared without a reservation by both mother and son.

"Doctor Hayward tells me," said Hal to Mrs. Dudley some weeks later as they were sitting together on the little honeysuckle-shaded porch of Margaret's cottage, "that my attacks will be repeated, but, of course, he is mistaken."

"No," responded Mrs. Dudley, "Dr. Hayward is not mistaken in *that*. While I know beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt, that you are fully delivered from demoniac possession, your nervous system is in a very relaxed condition. Then it may be God's will that your *entire* restoration to health be gradual, and while the process of recovery is going on, certain provoking causes may bring about a recurrence of your old symptoms. These however will be merely nervous attacks, which will soon pass away—and Hal, I beg of you, when you feel these coming on, you will lift your heart to God in perfect faith that He will deliver you—and He *will*—

always remember *that*. But surely you can trust him *now*."

"I can, indeed," said Hal with reverence.

Although Mrs. Dudley later had frequent interviews with Hal and Margaret, seasons of prayer and communings, during which the faith of son and mother still further strengthened, and their belief in the actuality of miracles in the present became firmly established, she never again witnessed a repetition of the harrowing scene in which she had acted so impressive a part.

Convinced that it must be as Mrs. Dudley had predicted, and that Hal's future illnesses would be simply nervous spasms of short duration, Margaret had been quite willing to make use of Dr. Hayward's remedies, more especially of the one, which, when inhaled by Hal, had the astonishing effect of almost immediately checking the spasms.

Again, as Mrs. Dudley had foretold, the occasions even for this remedy ceased, and her boy, Margaret believed, was cured. Cured and through a miracle. Saved to her as by fire. Saved to her through the infinite tenderness of a loving Saviour. Her life, what was left of it and after all, the best part of it, was left, should be devoted to his service. A poor return for the life of her boy, God knew she knew, but oh! how freely, how completely, how joyfully it should be given.

When autumn had come and Mrs. Dudley was about to return home, she had no difficulty in persuading Margaret to accompany her. In her multiform plans for the achievement of good to her kind, such a woman as Mrs. Kennedy would be a valuable assistant. Hal, she would educate for one of the professions, and naturally in these, Mrs. Dudley had a choice.

Mr. Montgomery had frequently and most affectionately thanked his sister for her goodness in coming to him, and as Dr. Hayward and he stood upon the platform of the railroad station, on a lovely mid-

September morning, even in the bustle and hurry of departure, the Rector again expressed his obligations. Caroline shook her head, smiling, "no! no! Frank to *God*, the thanks." "And the *glory*" she added as she put her hand into the old Doctor's.

"I had rather give that to *you* madam," replied Dr. Hayward. "I, of course, use the verbiage of professional etiquette and do not mean to be irreverent" he added.

"Good bye, Doctor," said Margaret, coming forward to extend her hand, as Mrs. Dudley passed her with an expression of face that quite puzzled the simple-minded woman. "I have *tried* to thank you for all your kindness but there don't seem to be any *use* in trying. I can't do it."

"Oh yes, yes, yes you can, and you *have* done it, over and over again," replied the Doctor, almost brusquely—he hated so to be thanked.

Hal was the last to say "good bye," and these were the only words he uttered. The grip of his hand, though, told of a wonderful accession of muscular strength, and of a depth of feeling too, which, had he made the effort to embody in words, might have over-mastered him.

When the train had moved off and the Doctor and Rector were driving homewards, Mr. Montgomery, said with great earnestness.

"Frankly now Doctor, do you believe that boy to be *permanently* cured?"

Doctor Hayward directed his entire attention to the regulation of his horse's gait for some moments before replying. He then said slowly.

"If it be a permanent cure, it is certainly one of the most remarkable on record." He paused fully two minutes before adding, "Frank, I should like to examine that boy a year from this, and see just how great a miracle I *have* been able to perform."

For the next few minutes they drove on in silence. The Doctor then looked up at the Rector over his spectacles and his eyes fairly beamed with mischief.

"Caroline tells me, an entire congregation, and a *woman* too, in the Quaker city, have designs on you Frank—a strong combination, and sure to win in the end, old fellow."

The Rector laughed in spite of feeling half declined to be angry.

"But why should I not be honest with you Doctor," he replied, his displeasure vanishing as he spoke. "It is all too true, within a year I shall probably be—"

"At the mercy of *both*, poor fellow" laughed the Doctor. "And Frank," he added, "at the end of the year I will pay you a visit and inspect my—I beg Mrs. Dudley's pardon—*Caroline's Miracle*."

A year later Dr. Hayward visited the charming Philadelphia home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Montgomery and found the miracle an entire success.

And yet the case was never reported in any Journal but *this*. *Fitzhugh.*

The End.

EPILOGUE.

How the Case came to be Reported in this Magazine.

Some few years since, acting on friendly hint,
I varied life by rushing into print.
Or trying to rush in, I ought to say,
Truth told, I *sauntered* in the other day.

Willing to take advice of those who knew,
As to the wisest plan I could pursue
In choosing theme which would my skill attest,
And prove exactly what I could do best,
I was particularly pleased to read,
"*The story in you write and you'll succeed.*"
"T must be," was added, needlessly I own,
"Of unexceptionable moral tone."

Now in my brain there roamed from cell to cell
A stirring story that I wished to tell,
Dealing with phases of the *Faith Cure Creed*,
And needing illustration strong indeed.

The one demanded of dramatic art,
No cold or fever, broken bone or heart
Would serve to give effect as it must do,
To tragic crises which I had in view.

These ailments failing me, while still in doubt,
Demoniac possession helped me out.

The story written it was sent with pride
To the *Atlantic* with some stamps inside.

(Superfluous these, but still *en regle* I thought;
Adding, "experience is *always* bought.")

Weeks passed but not my faith in my success,
It grew and strengthened and I must confess
That as my sanguine soul formed plans immense
Life seemed worth living in a broad, new sense.

Of course the blow was bound to fall. It fell.
Just how I bore it I will not now tell.
And yet so gently was denial sent,
So kindly couched, so very kindly meant,
That inexperience of printed form
Phrased in politeness which reads so like scorn.
("Les lettres de cachet," they are sometimes
dubbed,)

Alone led me to think myself so snubbed.

For months my manuscript lay hid away,
And then quite suddenly one rainy day
I took it out and read it line by line,
As story writ by other pen than mine.

The role of critic changed my "point of view."
The faults that doomed it, and its merits too,
Became apparent as in calcium light.
I meekly murmured, "Aldrich was quite right.

The play has not been worth my candle burned,
And yet a lesson well to learn, I've learned."

I took the tale, re-wrote it all with care,
Reduced its length two-thirds, but did not dare
Remove the *fits*. Oh, no! Alack-a-day!
Possession of the devil *had* to stay.

Now at this juncture had I only known
Of that wise critic, Doctor Munson Coan,
"Under which Pathy," doctored by his pen,
Might have been printed in a journal then.
Or, if pronounced by him to be past cure,
Would have been thrown into the fire, sure.

Unwitting then just where advice to glean,
Original if crude, if gruesome, clean,
My story once more hid itself away,
In this seclusion for some years to stay.
And as I looked, as I supposed, my last
Upon its poor maltreated form, I gasped,
"If in your present shape you had been mailed
To the *Atlantic* you would not have failed
To meet a very, very different fate,
But why bemoan it when it's all too late.

The *Faith-Cure Tale* seemed lost for aye to sight,
Till next recalled to me one summer night
Long after, by the query of a friend,
"Haven't you something from your pen to send
Letters and Art, which is a great success
In New Orleans?" I answered quickly "yes"
Then tentatively added, "but I fear,
My story's rather—well it's rather *queer*.
'Tis full of horrors, thrilling scenes and such,
Yet is—while doubtless it will shock you much,
Of unexceptionable moral tone,
Though Satan in it oddly holds his own."

"Oh! give it to me," laughingly she said,
"On sweets to surfeit we have long been fed,
And your's must be a highly seasoned dish,
Originality is what we wish."

Gulf-ward my story then quick took its way,
It's life-in-hand too, I may also say,
For soon news *this* came to me of my waif,
"*Letters and Art* burned down. Your story safe."
Saved by a miracle—'twas clear to see
Saved by a miracle—'twas bound to be.
For on the principle of 'tit for tat'
Poetic justice surely owed me *that*.

Once more my manuscript in darkness lay
Soon to emerge though, into light of day
And there remain—fictitiously endorsed.
The situation I admit was forced,
Yet came about quite naturally, too,
The *Record* giving me one day the clue
I acted on. It said that in our town
A monthly destined to win great renown
Yclept WYOMING would ere long appear,
S. R. Smith, editor and engineer.
Here was my chance. I quickly took the hint
And *thus* it came I sauntered into print.

As yet kind critics pass me silent by
"Just wait," a friend says, mischief in his eye,—
Adding, "I like your *nom de plume* I do,
And ha! ha! ha! I think it well

Fitzhugh."

THE EVENING STAR.

On the pale, blue sky, in quiet luster
gleamest the evening star. I could feel
every sense respond to the spell and my
heart thrilled as her bright eye, tender and
serene, formed by the wonderous alchemy
of heaven gazed on me as if with a thous-
and eyes, compelling me to yield to her a
willing homage.

What a soul-entrancing sight, as my
eyes pursued her on her lonely way while
her pale rays glittered on the cold bosom
of night. I said to my wild fancy it might
soar, as I watched the slow descending day
while the light perished in the shadowy
train of night. On the hill and in the
wood the songs of the birds had almost
ceased; here and there could be heard a
passionately warbled song that awakened
soft echoes. There is an indescribable
beauty in the glow of twilight, lulling to
sleep our cares and our hearts yield to its
soothing influence. Soft passions glow

while in our souls like wordless songs will music steal.

Chaste star, I love you! You rest my soul. From whence did you come? How many trackless leagues have you traveled? And to what shore are you drifting? Fairest gem floating in the vacant sky, we listen to hear you send through the calm night faint melodies as when harps and voices mingle. If storying legends tell aright, this star of love was formed by a blind chemist, by mixing a rich chalice of nectar and ambrosia with dew brushed from the Idalian star by fancy's wing and tender pledges, hopes and sighs, while the Cyprian mother breathed in a kiss: then Venus, the evening star, spread her wings and fixed her empire in the sky.

S. R. Smith.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Over the home of our childhood hangs a veil of tender recollections which lends grace to the most common and rugged objects. The streets of our native town, the roof which sheltered our infant heads, the people who were our early companions, seen through the glamour, have a charm which escapes in the analysis but is none the less real.

Whilst our lives were unfolding the actual world was full of mysteries—we were all discoverers. Surrounding this was another world scarcely less real, the realm of the imagination—we were all poets and hero-worshippers then.

The airy shapes which peopled that charming world have deserted us and taken refuge in the home of our youth. We fancy we have only to return to embrace them again, but we do return to be disappointed, for time and distance have changed them all. We have outgrown them. The very streets are narrower, the houses are smaller than memory painted them. Our playmates have gone to the mines, to the mills, to the mountains, to the sea, to the grave.

While the old scenes disappoint us, perhaps we are too exacting. Amidst the rush and roar of a busy life we have lost our love for reverie, but let us in quiet mood return and spend a while in musing about those who lived in the old homestead and all too soon forgotten.

It stands upon a knoll which slopes gently away on all sides and in its rear runs the road to the village. A century of storm and sunshine have made it as gray and shaggy as the oriole nest which swings in the walnut tree beside it. Indeed it looks very like an empty nest, for what is a house but a human nest and what is luxury but a softer lining? In this view the rattling clapboards and mossy shingles are full of suggestions. Stately halls are suitable and necessary for a ceremonial life but add nothing to the real pleasure of a home. The old home was a sufficient shelter and fitted the family not too loosely so that the close intimacy made necessary by lack of room developed the old-fashioned virtues of self-sacrifice and obedience to parents.

What a wealth of vegetation has grown up about the house! A tangle of rose bushes guard one end and many other hardy plants which were tended by grandmother's hand now fight a battle with intruding weeds and brambles,

Thus nature takes back to her bosom the places forsaken by man and clothes and conceals by her arts their slow decay. But clambering vine and spreading shrub do not deceive us. We see dissolution but too plainly. From sagging ridge-pole to crumbling foundation; from the gaunt gnarled apple trees which bloomed in the last century, to the neglected graveyard upon the hill where sleep the successive generations who dwelt here—all speak of desolation and decay.

We turn away from these with a sigh and hasten to the knoll at the foot of the hill where in its pristine vigor bubbles the old spring. Oh, here is life! The rivulet invites us to build another miniature lake

to turn a mimic wheel. Below it stands the stone spring-house, smaller and more moss grown, but after all the same dark, cool cavern. Above it the loft where once were stored the buckets, in which, in earliest spring, were gathered the sap from the forest of maples which stood in the meadow below—calling up the sweetest of visions.

The spring is the keynote of the place. Its waters refreshed the Indian when he chased the deer over these uplands and our great grandfather, who left his Connecticut home to seek his fortune in the wilds of Pennsylvania, built on this spot that he might drink from its fountain.

The house soon glowed and throbbed with life. The hum of the wheel, the clatter of the loom, made it vibrate from eaves to hearthstone. Many homely arts were exercised within which made the family a self-supporting community.

The externals of that life differed widely from ours but were the essentials any unlike? There were happiness and grief, love and hatred, marrying and giving in marriage as now. There was wealth and poverty, but the wealth was in acres of forest and stubborn soil, and the poverty was relieved by the kindness of the neighborhood.

That sympathy of living is so far removed that to-day it exhausts the resources of a planet to feed and lodge a man, and rivers of water and rivers of fire must flow through his house for his convenience. With what real advantage let Boards of Health tell.

Whether it is better to be a child of nature or of art is not easy to decide, but the decision is no longer in our hands.

Let the old house stand as an emblem of the past, let tender memories enshrine it, and as the trailing shadows which follow the sunset hide it among their folds, we bid it farewell.

R. D. Rhone.

MYTHS OF CHILDHOOD.

There is a letter held for postage in this city directed to

SANTA CLAUS,

(In Haste.)

Fairy Land.

The custom of telling children fairy stories and allowing them to believe in such myths has been criticised. The objection is that if parents take advantage of the imagination and ignorance of their offspring to teach them falsehood, the children, will discover that they have been deceived and lose faith in the word that they have held sacred.

We are told that the children are expected to exchange the myths of childhood and the faith in impossibilities for the myths and absurdities of the Christian faith. That sounds like a plausible objection, but if we look at the result on individuals and on the world of a belief in the Christian faith, we will see that the charge is not worthy serious consideration.

I will only say that observation teaches us, that these teachings are harmless, that children will have an ideal world that when dispelled will do no violence to the child's faith in his parents. From youth to old age the recollections of the fairy land of childhood is a delightful memory.

This same class of critics ask if love and marriage is a failure. Is not this simply a confession that they have been unfortunate in these relations? Do we ever hear those who have been wise and faithful in these assumed relations asking such question? We think not.

In this age everything is questioned; and many of our beliefs are giving way to the intelligent investigation going on in every department of thought. We are also finding out our limitations. The man who says he will not admit anything he cannot understand, or believe what he cannot prove is simply posing.

As we cannot trace anything to the last and important analysis, Puck, the prince of satirists, did not slander us much when he exclaimed, "What fools these mortals be."

S. R. Smith.

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

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TO WHAT ARE WE TENDING?

The growth of thought and the progress of ideas so seemingly wonderful in this nineteenth century civilization of ours, have opened up to us many matters of discussion which would have shocked our fathers, and if indulged in two centuries ago would have wrecked manly reputation and grounded the highest literary renown. In no respect is this more strongly shown than in the recent doubt of the wisdom of our marriage system. So many things have been written, instancing where marriage has failed to result happily, that one almost turns from it with a revolting shudder until he realizes what would be the outcome should the system be abolished. Then indeed he turns the full torrent of his wrath upon these modern wiseacres and hastens to inquire by what manner of means they would seek to justify this senseless war upon one of our most sacred and beneficent social institutions.

In treating on this topic it is perfectly natural and to be expected, that I should assume the negative side. Having lived within a home circle during the greater portion of my life and having few to guide my wandering thoughts in that direction, my prejudices as well as my reason urge me to oppose with as much force as I possess the arguments tending to ridicule our marriage bans. I believe in so doing I am pursuing sound policy, which will be endorsed by the most profound public sentiment and championed by such weight of thought as our nineteenth century intellectuality will permit of; and also, perhaps, because I

shrink from such a state of morals as would follow the institution of a system of universal love, which would make every female of maturity a mistress, rob virginity of its choicest flower while in the bloom of childhood, and eat away the very base upon which rests the corner stone of our social system and our modern civilization.

I am partially aware of the arguments advanced against marriage. My life as a newspaper writer has opened up to me the channels of experience, and I have seen running through them in a ceaseless stream the wrecks of marriage faults and broken vows, and the curse of wifely joys and manly trust. Domesticity branded by a hidden sin, maternity shrouded with the gloom of disappointment, paternity harassed by doubt and bringing sleepless nights and days of gnawing hunger and unsated love, have swept before me like a kaleidoscope, a panorama of revolting power, sending me back from the brink in awful fear and filling my soul with horror and dread. Marriage with its gulf of disappointment, and its rock of unmated souls, has shone forth like a vast and mighty picture of a cliff upon the sea; and back of it, a grim and ghostly shadow, has towered the divorce court, with its brand of disgrace and shame and its warnings fit to singe a soul. All this I have seen and that all is not well I will admit; but where under the starry dome of heaven is there a mind sufficiently broad to grasp the tangled ends of this question and unite them into a system more humane, bringing more blessedness and less blight.

Marriage has its faults, but I think the curse comes not from marriage so much in itself as from the hurried zeal with which we seek that state. When a married man shrieks out against the ties which bind him, he simply confesses his own fault of perception and mistaken choice. Some philosopher profiting by centuries of mistakes penned the line, "Love is blind," and gave form to a simple truth which impresses all with its force. However, love makes its wise selections as well as its bad ones. It is a relief to turn from the repellent pictures of married errors to a scene of domestic brightness.

Angels seem to smile upon a husband filled with love for his wife, kind, tender, considerate; upon a wife glorying in her husband's devotion and his ceaseless care. The heavens beam sunshine upon a father, careful, conscientious, good; and a mother sacrificing, unselfish and wise; and the perfume of exalted love seems to surround dutiful children who run with gleeful steps to execute the wishes of their parents, cling with loving trust to their knees and listen with a world of belief to their tender corrections and words of worldly wisdom. Such scenes as these are not rare. They belong to no single state of life. They spring from the clod as from the prince, and the sweetness of a peaceful home may rise from the humble dwelling of the laborer as well as from the gilded fineries of wealth and station. They surround life with a halo all their own and the secret of their brightness is married trust. It would seem that the voice of God had whispered words of holy inspiration in their ears, and as if there had been planted in the souls of unborn children a filial regard and a duty of known life too deep to be effaced by the petty cares which warp many spirits so that they are no longer in the image of their maker.

That is a home picture, peaceful, restful and inspired of heaven. One shudders with regret in turning from it for a passing glance at that state of society which must

result should the marriage bans be swept from existence.

We see children knowing not their names and seeking vainly for their fathers; women cast off again and again, and slowly descending the scale to the grave; men gnawed by the hunger of boundless passion and yielding to the insatiable tide; virgins longing for the day when they have become sufficiently matured to join the crushing mass who are hurling their souls on to the damning pit of doom; youths laving their desires in maiden charms and drinking deep from the fountains now bounded by a law. Such is universal love. Horrible as it seems the picture is not overdrawn. It would be chaos, anarchy, a state of society so damning, so foul, so degrading and so awful in its intensity of passion and of shame, that we would pray for death itself, and even brave the blasts of Hades, to escape so low a state of sin; a life without a single ray of light, and existence without a charm.

J. E. Kern.

FORGOTTEN LINES.

Oh, it was a perfect line,
Better verse than 'ere was mine,
With the true Rosettian sign—
Ah me, deluded!

Yesterday 'twas here, now where?
Where the chained numbers rare,
Conjured words of dream-sung air,
That late I brooded?

Color, melody, and thought,
All within that line were caught;
All have flown, and left me naught
That late I brooded.

Gone, ah gone, in fickle flight,
As others have before to-night;
And Memory heedeth not my plight,
Ah me, deluded!

Oh, that it would come again!—
Soon 'twould be the same refrain,
Where, oh where, the lisp'ing strain,
That late I brooded,
Ah me, deluded!

W. George Powell.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Several times lately I have been startled by thoughts that spring upon me suddenly concerning the present sociological crisis. Treading the even tenor of my rural way, I have sometimes halted, overcome with the feeling that humanity is undergoing a change in great general sentiments, which, by the inevitable law of results, will sooner or later shift our most ancient customs and moral practices into a strange kaleidoscopic readjustment. How disastrous the effect will be we can but surmise. Let us hope, however, that the warfare possibly involved will be more refined and humane than in *Quatre Vingt Treize*.

There are reasons without number to induce us to expect the event. I only note some hobgoblin impressions as they approach from the misty phantasmagoria of memory arising from one week's reading of the newspapers. We have now thrust upon us, then, not to mention the forces of anarchy and socialism, agitation upon questions which civilization, it would have seemed, had long decided. There is an ominous significance even in the asking, "Is Marriage a Failure?" Yet France, interested as usual in such speculations, has even gone further and produced Paul Bourget to ask "If Love is a Failure?" And this is one of the results of our one hundred years of liberty!

I saw by this morning's paper, looking out, at the same time, upon the cold fields immortalized by the sacrifices of Wyoming's first landowners, that Henry George had arrived in England and been received with great ovation. Sir George Trevelyan (a man for whom I have the greatest veneration on account of his biography of uncle Macauley) is according to the same cablegram, a speaking convert of George's land theories. Tolstoi is attracting the attention of the world to the energetic ex-

periments of his reform foibles. But even more striking than these testimonials to me is the evidence of the electric influence of the age upon the unenlightened peasantry which I meet in these country lanes, where I am wont to spend much of my time in meditation upon many things.

As a curious observer, in my zoological and geological studies, of Divine system, I have often been led to consider the proofs of that marvelous plan commonly called evolution. As I reflect upon it now, it seems to me as if I had never rebelled against this law, but that, like the doctrine of the equality of man, the instinct of its verity was natal with me. The publication of *Robert Elsmere* inclines me to believe, too, in the rarity of orthodoxy among all intelligent people.

Be that as it may, what I was going to remark is, that a stronger argument for the law to me, than even the existence of a disused third eye in the head, or of a degenerated sixth finger in the wrist, is the progress of man in historical times. It may be instanced, by those who would discuss this question, that Greece and Rome have fallen, but no one will deny that the human changes in the infinitesimal period of six thousand years have been the most stupendous that can be imagined by the geological chronologist. The developments of this incomplete century seem to balance all the wonders of former mundane time.

It certainly should not surprise us then to discover that we are on the eve of a tremendous social revolution, and we should not be alarmed lest the results should be a retrogression in the scale of life. It may happen that France will destroy itself by an impulsive leap in the dark, and England stumble to ruin through awkwardness, but, thanks to our preoccupation with internal improvements, we may be assured that the United States will take no step that is not dictated by slow common-sense.

W. George Powell.

VOICES.

Art is an unconscious memory.

Letters are boats that carry our thoughts out on the sea of time. The greatest and most mysterious of human achievements is the use of lifeless lines to make visible our thoughts and feelings.

Without voice we speak, and without listening we hear by the language of voiceless art.

Without words and often without voice, the Creator speaks through nature by an invisible spirit to all conscious life. The language of art needs no alphabet or interpreter. It gives us a separate and brief earthly existence. The silent lines and dull canvas become highways for the multitude to enter into the divine presence, and into a broader sympathy with universal life. The arbitrary forms of art become the storehouse of our thought where they crystallize into definite shape and become a living light. The life of thought, like human life, is a struggle for existence, where the fittest survive. Art has an inward ear, that hears but does not understand.

At best, art is but an echo. Nature is the divine voice that teaches us the supreme will. She teaches us the awful grandeur of the material universe and the littleness of man. Nature is our best teacher, priestess, or queen; remaining faithful to the end.

Moment by moment life is slipping from our grasp. To many the ceaseless effort, the changeless order of their lives, makes them feel that they would not miss much if life would slip from their grasp. To all such let it be said "go to Mother Nature." She will bring them consolation. The weird discords of life will change into an idyl, and their cares take wings swifter than the fading light, and through the transparent air, an invisible presence will touch them with infinite peace, opening an ideal realm filled with poetry and passion.

They will then learn to accept the divine will.

Here is truth. In the silence that is indescribable, with its dreamy, pathetic calm:

Go out in the spring time among
The meadows that slope to the shore;
There, where frail gentians are hung,
And the blossoms their odors pour
Among the grasses growing deep and free,
As you follow a path you dimly see;

A path that forever will drop,
Shall wind over green bank and mound,
Whose sweet undulations stop
By blue waters bereft of sound,
While here and there are new mown heaps,
Which the breeze's soft sandals touch as she sweeps.

Listen to the unobtrusive song, that is never silent; whose delicious harmonies, like celestial forms, fill the air from soft-tuned instruments. We will feel a presence we cannot perceive, and in some delicious solitude the angel within us will be free.
S. R. Smith.

NOTES.

We will send this magazine ^{3 numbers} to any address that our friends or patrons may be kind enough to send us.

The editor invites contributions of a literary character for publication. We have been well supplied with good matter from recognized writers, but we would also be glad to publish contributions from those who have not given productions to the public. We want all manuscript signed by the author's name for publication, except the humorous contributions. The editor would also be pleased to receive for publication some contributions of a humorous character.

Appreciating the bright things which drop from the lips of children, we would be pleased to add to the publication a column of "children's witticisms." Our readers and contributors would confer a favor if they would make note of, and send in these cute sayings of the little ones. There will be added to this column any

comic incident which may be contributed.

One of the comments made to the editor concerning the Faith Cure Tale recently completed in these pages, was by a lady who stated that, impressed by the logic of the story, she thought to effect a cure by such means as the story evidenced. To make the test she convinced herself that she was well, and rose from her bed. For a time excitement buoyed her up but as soon as that wore away she was completely prostrated. The lady says she was then thoroughly convinced that if her body still suffered, her mind was thoroughly cured.

REVERIES ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Old year! with deep sadness, we scan, in review,
Some scenes of dire anguish, and deem it but due
To write to thy credit, some hard things, if few;

The while, with a tear;

For we love thee, old year, 'though thy brightness
was brief,

Thy health freighted sunshine brought speedy
relief

From the woes of the winter, from pain's bitter
grief,

Fast dying Old Year!

What changes in hopes, as in fears thou hast
wrought;

What happy surprises, what joys thou hast
brought;

Thy harvests with rich, golden sheaves, were full
fraught;

Grand, beautiful cheer!

Yea, many still speak of thy wealth, and thy song,
Of thy beauty, and music, as months sped along,
When groves were made sacred by jubilant
throng,

To greet thee, Old Year!

Ere old age had tarnished thy garb of bright sheen,
Thy robe of sweet flowers, set in emerald green;
Or when, in rich autumn, attired as queen

Thou were wont to appear;

When the red berries beckoned, "Come, eat if
you please;"

When fields of grown grain frolicked wild in the
breeze;

Or when bounteous fruitage was bending the
trees;

All loved thee, Old Year.

Many loved thee, Old Year, for thy graces and
mirth;

For friendships cemented around the warm hearth,

Where forbidden were guests, who brought sin, or
dearth

To home's sancity dear;

Where kindness and love, never purchased with
gold,

Protected the inmates 'neath sheltering fold,
While o'er them dark clouds of threat'nings had
rolled,

Such loved thee, Old Year!

Now moanings are heard over hilltop and vale,
'Neath the whispering pine, or on the wild gale,
In tones, low, yet clear,—a mysterious wail,

As from leaves brown and sere

That cling to the branch, as if in remorse,
Or whisper protests at Nature's fell course
That dooms them to earth by irresistible force;

Thus, dies the Old Year!

To hasten thy exit, thy friends would not urge,
Yet view thee near the precipitous verge,

Aye, catch the tones of a farewell dirge

Sounding solemn and near,

As when mortal man strives, with fast ebbing life,
To gain, one breath more of earth's pain and strife,
'Till severed the cord by Time's ready knife;

Thus ends the Old Year!

But 'neath his decay the sweetest buds form,
Unmindful of darkness, or fierce, chilling storm
Each helping to speed the life current warm

That soon may appear;

The Arbutus and spring blooms, arise from their
bed,

Where now but the cold, icy covering is spread,
And Faith sees but dimly—"Yet banish all dread,
They'll greet thee, New Year!"

M. L. T. Hartman.

CONCERNING MARRIAGE CHIMES.

Sarah knocked at my door this morning, announcing in her usual breathless manner, occasioned by long flights of stairs,— "A parcel for Mr. Busybody, sir!" I took it in some haste knowing by sad experience how unwise it is to keep Sarah waiting.

Sarah is the chambermaid and a very determined character.

The parcel proved to be nothing of great concern, being my weekly mending, but as I untied it, I noted the title of the newspaper wrapper, *Marriage Chimes!* No wonder the words caught my eye.

"A paper devoted to matrimonial interests;" it went on to say also, that it "assisted those to whom marriage seemed desira-

ble to find suitable companions," only requiring for its labors a trifling testimonial from the successful seeker of domestic happiness.

"A very objectionable paper—I would not have it found here for some money," I ejaculated, poking it into the coals held by my tiny grate, but not before I had glanced over a few of the advertisements.

"A young widow of marked intelligence and fine family would like to form the acquaintance of an unmarried gentleman, not under 40. Must have a good income and a comfortable home."

"Blue eyes and golden hair, aged 17, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman who has dark hair and eyes. He must be fond of books and capable of sympathizing with one who longs for companionship. Address with photograph only."

The next was less romantic but in it I saw the spirit of all.

"A young mason, aged 27 wants to make the acquaintance of a sensible young woman, who is a neat housewife and has two hundred dollars saved to help furnish a home."

Enough, but as the paper darkened into a shapeless mass a host of whimsical fancies took possession of me. The first shock of surprise left me wondering if the world itself is not an enlarged edition of *Marriage Chimes*.

We see its advertisements blazoned forth in one way or other from year to year, always in some seductive form.

Each advertiser claims to be young and attractive; the wares are thrust on the market, who will buy?

If all are not frankly labeled when we see them displayed to the best advantage, we know the possibility of a purchaser is kept in view.

It may be only the demand for a comfortable home in exchange for intellect; it may be the dollars in the bank, the neat housewife, the good income, but it is a matter of give and take.

"I have such and such advantages as you see, what can you give me for them? I am young and beautiful, have you the appropriate setting for so rare a jewel? Nothing but pure gold is rich enough," and lo, the wedding bells are set chiming!

Who advertise in the *Marriage Chimes*? Not the young man of serious thought and purpose who feels stirring at his heart a generous love for all mankind which will presently crystallize into atender and lasting love for one.

Not the young woman who never dreams of barter in regard to herself; who, if she sometimes thinks of a life more complete and full goes about her daily life none the worse for it. Death may find her still unwed but she will have developed a lovely character which having blessed the lives of others is still her own.

To such there is but one true marriage, the union of spirit. All else is null and void, however solemnized. Intelligence cannot wed comfort, nor Beauty mate with Mammon. Spiritual laws forbid the bans. There is no barter where one gives itself to another but unreserved and generous yielding, tho' each respect the other too much to take all that is given.

Each must preserve its own individuality. "There must be very two before there can be very one," holds true in marriage as in friendship, and after all is not one an exalted type of the other?

A chemical affinity will draw these two elements together until they become one, tho' the process is a slow one. It takes long to form a perfect union where the reserve exists which marks every strong nature, but once accomplished, no such thing as disintegration is possible.

In fancy I told over my acquaintances and saw the label each one bears, whether openly or concealed. True, all cannot be included in this assertion, for that which is of intrinsic value need not be cheaply thrust forward, it will never be worth less than it is now.

There is Mercurio, who says plainly by

his fastidious attire and charming manner, to some fair devotee of fashion—

"Exert yourself, dress for me, be as pretty as you can, I am in the market."

To be sure it is all a hoax. The next year will find him acting over the little drama with another *vis-a-vis*, until one day he will tire of it all and bestow himself in return for a fortune.

He is in no hurry because the demand exceeds the supply.

There is only one of him and he is coveted by many.

Helena on the contrary depends on her fortune and lineage rather than attractions of mind or face. She will not be long in the market; the *Marriage Chimes* easily disposes of the package with the prize coin.

And she of the blue eyes and golden hair, is she not named Blanche? Her unsympathetic brother teases her because she idles before the mirror so much, and in truth her face is her excuse.

She has read romantic novels by the dozen; one or two of Ouida's and scores hardly less dangerous. She dotes on sentiment and spends her days which might be full of helpful thought for others in dreaming of her Byronic lover who need not be noble and good, if he but possess raven locks and a kindred soul.

Entering unannounced the other day I found her curled up where she could catch a glimpse of herself in the pier glass from time to time when not too much absorbed in her book.

After greeting her, I held out my hand for the book but she put it behind her with a pretty little blush of confusion, yet not too soon for me to read the title.

Had she given it to me frankly, I would have known her still unharmed but the blush proclaimed the conscience playing with fire.

Poor Blanche! Poor little one!

Is this period of your life, which should be most beautiful of all in its innocent

freshness, to be spent thus? You should be adding purity to innocence and strength to purity to serve you in your approaching womanhood. Day by day, the crystal of your spirit is dimmed by the breath of vanity and worldliness, until no saving ray of light can shine through it undistorted.

Day by day shrinking less from contact with the doubtful romance, the impure thought, the jest unfit for lips less fairly curved than yours!

Wrong has been done you. Who among us is guilty of this grave charge?

I see the father absorbed in the hurry of the business world; the mother going about her duties well pleased that her daughter is fair and wins the praise of others; perhaps unconsciously fostering vanity in that young soul by gleaming visions of the future.

Neither parent dreams that the little girl who wore her dresses above her shoe tops but yesterday, lives in an unreal world and having withdrawn her confidence is reading books she dares not openly acknowledge having.

There is a heedlessness which amounts to crime. Where a mother's pure teaching dwells there is a natural barrier against the dangerous companion and the bit of scandal which would warp the daughter's nature from its pristine loveliness toward the unwholesome beauty which is not the beauty of simplicity and truth.

Ignorance of evil is not purity, but let us look at evil in all its loathsomeness. We will cloak it with no glittering romance or plea of necessity; so it will be hated for its very ugliness.

In contrast, I remember a certain fair girl whom I knew years ago, whose influence I can trace now in my every day life.

She was as unconscious of herself as a Greek statue, yet radiating happiness and sympathy. She may never have dreamed that she could give any soul a holier impulse but her presence brought purity and light.

I sometimes drop in to tea and see her surrounded by tall, manly boys and bright-faced girls, any one of whom bears the impress of the mother.

If a spirit of envy stirs at my heart who knows it?

Not the husband, proud of the matron opposite him who is fairer now than in her girlhood, not the wife who never knew that the shy, awkward youth—pshaw!

A man who is growing gray, who heads his years now with forty—soon to begin running down the scale of the fifties, dreaming over the romance of twenty years ago!

Not for me, the bells that chime with impartial merriment, for happy lovers or the bought and sold! Let them ring out as they will it is clearly no concern of mine.

A knock at the door; Sarah again. "Mr. Busybody, your shaving water, sir, and your fire's out. Law, sir, if you want to keep a grate fire you musn't put papers on the coals."

"True, Sarah, but marriage chimes have before now sounded the curfew which bade the mismated soul smother the flame of love which might have been its salvation, but which is henceforth forbidden."

Ione Kent.

A SAD SEA TALE.

Upon a gallant frigate's deck one fine September night,
As jauntily she cruised along, the foeman's ship in sight,
Some jolly tars were "spinning yarns," despite the coming fray;
For Jack can fight or spin a yarn at any time of day.

At length it was the boatswain's turn, and as he rose to speak,
So haggard and so hollow-eyed, so pale his furrowed cheek,
They scarcely knew this solemn man of herculean frame,
And wondered what ailed Boatswain Dick—Dick Benson was his name.

"Now listen, shipmates, all of ye, to what I'm going to say,
Mark well the truthful moral my words to you convey;

For here you see a broken wreck, though seeming well and strong;

But, lads, its rotten to the core, I cannot stand it long.

"I've brooded o'er my troubles so, though lively at my work,

No man can say Dick ever lied, or duty tried to shirk,

But now I feel my time is up—Well, smile lads as as ye may,

And you shall judge best how I feel when I have had my say.

"There was a time this battered hulk that's talking now to you

Was smart and trim as any man that wears the navy blue;

Leastways my Susan told me so—now Susan was my wife,

And thereby hangs a tale, my lads, that's worried out my life.

"My Susan was a comely lass, and better born than me,

A rough and simple sailor man bred always up at sea;

But still, my lads, she loved her Dick—he loved her to the core,

And when our baby boy was launched, I loved him even more.

"We called him Dick, the little chap, how fine and strong he grew.

I longed with pride when I could take and show him to our crew;

But Sue she was agin my plan, opposed it to the last,

No child of hers, she vowed, should go and serve before the mast.

"Well, mates, to cut a story short, we quarreled over this;

And long as I let liquor be, there's naught went much amiss;

But once I get off on a spree, the devil has me tight;

So, drunk Dick Benson staggered home one fine September night.

"Gone twenty years to-day my lads, my last at home. You see

My ship would sail at break o' day, aboard I had to be.

I never can forgive myself, I never can forget
The cursed scene that came to pass that night. I see it yet.

"I swore I'd take the lad aboard along o' me to sea;

The mother pleaded in despair. I tore him from her knee;

Her tears I met with drunken scorn, I spurned her with a blow;

Ah, mates! but for that cursed drink I'd never acted so.

"Then maddened with remorse and shame, and crouching by her side

I saw a little tearful face, I heard a voice that cried—

'O father, don't hurt mother so, she's good and you are bad!'

With that I raised this lubber's hand and felled that little lad.

"Now, shipmates, when the morning came, a standing out to sea,

What was the cheers, and waving flags and all that sort to me?

I felt just like a convict bound for Botany Bay to die;

For I was *sober* then my lads. Ah, what a fool was I!

"Now mark the sequel, lads. When reached a foreign port, one day,

There's letters come from home aboard, and every one is gay;

And *one for me*. I see it now all edged with ugly black.

Well! mates, the wife was dead, it told—an unexplained attack

Of fever; well, no matter now. Ah! lads, how well I knew.

And worst of all my little Dick had died of fever, too.

My lads, what think ye now. Have I the cause to feel so blue?

If now ye like to laugh at me I'm sure your welcome to.

"From that day forth no peace I've known. In calm or angry sea,

Those sad reproachful eyes of Dick's are always fixed on me;

That little voice I loved so well through tempest roar I hear:—

'O father, don't hurt mother so,' rings ever in mine ear.

"Now lads, do you believe in fate? Leastways, for one, I do;

Or why should I just hap' to-night to tell all this to you?

I feel there's something in the wind a' whispering here to me

Of that September fatal night—that this my last will be.

"Remorse has eaten out my life, I'm ready now to go;

May some kind bullet find me out, with Susan lay me low!

And since my dismal tale is done, before I close my yarn,

I'll add an extra word or two my shipmates to forewarn.

"My lads don't drink too much ashore, avoid it all you can;

On board your ship, why, take yer grog, and plenty, like a man,

But when you've got a wife and child at home, why don't forget

The warning told in this 'ere tale, or may be you'll regret.

"And never part in strife from those who love you well,

For may be you'll not meet again, at least ye can not tell,

And if so be ye don't, remorse will haunt you night and day,

Remember this, my lads. And now old Dick has had his say."

He paused, and scarce these parting words his pallid lips had left,

When hark! a booming sound, a crash, the oaken plank is cleft,

And Benson lies stretched on the deck, his ardent wish fulfilled.

The fight's begun, a random shot old Boatswain Dick has killed.

And as they bear his bleeding form below with tender care,

He whispers faintly, "Sue, forgive. Is little Dick up there?"

Ah! now I see you both aloft; aye, aye, sir, coming quick,

My sailing's done, shipmates good-by, remember poor old Dick."

A. S. Greene.

THE HOME OF J. FENIMORE COOPER.

If one were to leave the Wyoming valley with its hum of industry and start on foot to explore the serpentine course of the * Susquehanna to the place where it commences its journey to the sea, he would find himself where the greatest of American novelists lived and loved, dreamed and died. In making the journey he would fully realize that the meaning of the word *Susquehanna* is no misnomer, for he would have traveled many times as far as would be necessary, if he were to go by the most direct railroad line. The regular course of the river will be apt to impress him, that sometime this stream has thought to itself that it would much rather remain among its native hills than be roiled and impeded on its journey through Pennsylvania. On his journey the traveler passes many a "bend in the river" and is led through scenes of varying beauty. At times, the river edges its way between ragged cliffs, then comes out into broad valleys which have never failed to yield to the patient and thrifty husbandman a generous living. He passes thriving villages and busy little cities, but finally, just at evening, on the last day of his journey, he finds himself at the outlet of a charming lake nestling among wooded hills. It is Otsego Lake, at the lower end of which and near the outlet is Coopers town, now a famous summer resort, but more famous as being the home of the great novelist. The river by this time has kept growing smaller until any one who lived near it when a boy will tell you, that he has forded it many times with his fishing rod in one hand and shoes and stockings in the other.

The scene of *The Deerslayer* is laid about this lake. The description is an accurate one, going back to about the year 1760, when the first rude settlement was commenced on its banks, at that time only an insignificant clearing near the outlet with a small hut of squared logs for the

temporary dwelling of the Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Cooper himself says in speaking of the lake and its surroundings, that his recollections of the place carry him back to the time when nine-tenths of the shores of this lake were in the virgin forest. The woods and the mountains, however, formed a principal source of beauty with this charming sheet of water, enough of the former remaining to this day to relieve the open grounds from monotony and tameness. In most respects the descriptions of scenery in *The Deerslayer* are accurate. The rock appointed for the rendezvous between Deerslayer and his friend, the Delaware, still remains, bearing the name of Otsego Rock. Hutter's "Castle" is a little misplaced, the shore lying, in fact, nearer to the northern end of the lake. Such a shore actually exists and when the water is low the rocks may be seen protruding from its surface. Leather Stocking's cave may be found on the east side of the lake some distance from the shore. *Natty Bumppo* is now the name given to an elegant steamer which is used for excursions and also makes regular trips from one end of the lake to the other, a distance of nine miles. Two hotels of palatial appliances, one called the Cooper House the other the Hotel Fenimore, remind one that in many ways will the name of Cooper be perpetuated. Of course, these are insignificant compared with the almost universal renown of this great author brought about by the genius displayed in the work of his pen.

Any one whom the traveler may meet upon the street will point out the "old Cooper place." A short distance from the lake, and a still shorter distance from the main street of the village may be seen an unpretentious two-story house. The roofs are snow-covered. The yard has assumed an unkept appearance. The vines, not having stopped growing when their owner went away, have climbed to the clear light above the foliage of the old elms. The fences, arbor and walks have

gone to decay. The blinds give the contradictory assurance that there are half hinges in the world.

The mounds have been leveled by the heaving frosts. The dove cots are now inhabited by sparrows. The trees, unpruned, have become scraggy. The grounds about which have walked Irving, Bryant, Emerson, Alice and Phœbe Carey, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Saxe, Whipple, Whittier and Willis, have passed into other hands at quite a sacrifice. Yes, too great a sacrifice! We have not yet learned to appreciate the homes of those who are contented to employ their natural gifts for the good of humanity.

No interest has ever been taken to preserve the place. In reply to this, it might be urged that Cooper was not popular at home. By this we are to understand that he considered his time worth too much to feed swine.

The gossip of the town he cared not to share in. He had a sensitive mind. He could not bear adverse criticism, the criticisms which are sure to follow works of so great merit. His lawsuits with the *N. Y. Tribune* wasted his once magnificent fortune. He had at one time no less than thirty different suits brought to recover damages from persons that indulged in adverse criticisms. Cooper seemed never to have accepted the American idea. He was not of the right disposition for a typical American. He led a secluded life. He was hated by his neighbors, but like a true prophet was not without honor save in his own country.

After he returned from Europe, where he spent several years, he became even more unpopular. He introduced English ideas of life. His servants were brought from England, the meals were served after the English custom, the draperies and upholsteries were English. The Cooper mansion became a resort for a few favored authors, but isolated from the rest of the world. But his pen was ever active. On pleasant afternoons he might have

been seen in company with his eldest daughter, who still resides in Coopertown, strolling about the hills or rowing on the lake. He was fond of talking over his plots with her as she early displayed a disposition to make literature a profession. Many beautiful lines attest the wisdom of her choice.

When the long winter evenings came and the consequently short days, he would not be seen by his neighbors for months; but in his room, he might have been found preparing those wonderful descriptions which have called forth so much admiration from his European admirers.

Cooper's fame is destined to increase from the fact that he has done more to perpetuate the history of the American Indian than any other author. Their habits, customs, language and mental peculiarities have been placed in history, and as this race, so rapidly passing away becomes extinct, Cooper will be the source of information. He died at Coopertown Sept. 14th, 1851. He left no property of any account. A plain marble column marks his resting place in Lakewood cemetery amid the natural scenes which he loved so much.

W. H. Putnam.

AN APOSTROPHE.

I anxious wait thy coming
And greet thee as a friend,
I prize thy welcome pages
Where truth and beauty blend.
There purest thoughts are glowing
Thy pages to illumine,
To comfort us when lonely
How blessedly they come.
Thy friends so kindly gifted
With nature's secret lore,
Rare gifts to thee are bringing
From their abundant store.
Go onward, for thy mission
Is to instruct and bless,
The wise and good approve thee,
Thou canst not fail success.
Now in thy life's bright morning,
No clouds shall intervene,
A glorious future waits thee,
Dear WYOMING MAGAZINE.

E. Hayward.

SECURITY.

Dread mandate of the lightning wild !
 From out the cavernous sky,
 How with tempest lash and appalling crash
 You bid all quail and die !
 But the calm-browed earth
 Echoes back in mirth—
 She only laughs in reply.

Death-dealing arms of the frenzied sea !
 With a prisoner's iron will,
 How you tear and rage at the walls to gauge
 The vengeance born to kill !
 But the white cliffs, grand
 In their firmness stand,
 And shelter the eagle still.

O hate as deep as eternal depths,
 As dark as the starless night !
 O venomous dart that would pierce the heart
 To sightless and deadly blight !
 How impotent are
 Your efforts to mar
 The shining form of Right !

Theron G. Osborne.

A PARABLE.

"My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. —*Psalm 73:26.*

Though mine the palsied arm and trembling limb
 That may no more, as once, my bidding do;
 Though, in my prime, to me 'tis given to feel
 The life-blood gush but feebly from my heart;
 Though racking pains and tortured, restless nerves
 And labored breathing be henceforth my lot;
 Though on my ear the voice of friends may fall
 But faintly; though those that strike the harp,
 Or wake the solemn organ's pealing note,
 Shall seek in vain to rouse the failing sense
 Or please it with the richest harmony;
 Though o'er my eye may gather thickest film
 Which not one ray of light may penetrate,
 And so, from sight and sound of earth shut out
 I o'er it wander, a lone and stricken one.
 Though flesh and heart should fail me utterly,
 Yet *am I strong!* yet unto me is left
 My portion. Not here, not *here*, O Father,
 Grant me my heritage! 'Tis the bosom
 Of *Thy love* I seek. Thence may my strength
 Be drawn forever !

Emily C. Blackman.

THE DESCENT OF NIGHT.

'Tis the mystic hour of twilight,
 And across the barren meadows
 Glints the last pale beam of daylight
 E'er the thicker shadows gather.

Sadly now the wind is sighing,,
 Softly through the aged tree-tops,
 As the weary, patient yeoman
 Homeward turns his willing foot-steps.

Far away the cold, gray mountains,
 Upward rear their lofty summits;
 Standing firm as faithful sentinels
 O'er the valley's peaceful slumbering.

Hushed the sound of daily turmoil,
 Quiet reigns on vale and hill-top,
 As from out the azure covering
 Timidly, the stars come peeping.

"Angel eyes" that watching o'er us,
 Seem to look within our bosoms,
 Searching out from hidden caverns
 All our thoughts of good or evil.

Pale and proud the moon now rises
 Royal Princess of the heavens,
 Robed in more than regal splendor
 Tingeing all the earth with silver.

Night descends in fullest power,
 Wraps the earth in fond embraces.,
 And securely on her bosom
 Silently a world is sleeping.

Marie M. Pursell.

THOSE EYES OF BLUE.

Those eyes of blue ! Those eyes of blue !
 Where beams and kindles eloquence.
 Where happy fancies, ever new,
 Disport in native innocence—
 They seem twin phantoms of a sphere
 That rolls on high, reflected here.

Those eyes of blue ! Those eyes of blue !
 Where tender Mercy has a throne ;
 Where Pity weeps and seems to sue
 For earth's unhappy ones and lone ;—
 They seem two messengers of heaven
 To chase from joy all sorrow's leaven.

Those eyes of blue ! Those eyes of blue !
 Where Goodness speaks and fills the heart ;
 Where laughter, tinged with sorrow's hue,
 Would bid our troubles to depart ;
 They seem a sky beyond our own—
 Reminding us of joys unknown.

E. W. Marshall.

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UNFAILING.

Say, Hannah, can you tell me why the papers of
to-day,
About the marriage bus'ness have so very much to
say?
Is there no such thing as honor now, where Cupid's
bow is hung,
No lovin' like there used to be, when you and I
were young?

'Tis forty years ago, when by the homestead
hearth, dear wife,
We stood afore the preacher and bound ourselves
for life;
Your cheeks were like the roses then, your tresses
dark as night,
While flashin' neath your lashes, dear, was
Heaven's holy light.

I mind me of our sparkin' time, the gladness that
was real,
When you and I together sat close by the spinnin'
wheel,
With the kettle singin' softly just before us on the
hearth,
And both our hearts rejoicin' in the glow of honest
mirth.

Oh! those were happy days, dear, when Love be-
gan to shed
Its blossoms on the pathway that just before us
spread.
And, Hannah, though your tresses dark have long
since turned to gray,
The roses that were on your cheeks are bloom-
in' there to-day.

And as I look at you to-night, you seem the same
to me,
As when I met you first, dear heart, beneath the
old roof-tree;
The music of your voice the same, that cheered
and gladdened so,
In those early days of happiness, some forty years
ago.

We've had our ups and downs, dear wife, with
grief been made acquaint,
But Love has ever held a balm to soften Sorrow's
plaint;
At times, when darkest clouds obscured the day-
light from our way,
How soon they passed, when you, dear wife, bent
silently to pray.

Oh! Hannah, I have often thought, when absent
from your side,
What might have been my lot if you had never
been my bride;

How different might have been the life that love
has gilded so,
If you had not stood by my side, some forty years
ago.

And sittin' by the fire to-night, I fold you in my
arms,
And wonder whether Heaven holds a gift of
sweeter charms;
Enriched by time, your precious life has grown into
my own,
While glad contentment's holy light o'er both our
hearts is thrown.

Though wild the winter night without, with
echoes so forlorn,
Serene as paradise the spot where our first babe
was born,
And though the band is scattered now that once
rejoiced us so,
Thank God the same old love remains of forty
years ago!

It can't be long afore, dear wife, we'll enter
Heaven's day,
For both our heads are holdin' now its glory
streaks of gray,
And though we part this side the grave, the one
who goes afore
Shall briefly wait to greet again the lovin' mate of
yore.

With rounded years of wedded bliss, God's angel
standin' near,
And lovin' as we used to love, oh what have we to
fear?
Eternity shall blossom with the sweetness and the
glow
Of the flower our fond hearts planted some forty
years ago.

Edward A. Niven.

THE LAST KISS.

'Two clinging to a sinking wreck: no sound
But that of waves; alone but for the birds
Above, her arms about her lover wound
At lingering meeting of the lips. No words
Can tell what agony is touched by happiness,
As drift their souls out on a shoreless sea,—
What bitter crowned with sweet in this carress
That links their spirits, one in destiny.

No trace of earthly passion thrills the lips,
Spray-dampened by the chill and longing waves;
'Tis but the seal of earth's companionships
Now closed; the yearning of each soul that
craves

Some token from the loved to bear from here
 Beyond those portals thro' which pass the dead;
 As sweet to die, the heart's best loved one near,
 As live apart the dragging years instead.

Well hath the artist shadowed forth the love
 Of those, true each to each, until the last!
 In brighter hours when they had sought to prove
 Their love by kisses in the joyous past,
 Was there no presage of this last, sad kiss
 Flashed on their spirits, no unspoken fear
 Of something still unknown to mar the bliss
 Of being loved and loving? Joy, when near

Hides well the future suffering: merciful
 In doing so; yet comes a sudden chill
 On our most happy hours, as if so full
 The cup of joy, the sweetest wine must spill
 Untasted. Still, perchance the lips that touch
 In peril may the tenderer message bear
 From soul to soul, in silence, telling much
 Of love unselfish in its own despair.

Ione Kent.

THE LOVER'S IDEAL.

The fairest flower, that lifts her head
 To drink the dews that fall so free,
 Sinks gently down, upon her bed,
 At night, my Love, to dream of thee.

The stars come out to give thee light,
 And throw their radiance round thy form,
 As tho' no other maiden bright
 E'er lived, whose lips with love were warm.

The angles hover o'er thy path,
 With tenderness and love untold,
 And, with the heart an angel hath,
 Their arms about thy spirit fold.

They gaze upon thy beauty, till
 They think of Eve before she fell,
 When thro' their bosoms swept a thrill
 Of love and joy ineffable!

While flowers below, and stars above,
 And angels, sweet your presence deem;
 May you fulfill, in life and love,
 My steadfast heart's more heavenly dream!

D. M. Jones.

SOMETHING ABOUT GEOLOGY.

Imprimis. The classification on the opposite page gives the relative positions of all the more important formations. The Laurentian Hills of Canada belong to the oldest known order of rocks, and until recently were believed to contain no fossils. They were supposed to be the original crust formed by the cooling of the molten earth. It is now believed that these rocks contain abundant evidence of vegetable life in their beds of iron ore and graphite—and Sir J. William Dawson of Montreal has described

the *Eozoon Canadense* as a fossil of a protoplasmic mass found in Laurentian rocks which are therefore not a part of the primitive crust.

NOTES.

1. All rocks consist of the debris of older rocks, disintegrated and reconsolidated.

2. As the earth cooled it contracted and the crust was wrinkled or thrown up into hills which were worn down by wind and water. The particles were deposited or settled in water in level strata which were in time consolidated into rock and subsequently upheaved. This process is now going on.

3. The presence of marine fossils and shells upon the highest mountains shows that they have sometime formed the bed of an ocean.

4. "The everlasting hills" are comparatively a modern improvement.

5. Slow oscillations of surface level are now taking place, as on the coast of Sweden and of Norway and of New Jersey. The city of Quito has settled 62 feet in recent times.

6. The older mountains are not generally as high as the newer. The Andes are of more recent origin than the lower Brazilian.

Coal consists of the remains of the old peat bogs and other vegetable matter which grew where it now lies. The strata of sandstone, shales, limestone, etc. which lie between the coal veins mark the periods of depression of surface, the overflow of water and the deposit of sediment. A bog of peat supporting tree ferns *sigillaria*, *stigmara* and *lycopodiaceae* probably produced about one foot thick of compact matter in a century. Not all coal was produced in the carboniferous age. "We have not less than 100,000 square miles of productive coal areas in the rocks of the Cretaceous and Tertiary Systems west of the Rocky Mountains." *Fred Corss.*

ERAS.	AGES.	PERIODS.	EPOCHS.
CENOZOIC.	<p>MAMMALIAN.</p> <p>(Plant life essentially as at present.)</p> <p>(Brute animals reached maximum in size and numbers. Gigantic hyenas, reindeers, etc. The mastodon, and animals allied to the hog, tapir, etc.)</p>	<p>Quaternary.</p> <p>Tertiary.</p>	<p>{ Terrace. Champlain. Glacial.</p> <p>{ Pliocene. Miocene. Eocene.</p>
MESOZOIC.	<p>REPTILIAN.</p> <p>(Gymnosperms, like Conifers and Cycads and Angio sperms, trees like Elm and Maple.)</p> <p>(Huge Amphibians. Modern types of fish, as herring, perch, &c. Birds with teeth. First known marsupials.)</p>	<p>3. Cretaceous.</p> <p>2. Jurassic.</p> <p>1. Triassic.</p>	<p>{ Wealden. Oolite. Lias.</p> <p>Connecticut River Beds.</p>
PALEOZOIC.	<p>CARBONIFEROUS.</p> <p>(Ferns, Equiseta, Conifera, Sigillaria, &c., in profusion.)</p> <p>(First known Reptiles.)</p>	<p>3. Permian.</p> <p>2. Carboniferous.</p> <p>1. Subcarboniferous.</p>	<p>Coal Measures.</p> <p>Millstone Grit.</p>
	<p>DEVONIAN, Or ages of Fishes.</p> <p>(Tree-ferns, Horse-tails, Trailing Ground Pines.)</p> <p>(First vertebrates. Seas swarm with sharks, and with Ganoid and Placoid Fishes.)</p>	<p>5. Catskill.</p> <p>4. Chemung.</p> <p>3. Hamilton.</p> <p>2. Corniferous.</p> <p>1. Oriskany.</p>	<p>Catskill Red Sandstone.</p> <p>{ Chemung. Portage. Genesee. Hamilton. Marcellus. Upper Helderburg. Schoharie Grit. Cauda-galli Grit. Oriskany Sandstone.</p>
	<p>SILURIAN.</p> <p>(Plants appearing only Sea Weeds and Lycopods, the first terrestrial plant.)</p> <p>(Rhizopods, Sponges, Corals, Crinoids, Star Fishes, Worms, Trilobites, <i>Brachiopods</i>, <i>Gasteropods</i>, <i>Cephalopods</i>.)</p>	<p>2. U. Silurian.</p> <p>3. L. Helderburg.</p> <p>2. Salina.</p> <p>1. Niagara.</p> <p>1. L. Silurian.</p> <p>3. Hudson.</p> <p>2. Trenton.</p> <p>1. Potsdam.</p>	<p>Oneida Conglomerate.</p> <p>Trenton Limestone.</p> <p>Potsdam Sandstone.</p>
EOZOIC.	<p>(Ages of Eozoon Canadense.)</p>	<p>2. Laurentian.</p> <p>1. Huronian.</p>	

LUZERNE ESSENTIALS.

* * A line passing over the deepest part of Wyoming Valley, through Glen Lyon, Wilkes-Barre, and Pittston, may be regarded as the geological center-line of Luzerne County.

* * Sinking a vertical shaft upon this line, we would pass through some drift and quicksand, and possibly a Permian bed of limestone, into about 900 hundred feet of coal measures; then in succession through about 300 feet of Pottsville conglomerate, about 1000 feet of Mauch Chunk red shale, about 600 feet of Pocono conglomerate, about 5000 feet of Catskill shales, about 2500 feet Chemung shales,—down to primordial granite.

* * Walking northward from the medial line, we would cross a mile or two of coal-measures, and come, near the top of Kingston mountain, to Pottsville conglomerate; passing this, we find either a narrow little valley or a plateau of softer Mauch Chunk red shale; then we would set foot upon a high, prominent ridge of Pocono conglomerate (a harder and finer grit than the Pottsville;) from that, we would descend to a plateau of Catskill shales. On this plateau we would gradually rise until we came to Dallas, where in some cuts of Toby's Creek, we might find some Chemung. To this point, all the formations would come up under each other from the Wyoming canoe, but would then make a broad fold before dipping into a shallow trough on the north.

* * If we go south from Pittston from our central line, we would cross in a similar manner, the coal-measures, the Pottsville grit, Mauch Chunk red shale, and arrive on the Pocono plateau, which for many square miles covers the lower formations. West of Bear Creek, it does not succeed in doing this, but as we should have expected, the Catskill and Chemung rise on the north side from under the Wyoming canoe, and then turn downward again to form a deep trough for Nescopeck valley and the Hazleton coal-beds. A line along the highest part of this fold, extending over Pocono plateau, and Wapwallopen Creek, marks the trend of an upheaval. Wapwallopen Valley, geologically, is a mountain.

* * As shown, there existed at one time in Luzerne County, two great mountain ridges, one extending north-east and south-west through Dallas, and the other in a parallel direction where Wapwallopen Creek now is. Those localities were then at least 7000 feet higher than at present, and the magnificent Wyoming Valley of early Mesozoic time was fifteen miles broad!

* * The powers which caused the present appearance of the surface were erosion and glacial "scrubbing." The Catskill at Dallas, and the Chemung (and lower rocks) at Wapwallopen, were once over-topped by the Pocono, and perhaps

higher formations. These have been swept off, and remain only to form an obstinate ridge around the great coal valley.

* * Our central line is known in geology as the Lackawanna Synclinal. The line along the old southern mountain crest is called the Berwick, or Montour Anticlinal. The line through Dallas is known as the Milton Anticlinal, or the flattened east end of Buffalo Mountain. (Union County.)

* * The greatest force in affecting this wonderful transformation was the huge glacier that 250,000 years ago capped the northern Hemisphere. Luzerne County has the honor of containing a section of the southern limit, or "terminal moraine," of this ice-ocean. It makes a straggling line, marked by deposits of bowlders, from Sandy Run on the Lehigh, across Hell Kitchen Mountain, down Nescopeck Valley until opposite Berwick, when it crosses to the north into Salem Township, and Columbia County.

* * North of this line are ponds, hills of debris, softened contours, etc., not to be found in the Hazleton region.

* * The great trough of Chemung shale that goes down from the Wapwallopen line under Hazleton, embraces a Pottsville conglomerate plateau, in the narrow valleys of which are 14 basins of coal. They are comparatively small and shallow.

* * It is safe to say that if the great glacier extended that far south, many of these would have been scrubbed out of existence.

* * The coal-beds of Hazleton were once united with those of Wilkes-Barre, 20 miles distant, as is shown by the coincidence of the veins.

* * The elevation of three prominent points above sea-level are: Wilkes-Barre, 500; Dallas, 1105; Hazleton, 1612.

W. George Powell.

BEYOND OUR KEN.

Thought is the oldest thing in the universe. The world was a thought before it became a world. The building of a temple is a labor of the hand—but the creation of it is the conception. Without modification or change, every leaf and flower is only a repetition of the same exact design that the Creator conceived before a flower or a leaf grew. The plan made in the beginning was intended for all eternity.

But how are the children of the brain bred by Fancy and Memory? What power creates the multitude that crowd across the dusty highway of our minds

and vanish in the obscurity whence they came? Are they immortal spirits that fill a world beyond our *ken*? Where is this windowless workshop—where this silent, mysterious workshop, where thoughts have their birth? We do not ask how May trims every twig with blossoms, or how the blue violets blow, but whence came the thought that become the flower?

It is not hard to fancy a conscious soul in every leaf, or that nature is charmed with her own sweet breath; or that the stars look down upon us like a net-work of dew-drops from the fields above, where they wait until the morning unfurls the orient with gold. Yet neither the stars in the misty night, nor the sea, that like time, swallows humanity, are conscious of our presence.

The winds seem to whisper to us, the leaves seem to kiss our cheek, the pliant grass bows in obeisance to our feet, and every charmed spot seems to smile a welcome for us; until we feel that Nature is almost humanly tender, almost spiritual, almost infinite, almost Divine. Nevertheless she has no sympathy for us and more carefully protects the frailest flower than humanity. The birds and flowers do not need us. We drink from the same spring, and gather our food from the same fields, yet we can do nothing for them, or they for us.

The mind is a great book. Memory, sight, and thought turn the leaves. Without any visible cause, the leaves turn back and forth.

Time can only lay its hand upon the body. The soul will ever be as young as when it first emanated from divinity. Man on earth is but a captive spirit in a material body—an unconsulted visitor. Birds and flowers have no higher destiny than that of earth, but man, with no knowledge of his origin, has implanted within him an intuition of his divine origin and a conscious immortality.

S. R. Smith.

A FEMALE POET.

In response to the editor's request for contributions, in the last issue of the WYOMING MAGAZINE, we received a call the other day from a dashing young lady. She was gorgeously arrayed, and in the various articles of her apparel that were visible to the editorial eye, might be discovered not only all the primary colors, but also the various combinations obtainable from them, and she sailed into our sanctum, a veritable cyclone of feminine grace and beauty, and after inquiring if the editor was within, and being assured that he whom she addressed was that august personage, she at once stated her mission.

"I called," she said, with a pretty hesitancy in her speech, "with a few verses that I have composed, and I have read in your magazine that you desired some contributions of a literary character, so I thought perhaps you would like to print them," and from the innermost depths of a blue plush hand-bag, with nickle trimmings, she drew about a ream of lavender-colored, musk-scented note paper, neatly tied together with a light blue ribbon.

We instinctly fished the waste basket from beneath the table, and more firmly grasped our green pencil. (Most editors use a blue pencil, but we think green is more suggestive looking, especially when it is run through about three-fourths of an article on "Is Marriage a Failure.")

"If you have a few moment of leisure," she said, "I will read some extracts from them." We glanced hastily at a dozen new books sent in for review, a market-basket full of manuscripts, and ten galleys of proof yet unread, and replied that we were at leisure, and would be pleased to listen.

"The first," she said, "is entitled 'Saturday Night,' and starts off as follows:

'The week of toil is o'er
With its sorrows and its cares;
We are one week nearer the shore—
Nearer the Golden Stairs.'

"You can judge," she said, "from this sample verse of its merit, there are twenty stanzas in all, and a deep religious tone runs through the whole of it."

We assured her that it was very fine and that undoubtedly she had poetic genius. She then proceeded with another called "The Poet."

"Not every one can be a poet,
And sing a roundelay,
No more than a sheep can be a goat,
Or flowers bloom in a day."

"This," she said, expresses the true conception of the gift of poesy," and as she was in the business, we did not dissent from her statement.

Another effusion upon the same subject commenced:

"Tis he who is a poet truly,
Who sings his heart's desire
Who never thinks the muse unruly,
Who to grand flights aspire!"

The next was entitled "Dandelions," the first verse of which she read as follows:

"Strewn thickly o'er the meadow
With golden heads upraised
Is this queen of early flowers,
Singing welcome summers praise."

We were not before aware that dandelions were musically inclined, but supposing it was only a poetic license to preserve the euphony, we said naught, and nodded our head to proceed. "This," she said, "is also in praise of summer, that poetic, soul-inspiring season of the year, and I have headed it 'The Blue Bird':"

'On twig and bush his song is heard
Proclaiming summer near,
With gladsome ear his song is heard—
His notes are shrill and clear!"

"Gladsome ear" is good, we thought, but said nothing, and appreciatively beamed upon her, signifying our willingness to hear some more of her wonderful poetry. But our expectations were doomed to disappointment, for she arose and said she had read enough to show the elevated character of her productions, and to prove that the divine afflatus was upon her, and she would leave the package with

us for consideration, and after we had taken a solemn oath to be very careful to not lose it and also to put it in our burglar and fire-proof safe at night, she arose, shook out her attire and departed, leaving us in a dazed sort of condition.

AS O'ER YOUR GRAVE.

As o'er your grave the chilling snow
In stillness lying;
As 'round your tomb the night winds low
With sadly sighing—
So, dreary thoughts my bosom fill,
So creeps my heart's slow murmuring rill,
I feel as if my sense and will
Were dead or dying.

Yet not more dear is sacred shrine
To pilgrim holy,
Than is to me that tomb of thine
Silent and lowly;
When o'er its hallowed earth I stray,
I feel as if your mouldring clay
Could quicken into life, and stay
My melancholy.

I brood upon my heart, as thoughts
Are backward roaming
With you thro' well remembered spots
In fair Wyoming:
Oh! would that once again I might;
But ah! e'en hope gives fitful light—
I see, but with a blind man's sight,
Beyond the gloaming.

Your tender love, your eye's soft beams,
To me so feal,
Still light my soul, and fill my dreams
With rapture real;
But, O, this fancy's powers so spread
A halo 'round my heart and head
I feel I neither dree nor dread
Nor death—nor sheol.

My lost one! thou wert once my trope
Of life's bright story;
The blossom on my dawn of hope,
A morning glory.
But ah! how brief thy earthly stay—
A rainbow on some scattered spray,
A blush upon the face of day—
So transitory.

No mortal sense can now reveal
Your presence to me;
'Tis gone from earth, but yet I feel
Your spirit thro' me.
O, not more strange that you should die
And live again in realms on high,
Than that you lived in days gone by
Or ever knew me.

Patient, I wait the silent pall
That cloaks the mortal;
Hopeful, I rest to hear the call
Of voice exortal.
Be thou my love, a spirit sweet,
A lamp unto my heart and feet,
My guide thro' life until we meet
At heaven's portal.

Dr. J. T. Doyle.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

Perhaps there never was quite such another school, nor so quaint and strange a Master. It seems that both existed in another age than this, and yet the heads of those who will remember it all with the golden dreams of youth, are now scarce more than turning gray. But the Master slumbers in the little churchyard whither his footsteps had oft so reverently strayed in life, and the school house is a pitiful wreck upon the lonely way. School and Master, each were the last of their kind, and 'tis wonderful that they had battled so long against the march of these modern things that now contrast so vividly with them.

When last I saw the village which knew the Master and his school, my heart smote me with keenest pain. The lavish splendor of a harvest moon gleamed from a cloudless sky, and, alone and lonely, I dwelt upon memories that swept my soul like a dream of the cradle song my mother used to sing me—even there. Above me rose the shadow of the mighty mountain upon whose distant summit I was born. In that far time, and many, many years before, this had been a happy spot. Peace and plenty blessed the place; here was the kindly word, the generous deed, the warm, warm heart. Now everything so changed. The silence of the grave brooded above it all, no welcome voice, no hand to greet extended. Deserted, wretched, lonely. All gone. Beyond the circling hills that rimmed the little vale, the last, heart-broken wanderer long since had sped, leaving his heart behind him in the dear old places. And, stopping as he passed the little church yard where all the dead in dreamless rest were lying, maybe he envied them that could still remain forever there—there with God's whisper in the lonely woods, and the sweet, sweet peace upon them evermore.

Many a long day had the patient Master toiled in that wondrous school, and often, in the passing years, when the sons and daughters of those who themselves had

once been learners in that very place, bowed to his scepter, the winds would waft from the great big world beyond the circled hills, a name that fame had touched with something of glory and honor, and which had often answered his roll call in other days. "Good," the Master would say, his heart aglow with pride; "I laid the foundation for that." Yea, gentle Master, many a strong and sturdy life was builded on the firm foundation that you had made! He had crude methods, maybe, and these new kinks in pedagogics, now-a-days, would perhaps have been little less of mystery to him than Egypt's pyramids might be to most of us, and yet he taught that which he did teach, well. He wrote a hand like copper-plate, could do well with mathematics, and was complete master of the old fashioned spelling books. That was about all, and that was enough for the place and the possibilities of the place. It was "a foundation," as he was wont to say, himself, and there are men to-day who have builded high thereon.

Next to being a good penman, the Master's heart loved a good speller. His spelling class was ever the battle ground of the school, and many hath its heroes been. On its fierce arena what struggles there were, what glorious triumphs, what sore defeats! To be at the head of one's spelling class in that school was to be the palm-crowned. Never strove Athenian youth to gain the scholar's scroll, nor Roman lad to wear the warriors wreath with braver heart or truer persistence than he who sought the speller's lead in that quaint old school. "The head of the class!" Ah, what an envious place. See, when the hour comes, the eager look that lights up the face of even the dullest urchin. Lo! now shall there be a clash of skillful brain not less exciting than the clash of Damascus blades. The Master fills his huge old wooden pipe with tobacco, and as he lights it, the flame from the burning sprig makes brighter the twinkle in his eye, showing his own eager

anticipation. The great spelling battles are always fought in the older class, and now it arrays itself in the allotted place, down the side of the room on the Master's right. Each boy and girl takes his rightful position, the leader with firm lips set determinedly, number two restless and watchful, and every one with senses feverishly alert. And so the battle rages with its various fortunes, its triumphs, its defeats, its gains and losses. The whole school watches with bated breath, till all is over. Then those who have wrung glory from the fray return proudly with springing step to their places on the long benches, and the scarred, conquered ones, hide their faces in their hands upon the rough desk before them, while sometimes a little sob and tear-stained eye betrays the sorrow of a wounded heart. And out in the low-roofed cabins to-night the tale of the struggle will be told, and yet to-morrow night again, and so till another generation has taken the places of these who fight to-day. Such was the master, and such his school.

There were once two girls who led the spelling class. They had each held respectively the first and second place in the line for many weeks, and each was uniformly perfect at recital. They grew so sincerely jealous of each other's skill, and the battle between them had grown so fierce, that all the other combats of that winter paled into insignificance. The news of each day's results became to be as eagerly looked for in the village as those at home look for news from fields of war. Day after day the fight went on as changeless as the rise of sun. The leader held her place, her rival at her side, but never a misplaced letter, never a single slip. But lo! there came an evil hour at last. The leader stumbled. It was just one letter, and in the flash of an instant she saw her doom and made one wild effort to regain her lost vantage ground. Too late, too late! Her foeman leaped instantly into the breach, her lips rang out the corrected syllable, and the stroke for which she had waited

through weary weeks of patient watchfulness to strike, fell on her rival's unhappy head. A thrill swept through the school, the master stood rooted to the floor, and then there fell a deep hush upon it all. For there was cause for silence then. The old leader's face had turned vastly white, she tottered an instant, and before the master could catch her in his arms she had fallen to the floor. When they raised her up, the blood had spurted from her nostrils, and she seemed like one dead.

The next day, however, the vanquished came to school. She had been soon revived from her faint, and although she had suffered much that night, and was ill able to venture out next day, nothing could detain her. Pale and haggard, with deep, black lines beneath her eyes, and marks of suffering upon her face, she took the second place in the class. And the next day she was there again, and the next, and so the old battle went on, neither of the girls missing a word. The situation continued till the next to the last day of the term had arrived, and it seemed beyond a doubt that the new leader would hold her advantage to the end and carry off the honors. One by one the scholars took their accustomed seats, that day, and at last the master's rap demanded silence. The great flat book was opened and the roll call begun.

"Mary MacDonald."

No answer. At once every eye sweeps the room.

What! the leader of the spelling class absent? Now, here, was a sensation. Absent, sure enough. Then she would be compelled to vacate the head of the class at the last day, for such was the penalty imposed on an absentee. An hour passed, and still she did not appear, and yet another hour, and the time had come for the spelling class to recite. And the old leader took her place again at the head. Her face flushed with pride, her lips quivered with the joy of victory regained. It was not such a victory as she would

have best desired, but victory, nevertheless. For had she not fought every fate, in sickness and in health, to come every day to school? And it was to the enduring as well as to the skillful that triumph belonged. Yet, hold! there is a hand on the school-house door, there is a foot on the threshold. Every scholar turns, and then, there rings to the rafters of that old school-house one wild, ungovernable cheer:

"Mary MacDonald! Mary MacDonald!"

And there, for an instant, like a queen, she stood. In unkempt splendor her long hair fell about her shoulders, and her eye blazed with a lustre sublime. Then she strode to the head of the class, and a moment later the girl's mother rushed wildly into the room.

"Where is she, master? _ Where is my poor girl?" The frightened woman cried. "She nearly died last night, she was so ill, and when I went to get her a cooling drink just now, she ran from the house and came here."

Of course the battle was pushed no farther. There was no spelling lesson again that term. The honors were declared equal, and both the girls were victors.

Many years have passed since then, but the memory of that famous struggle lives unforgotten. There are men who have since carried the flag of our country through scenes of carnage and death who remember that moment in the old school-house with clearer vision than they remember much that is of graver import. The tale comes down to me with the general history of the time and place, and I treasure it and all the rest as a man will treasure the homely memories of his native plains. And often, seeing that no worthier hand essays the duty, I write these recollections down, although it be in but an humble way. For, may be, the weeds of forgetfulness might grow over them, someday, even as the briar thorn and the wild flowers of the dear old church yard in the far off hills are growing above the master's grave.

John S. McGroarty.

A PLEA FOR STUDENT-TEACHERS.

One of the questions that occasionally agitates the minds of educators is, how to improve their profession. This question has suggested itself not only to educators, as those more directly interested in the improvement, but to philosophers, philanthropists, statesmen, of all ages. It is a question whose answer is as important as any at present occupying the attention of the public. Improvement in teaching means a great deal more than an increase of salary, an elevation of the personal respectability of the teacher; it means an advance in civilization, a higher plane of morality, a greater proportion of men more nearly perfect in physique, in intellect, in soul. Though teachers may be urged personally to devise means to advance their financial standing, social respectability and professional reputation, there are many who view their occupations from a much more laudable standpoint and aim for the improvement with a far less selfish purpose. This difference of motive is discovered to a greater or less extent in the efforts for improvement in every branch of physical exertion. The allwise Creator of infinite goodness, wisdom and power, has thus constituted the springs of action of the human being that, when he selfishly labors for his own development, he likewise benefits humanity in general.

There are, as a result of the two classes mentioned, two sources from which educators can draw for the advancement of their profession. The one is, what I will call, the theoretical, philosophical source; the other the practical, less noble source. The one consists of an abstract study of the fundamental principles of the human being, endeavoring by a conscientious interpretation of those principles to develop a scheme which may crown itself with a perfect human being, an approach to the purpose which the Creator intended for us. The other views the pupil rather as a being upon whom some pet methods of

instruction which have proven successful in experience may be used. Generally advice from this source is obtained at considerable expense. The enthusiastic teacher, anxious to improve, will use both.

He who would be a true educator should not permit himself to rely entirely and singly upon those methods and principles which his own native ability, as developed by his education, suggests.

This is too often the case. The general opinion of a teacher conceives him to be a person well grounded in the common branches with a smattering of some few of the higher ones transferred from a curriculum, intended not so much to train teachers as to develop the intellect, to the school-room. Preparation in the way of a study of the history of education, of the principles developed in that history, of methods, present and past, based upon that history, is too often, yea generally, considered even among teachers a superfluous investigation of useless precepts, mere theory, good enough for books but not for life. Can we wonder, then, that teaching is not viewed with its due respect? Is it possible that any one can become a doctor, lawyer, clergyman with so little and such careless preparation as is required for a teacher? Do lawyers, doctors, clergymen, when established in their profession, show the same spirit of indifference to progress, to new ideas, as teachers? Teachers, developed quickly and easily, remain in a state of ignorance of their profession, unless urged to activity and improvement by fear rather than inclination.

These remarks are not applicable to every teacher, but are they not true in general? As proof, may not the questions for examination be instanced, when few, very few, enter the real sphere of educational activity? The reason for the fewness is easily discovered. Such questions whenever introduced evidence a step in the right direction. Every teacher should have as complete a knowledge of the child's faculties and their relation to his work, as study

can give. Every teacher should be as fully, nay, more fully informed in the history of education than he is in the history of his own country. Every teacher should be thoroughly grounded in the principles of education developed from the experience of the past and presented, a heritage of wonderful value, to the present as a guide and support.

Many suppose that a teachers' protective organization will elevate the profession. Do lawyers, doctors, clergymen, have protective organizations? It is a recognized principle that skilled labor needs no protection. Teachers protect themselves best and only when they improve themselves in a more thorough appreciation of their work. A teachers organization that educates its members will be a benefit, but a mere union of members intending no such purpose, will result in little more than a social union. The great labor organizations fully appreciate that merit demands recognition, and constantly urge their followers to educate themselves. Teachers must raise themselves, if they wish to improve their public respectability. He who deserves honor and credit generally receives it.

A study of the theory of education seems to me to be a fundamental requisite in every teacher. It may be said that many a man has been a successful teacher who had no such study before he began his work. Yes, but how much better he would have succeeded, how many mistakes he might have avoided, how many children he might have guided when he was ignorant of the method, had he possessed what such study would have given! Principles are like beacon lights to the sailor, pointing the way. Practice without principles is uncertain, changeable, hesitating. The born teacher we hear so often instanced, who possesses the tact, the manner, the inborn something, etc., to interest and train his pupils, will be much more successful if he strengthens his native power with some educational truth. I desire to urge, sincerely,

not in a spirit of criticism but a real and pure interest in the position and pay of the teacher, that he should not forget the great truths, the wisdom of the ages, handed down to us from former educators, that he should learn these truths and should endeavor to profit by them.

There is, however, another source of improvement which is less chargeable with the cry of useless theory. This is, the study of methods of education. To the minds of many, information and suggestion when drawn from this source are more valuable, because much less general and correspondingly more adaptable than those obtained from general principles. The ordinary mind deals more easily with particulars than generals; hence the dislike of general abstract statements and the liking for particular ones, and hence, also, the greater demand for books on methods and schools of methods than for books and schools of principles. In fact, however, it is very difficult for the analytic mind, to separate the valuable method from the principle on which it is founded. No true method exists that has no reason for it somewhere in the peculiar constitution of the human being. We may not know just what the reason is, though we do know that the method works well.

It is not absolutely necessary to fully understand general principles in all their bearings in practical teaching. In many departments of school work, especially in our closely graded systems, the work of the teacher approaches nearer to the domain of art than of science. Year after year a supply of new pupils finds the same stumbling blocks which must be met by the same methods. These are here a much greater necessity than anything else. They are, in fact, the greater part of what is called teaching. The questions that suggest themselves to the recruit at teaching are not directed to principles; they pertain rather to practice, such as—how can I interest, how can I govern, how can I *clearly* explain this difficulty, etc. The

recruit seeks to answer them by experience, personal or general.

Nowhere is improvement in teaching greater than in this field. The principles of education are rarely discarded, the methods frequently. Live, wide-awake teaching shows itself in its numerous and novel methods. Educational periodicals are to a great extent devoted to the explanation of successful methods and are popular as they pursue this purpose.

Normal schools and experience are the two chief sources for methods. The advantages of Normal schools in developing teachers and thus tending to elevate the teachers' profession, cannot be doubted. Their purpose and aim both speak in no uncertain sound to this effect. The degree to which they accomplish their end, or to which they have accomplished it, is matter of opinion and dispute. In a well regulated system of such schools demanding a high grade of work before granting a diploma, the purpose would surely be satisfactorily accomplished. The efficiency of these schools depends upon the will of the people. As an impetus to the improvement of teaching they cannot be depreciated. They do a noble work. The graduates of these schools, however, are not necessarily the most efficient teachers. The practice and wisdom gained by instruction must be supplemented by the more valuable and richer wisdom obtained by real teaching free from the restraint of a superintending instructor. The experience of Normal schools is constantly improving their teaching. Many educators have reached a high degree of efficiency who have never attended such institutions. Experience is an important element in the value of every teacher.

No conscientious or enthusiastic educator will rest satisfied with his own experience. He will seek to learn the results obtained by others and to adopt their valuable methods. The self-satisfied thought that teachers, like poets, are born, not made, is not valid. A comparison of methods

and their results must be of value. There is some grain of truth in every successful way of putting a subject. The more methods a teacher knows, the more fully he grasps his subject. It is one thing to know, but a quite different thing to teach others to know. Mind when brought into contact with mind improves. Every teacher should, therefore, place himself into communication with the world of teachers beyond his own local sphere.

Teachers sometimes say or think, "What's the use of expending money on teacher's books or papers? The people, the directors, our superiors will not esteem us higher for it!" This is not true. A progressive teacher's work will soon cause favorable comment. Parents soon learn that there is a master spirit guiding their children and will speak highly of their progress. But commendation should not be their only incentive. The duty and purpose of every human being is progress. The Creator intended that we should labor and find reward in labor. Indolence and lack of desire for improvement is nowhere more reprehensible than in the teacher. The world about him, moving forward, urged on by the busy, enterprising citizen, should forcibly remind him that he must keep pace or drop behind; for it cannot be possible that educators alone can stand still and fulfill their duties. Pride is a powerful factor in improvement. Would it not be gratifying if teachers could pride themselves in the real high merit of the public school system? Would they not by establishing this merit raise for themselves a monument which would speak constantly for a juster recognition of the teacher? Must they not, to accomplish this, seek to improve themselves?

J. C. Lange.

NOTES.

The contribution by Emily C. Blackman in the January issue entitled "A Parable" should have been headed "A Paraphrase."

Miss Blackman informs us that the Cooper homestead was destroyed by fire some time ago.

THE STICKIT POET. AN EXAMPLE.

The poet told the story well,
Consummate art and taste revealing,
But still it lacked the potent spell
To rouse the reader's deepest feeling.

Passion and pride were all portrayed,
As only he who felt could do it;
He saw the promised land, but stayed
His step before he quite got to it.

Where is the poet's promised land,
How shall he find its secret portal?
To probe the heart with deftest hand
Shall make his name and verse immortal.

Fred Corss.

HUMOROUS.

The first time Bob saw a mulley cow, he cried,
"O, see that bald-headed cow!"

One time little Nell, aged four, said: "Ma, how do people get married?" Her mother explained to her and she said, with great anxiety, "I bet I'll make a botch of it."

The first time May heard a hen cackle, she said,
"O, Ma, hear that hen lay."

A little girl, on hearing her mother's guest speak of a step-mother, expressed a desire to see one. She said she wanted to see how she stepped.

A little boy once asked his mother, if she had not been his mother who would have been his mother.

A little child was put to bed by her mother one very cold night, and according to custom, she knelt down by the bedside to say her prayers, which consisted of a verse or two of poetry, and the Lord's prayer, afterwards to ask God to bless each member of the family individually. Being cold, she repeated the poetry and the Lord's prayer as rapidly as possible and then said; "God bless mama, God bless papa, God bless the whole pack of 'em."

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VOLUME I

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A LEGEND OF THE NAY AUG.

Ye, who from the cares of living,
From life's trials and tribulations,
From its worry and vexation,
Turn to find some relaxation
For the weary mind and body—
Listen to this Indian legend,
To this well night lost tradition :

Where the Lackawanna mingles
With the winding Susquehanna,
And the hills that hug the rivers
Seem to loosen their embrace,
Widening into fair Wyoming,
Stood the little Indian village,
Where Nay Auga passed her childhood.

Nay Auga, the roaring water,
Daughter of the people's chieftain,
Was the fairest of the maidens
Who assembled at the husking.
When the yellow maize was garnered ;
Was the loveliest of all women
In the valley of Wyoming,
In the fair and peaceful valley.

Many suitors came to woo her,
All the young men of the valley
Vainly sought the way to win her ;
Brought her presents, beads and wampum,
Plume of hawk and plume of eagle,
Hoping thus that they might please her ;
But she would not smile on any.
So, at last, they came to call her
Em-a-wa, the frozen maiden.

And the reason of her coldness :
There had come a fair young stranger
From the Delaware, afar off,
To the wigwam of her father,
Bringing him a stately message
From the sachem of the people,
From the head of all the nation.
And her father made him welcome
Bade him tarry in his wigwam
Till a moon or two had wasted,
That he might join in the hunting,
And the fishing on the rivers.
And the stranger, not opposing,
Lingered in the old man's dwelling,
Loitering about the village,

Until three full moons had wasted ;
Till the old man grew impatient
That his guest should be departing
To the land that he had come from ;
Till he spoke to him in this wise ;
Called the youth and thus addressed him :

" Thou, who came to me the bearer
Of a message from the sachem,
From the very chief of chieftains,
Whom we all obey and honor—
Think not I would speed thy going,
But the winter soon will be here,
And the mountains filled with snow-drifts,
So that he who seeks to cross them
Only finds a spot to perish ;
Therefore would it not be better
That at once you make the journey,
Ere the winter is upon us
And your friends think you have tarried
Until something ill befel you. "

Paused the youth before he answered ;
Hung his head awhile in silence.
Speaking out then very slowly :

" I had been at home ere this time,
In the lodges of my people,
Were I now as when I came here.
But my heart is stolen from me
And I marked not how time fled,
Swifter than a startled red deer
When he scents approaching danger.
Quickly now I will be going,
And, oh chief! I would take with me
As my bride, the Roaring Water,
Nay Auga, your lovley daughter.
She my heart has stolen from me,
She the one who made me tarry. "

Spake the stranger youth in this wise,
And the old man hearking to him
Glared with angry eyes upon him
Scarcely let him finish speaking,
Ere he bade him go, nor linger
Longer in Wyoming Valley,
Lest, indeed, harm should befall him.
Would not listen to his pleading
Of his love for Roaring Water ;
Heaped upon his head reproaches
That he sought to steal his daughter ;

And at last the youth departed,
 Sadly took the pathway homeward,
 Through the woodland and the mountains,
 Grieving for fair Roaring Water,
 For the haughty chieftains daughter.

This the cause Nay Auga's coldness
 To the youths who came to woo her.

"Choose a husband from the warriors
 Who reside within the valley,"
 Often said her father to her;
 But she did not seem to hear him
 For the youthful stranger's picture
 Rose before her like a shadow,
 Bidding her await his coming,
 Bidding her be ever faithful.

So five springs has passed and wasted;
 Five times had the rivers struggled
 To burst from their frozen ice bonds,
 Filling all the air with thunder
 Till the hills threw back the echoes
 As the ice was rent asunder.
 Five times had the forest labored
 And brought forth its leafy vesture,
 Clothed itself in robes of emerald.
 Five times had the maize been planted,
 Nursed and tended by the women,
 While its silken tassels fluttered
 In the breezes of the summer.
 Five times had the ears been gathered
 Mid the laughter of the maidens.
 Five times had the winter stolen
 Like a silent thief upon them,
 Snatched the leaves from off the branches,
 Overcame the mighty rivers,
 Covered all the land with snow-ropes,
 While Nay Auga, still unwedded,
 For the youth's return awaited;
 Grieved and sighed because he came not.

Often did she say at morning,
 "He will come before to-morrow;"
 And at eve when he had come not—
 "Maybe he will come to-morrow."
 But the morrow did not bring him,
 And her heart grew sick with waiting,
 And her eyes grew tired watching,
 And her ears grew weary listening
 For the steps of him who came not.
 Then unto herself she murmured:
 "Oh, my loved one, I have waited,
 But you have been long in coming,
 And my heart has well nigh perished.
 All the joy is dead within me,
 I shall die if here I linger,
 Therefore I will go and seek thee."

Swiftly up the mountain pathway,
 Like a frightened doe she fled,
 Ran with eager footsteps onward.
 Paused not till she fell exhausted
 On the grey moss of the forest

Many a mile from where she started.
 Then she saw her lover standing
 On a mossy ridge before her,
 Beckoning to her to approach him.
 "Loved one, loved one, I am coming,"
 Cried she as she hurried to him,
 But the shadow answered nothing,
 Drawing back as she pressed onward
 Kept receding still before her,
 Beckoning yet for her to follow.
 And she followed through the forest,
 Calling oft for him to tarry,
 That her feet might overtake him;
 But he neither paused or answered,
 Only beckoned her to follow.
 Over mountain and through valley,
 Through the groves of pine and hemlock,
 O'er the twisting Lackawanna,
 Fringed along with birch and maple.
 Up the hills that lie beyond it
 Led the shadow without pausing
 Till above a foaming cascade
 Of a brook far up the mountain
 On a mossy rock o'er hanging
 High above the white-capped water,
 Paused the shadow for her coming,
 Stretched his arms out to embrace her;
 And Nay Auga did not linger,
 Ran with eager footsteps forward
 Crying, "oh, at last, my loved one,"
 Threw her willing arms around him.
 And the phantom drew her to him,
 Tightly wound his arms around her
 And leaped down into the waters
 Carrying the fond maiden with him.

There below the falling water,
 On the yellow sand they found her;
 And her people marveled greatly
 That within her frigid embrace,
 Closely clasped unto her bosom,
 Should be held the gastly frame-work
 Of what once had been a warrior.

Thus the fairest of the maidens
 In the valley of Wyoming,
 Nay Auga, the Roaring Water,
 Perished in her youth and beauty.
 And the Indians ever after
 Called the fall, the Fall of Nay Aug.
 Now a stranger race and people
 Hold the valley of Wyoming,
 And the vale of Lackawanna,
 And no more the Indian footsteps
 Echo in the mighty forests;
 For they both have well nigh vanished,
 Both the Indian and the forest,
 But the fall is still called Nay Aug
 And the brook is still the Roaring.

W. E. Perry.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LUZERNE BAR.

HON. EDMUND L. DANA.

In passing from the occupancy of Judge Jessup to the present time, we find great changes in matters relating to the judiciary of Luzerne county. Some of her judges are enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* in honorable retirement, while others in the prime of life exercise the judicial power.

With the astonishing advancement of population, wealth and enterprise, ascribable to the opening of coal mines, there has been a corresponding increase of legal business; to accomplish which would be well-nigh impossible, without the present facilities afforded by mails, railroads, etc., some idea of which may be obtained from the following returns from the postoffice department.

In 1838 mails were carried on 1,900 miles of railroad, with 12,000 postoffices, and four and a quarter millions of revenue.

In 1888 mails were carried on 140,000 miles of railroad, while there was 57,000 postoffices yielding a revenue of fifty and a half millions. The postage on a letter from New York to Boston in 1838 was twenty-five cents, in 1888 the postage was two cents. The American system of postage rates is by far the cheapest in the service. The postage may grow cheaper as the department continues to overcome the deficiency between receipts and expenditures.

These facts will, furthermore, enable us to comprehend in a measure, the stride that has been made in the past half century, for the grand march of improvement involves many of the enterprises that have given to this county a distinguished place in the world's progress.

In passing onward, from the time of those jurists who have been gathered to their rest, we approach the time of the Luzerne judges who remained with us; and many will remember that when an ad-

dress was to be made during the early years of the professional life of Edmund L. Dana, he was selected as ranking first among the local legal orators of the day.

In early life he exhibited the dawning of an unusually vigorous intellect, and having received a regular classical education he kept up a familiarity with the historians and philosophers of antiquity. Although he took cordially to the law, he indulged in philosophical reveries and his higher aspirations were devoted to literary culture.

In considering the characteristics of his eloquence it is observed that he was not only free from measured sententiousness, and tiresome attempts at antithesis, but that he was not indebted for his success to wit, humor or sarcasm. His great excellence was devotion, earnestness and energy, impressing his arguments with a force which seemed to compel conviction.

Throughout all his speeches there was no tiresome length, no weakness, no dullness, no flagging, but there was in his reasoning a lively statement of pointed, logical and triumphant facts. His acquaintance with the best ancient and modern writers, supplied him with a correct, chaste, forcible and musical diction in which to express his thoughts.

His scholarship included a far wider range of general culture than is ordinarily possessed by educated young men, and he had moreover an intense fastidiousness of taste and thought, which made in him absolute perfection its ideal.

One of his first orations was an argumentation and eloquent dissertation remarkable for the beauty of its style and cogency of its reasoning.

His language, notably pure and correct, was that of a finished classical scholar, and in his writing is discernable the care with which he formed his style upon the best models of antiquity.

His manners though dignified were simple and unaffected, his style pleasing and attractive, serves as well to persuade by

the beauty and refinement of manner, as to convince by the mere force of argument.

He early evinced a decided taste for military life, and in the Mexican war was voluntarily engaged in active and important duties. Leaving Wilkes-Barre on the morning of December 7th, 1846, in command of the Wyoming Artillerists, which company it is recorded had the honor of receiving the first fire of the Mexicans, and for their gallantry in service, on their return to the valley, the Wyoming troops were enthusiastically welcomed, the people manifesting their rejoicing with tumultuous shouts, tears of joy, firing of cannon and other demonstrations of deep emotion.

For another war, the 143d Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was organized on the 18th of October, 1862, Edmund L. Dana, Colonel. And on the 7th of November broke camp and proceeded to the seat of the rebellion.

They were among the most trusted troops, were much occupied in special service and were greatly reduced by hard fighting. The return of the regiment was received with every expression of enthusiasm.

Colonel Dana was wounded and captured at the battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, May 5th, 1864; breveted Brigadier General, July 26th, 1865; discharged August 18th, 1865.

At the battle of Gettysburg, after General Reynolds was killed and Colonels Stone and Wistar wounded, the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Dana. The position was bravely held and at what cost of killed and wounded is related by an English officer who was present at the time with the enemy, and recorded in an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

His life has passed before the public eye and his actions speak his character better than any words can express it, and it may be confidently believed that his conduct both at home and abroad has been stamped with the approbation of his

countrymen, and a judgment rendered that no future age will reverse.

Notwithstanding his admirable military record, his reputation rests chiefly on his judicial career, which was founded upon the consummate ability with which he discharged the duties of his office. He had a fine judicial understanding and thoroughly understood the duties of a judge, for which we are at liberty to regard him with admiration; and considering how few distinguish themselves in the profession of the law, without undergoing the labor and sacrifice which it demands, we must honor the energy and steadfastness of purpose which enabled him, the early possessor of hereditary competence, to devote himself to the dry study of jurisprudence; and when he had mastered it, to renounce the alluring opportunities which were open to him, that he might discharge the responsibilities which the practice of the law imposed upon him.

His attachments were not demonstrative or impassioned, probably due to a reticent and self-contained nature, yet he was invariably considerate in his demeanor, and his greatest speeches owe their impressiveness to intellectual boldness and breadth of view.

His want of partisan feeling enabled him to use his magnificent intellect with the greater impartiality, and while no trace of personal prejudice was allowed to disturb the perfect dignity and propriety of his judicial conduct, his sense of duty and personal honor was amply sufficient to bear him perfectly unstained through life. His judicial celebrity is in no small degree owing to his having continued to refresh and embellish his professional labors by perusing the immortal productions of poets, historians and moralists.

It is pleasant to see a man of such scholarly acquisitions, and of such varied powers, after an active and well-spent life, and in fulfillment of the highest duties, calmly retire from public stations to spend his declining years in all the serenity of an hon-

ored old age, resting from his labors, and seeking in the cultivation of philosophy the highest pleasures of the intellect.

Unhappily, since his retirement from judicial life, deepening shadows of mental twilight have dispelled the brilliancy of his shining intellect, yet, when the time shall come, when a grateful country shall rear statues to the men whose patriotic loyalty, and comprehensive intellect contributed to the triumph of freedom and right, amid that host of heroes, shall stand forth resplendent with honor, the name of Edmund L. Dana.

George Urquhart, M. D.

WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN.

The city was bathed in splendor
 From its broad hill's base to crown,
 A soft, rich cheer, so tender,
 When the Sun went down ;—
 It glowed o'er valley and hill-top,
 It fell o'er the solemn sea,
 And a part of its golden radiance
 Was reflected back on me.
 For I was idly dreaming
 Of another city, afar—
 Whose streets are paved and golden
 Whose gates of jasper are—
 And a sweet, sad spell stole o'er me
 As I turned toward the quaint old town,
 And I wondered what years would bring me
 When the Sun went down.
 Too swiftly alas ! to many
 The fleet-winged years have flown,
 And again at the glorious sunset
 I stand by the sea, *alone*—
 Many loved ones since have left me,
 To journey beyond the stars,
 To pass thro' the shining portals
 Whose gates of jasper are ;
 But *one* of all the many
 Comes back thro' the mist to me,
 Whose smile made life so sunny,
 Whose voice was as life to me ;
 And I reach out my hands to meet him,
 Through the sunshine over the sea,
 But only an empty loneliness
 Comes back again to me.—
 And I turn again in my roaming
 Across that quaint old town,
 And again take up life's burden—
 And the Sun goes down.

Marie M. Pursel.

A CERTAIN SCHOOL HOUSE.

A school, like Plato's Academy, should be situate in a grove. A brick school house, with a brick play ground, and a brick pavement in front of it, is but a poor place to bring up souls upon—leave the question to the shades of Homer or Darwin, as you please. (The two names associate themselves in this manner because what Homer is in the era of poetry, Darwin will be for young science when she grows old.)

We, who write this article under the inability to disobey the spirit, have the good fortune to labor in a grove. Here are some fugitive old pines, melancholy remnants of the evergreen forest which was ousted out of power some century ago by these magnificent oaks and chestnuts. In the fifteen minutes' ramble at the noon-hour to-day, we spent a last moment in counting the rings in an old oak trunk that the cross-cut saw had just made a clean section of. The broad, strong stump is all that remains as an ugly monument to a beautiful career. Making an allowance for the small black circle in the rotten core, and for some two inches of bark at the end of the radius, our estimate of the date of its birth took us back to the 1760's. This, we meditated, would just about tally with the date when the land was first cleared of its pine growth by the doughty Connecticut settler of virgin Wyoming, whose decendants no doubt still dwell in yonder farm-house. So, even in this Pennsylvania school-room, do we see the results of the Puritan grit which has made American history what it is.

It was in the same fifteen minutes of a mild, January noon, that we looked again at our old abandoned quarry. To be the daily posessors of a grove should be unctuous pleasure enough for our hundred school children, but to have in the roughest corner of their domain an old rocky covert where earth has revealed the structure of her very sinews, is a special dispensation of nature. (Our

pupils, it may be observed, however, give the slightest, or no consideration to this.) In what year it was that a man, fondly hoping, and slowly perceiving his delusion, spent a month in mining these rocks, it is hard to determine. The banks of earth around are now covered with the vegetation that has reclaimed her own. The small strips of strata that are still open to inspection now reveal its poverty for the borough supervisor's use, at first glance. The lower layers are composed of a rough, grayish gravel, and are overlaid by brown, crumbling, clayey laminæ. Looking back to first causes, one observes swift running water, and then muddy shallows. Most interesting of all is a spot in the center of the quarry. Here was once a hollow in the ancient gravel, made by a number of tree shafts that fell from some neighboring bank in one ponderous, prostrate embrace. Their contours in this helpless position are plainly visible. The bark of some have become carbonized, and changed into minute seams of coal one-eighth of an inch thick—a dimension appropriate for Anthracite fairies to consider.

It was only a step from here to the great chestnut which last week's cyclone blew down. When we had looked at it from the school window on the day before, how could we have imagined that the rugged, sturdy trunk, eighty feet high if it was an inch, had such teeth of destruction tearing at its heart? Why, the whole interior is eaten out, and for ten feet from its base, its woody fibre is a labyrinth of mine and counter mine, gallery and cross-way. Here are the poor, nefarious wretches themselves that did the deed, lying by hundreds in their cavities—black, torpid ants, with huge mandibles, and, for ants, strangely long antennæ. The children ask if they are dead; they look so, but see how our warm breath wakens them from their sleep, and how dizzily they jump to their neglected duties, only to reel back on their weak, cramped legs, and relapse

into their death-like narcosis. Every one of the little black Spaniards is a Guy Fawkes, and we proscribe a dozen imagined ringleaders for future torment in the school-room heat. And yet, we cannot help a flicker of sympathy for the culprits when we think of their being surprised by the remorseless north wind in the defenceless hour of their winter midnight. But those magnificent boughs far-reaching their broken arms upon the brown sod! It is enough. Justice is retributive.

We have but a few minutes left us before the study-bell must ring. A hasty exploration with a knife blade in the decayed wood-fibre brings to light what we all call a centipede. Its body has the most delicate pink and white tints, and it is amusing to see with what intense disgust the little creature impinges its hundred baby legs upon the unwelcome January sun-light.

Suddenly, in the stillness of the grove we hear a hoarse *chick, chick, chick* (with a variation, we fancy, though perhaps mistakenly, toward *chalk, chalk, chalk*.) It is a sound, to us, with ventriloquistic qualities, for hearing it, our very first impulse is to look overhead for some large bird winging its flight through upper air. But any one with a knowledge of woodcraft at all, immediately recollects that it is but the chatting soliloquy of the pretty downy wood-pecker. (*Dryobates pubescens*.) Watching closely, we see the busy little fellow in a moment on a neighboring limb, but in an instant he is out of sight again. What a provoking trick these wood-peckers have of always keeping on the opposite side of the tree to where we stand! But we approach so near to this one, that we watch him for full minute only a few feet distant from our eye. The downy is an antithesis in color. The top feathers are of the blackest, chased with white. Underneath, they are of a pure, soft, *chiaroscuro* whiteness, changing to a delicate rufous on the neck that thrills one with its exquisiteness as does a sparkle in a poem.

Suddenly aware of our scrutiny, downy fixes his beady eyes on us for an instant, and is off over the adjacent rail fence into the apple trees beyond, where no doubt he has his winter burrow in some branch which we hope yet to discover.

Our time is up, and we retreat to the school house, (through a hole in the fence,) pausing once to pick up a red shale pebble—a migrant from over Kingston mountain on the prehistoric glacier's back. Reflecting that it must have come either from the brow of the mountain, where our Mauch Chunk strata outcrop, or from the more northerly Catskill about Dallas, thus having made a voyage two hundred and fifty thousand years ago of from three to ten miles, we sound the tocsin, and the infinite pains, (often in two senses) of the teacher begins, and the reverie of the idler ends.

One word more. Having occasion to speak of the grove at all, it would be manifestly unjust to omit mention of the little stream that flows obliquely through it. Unmarked upon any map, it will be distinct for many years on the memory charts of these hundred children, as the John Burroughs' Rivulet. We named it ourselves in acknowledgment of the kinship we feel with that beloved lover of Nature. It is never dry in winter or in summer, but is incessantly trilling its quiet melody in harmony to the scene around it; and so we feel, it is like his prose. What Longfellow is to the children at the desk, Burroughs should be to them in the fields and woods. They are the two authors dearest to our youthful sympathies.

W. George Powell.

A DILEMMA.

I'm in a perplexing dilemma
And how shall I ever get out?—
For they only laugh at my folly
Who know what my trouble 's about.
You see I have many a letter
From friends living both far and near,
And somehow they always begin them
By tenderly calling me "dear."

It sounds very sweet and I like it,
And yet it is puzzling to see,
How I am so dear to whoever
May chance to be writing to me;
For strangers, as well as my loved-ones,
All write it regardless of fear,—
So now I am hopelessly striving
To learn what's the meaning of dear.
It has only one definition
When truly it's written, I know,
And oft to the heart it is music
As sweet as the rivulet's flow;
But oh! I'm afraid that quite often
It's used without being sincere,—
Just simply because it's convenient
To head every letter with "dear."
'Tis sad, for suppose a young lady
Gets letters that seem so sincere,
From several kind friends, and each letter
Begins with the little word "dear,"
Now pray will you kindly inform me
How she may in truth comprehend
And know just which one is a lover,
And which one is simply a friend?
Oh! well, many sensible maidens
Have pondered this question before,
And many a maiden in future
Will ponder the same problem o'er;
But somehow I've reached the conclusion
That if I am really so dear
To any one heart—he 'll have courage
To *prove* that he 's truly sincere.

Helen S. Stanton.

LITTLE BOB'S AUTOGRAPH.

"Boys are you going to the lecture to-night?"

"What lecture?" they all exclaimed.

"Why, Bob Burdette lectures this evening on, 'The Rise and Fall of the Mus-tache.' *Certainly* you all knew of it."

So we had but the date had slipped our minds. We'd heard it before, too, but most assuredly would go again.

At about 10 o'clock the first speaker above referred to strode into the office with a *little* fellow whom he introduced as Robert J. Burdette. He was accompanied by his son, a tiny Robert, Jr.

We took to him from the start. He was so simply interested in everything appertaining to the surroundings and so sympathetically engaging and instructive in his conversation.

Of course, every one wanted his autograph and he courteously penned a dozen verses, one for each, the while engaged in "telling of his travels."

How one of our number ope'd his large eyes until they were the dimensions of a saucer, lost in interest while he was narrating an incident of a trip to New Haven. Bob just carried him clean away. "Yes," said he, "we had a *fast* engine. The train was moving *more than a mile a minute*, and we went on, and on, and faster, and faster, and we couldn't stop until we passed through New Haven and were over and beyond *fifty* miles the other side before we pulled up. What was I to do? My engagement was for 8 o'clock at New Haven, and we were fifty miles beyond!" Then he paused and read over a verse he had been writing, and our highly interested young friend who was standing with open eyes and mouth excitedly exclaimed, "Why, what did you do? How did you get back to New Haven?"

"Oh! why, we simply took the next train and got there at 6 o'clock."

We all laughed—Bob none the less than the others, though in a quiet, pleased way. He had written:

"As time glides by
And you and I
Murmur and weep when we should laugh
This page will show
How long ago
You got the Hawkeye autograph,
Burdette."

Just then the junior who had been amusing himself and others by his pranks "caught on" to his elder's arm and Burdette looked up and said, "My beloved son, Robert," in such a deep, sympathetic, serio-comic voice, that he had the lads "bubbling over" again. This gave him an opportunity to remark, "I always prepare these impromptu verses two and three years in advance," when he held up another:

"If you have a friend and you love him well
Let my advice on your friendship glimmer,
Print all his faults in nonpariel
But publish his virtues in big long primer."

His keen insight of men may have been evidenced when a rather dignified arrival, whom we all knew, asked for his autograph and was handed the following:

"Some men, like carpet tacks, mean the most mischief when pointing heavenward."

Our foreman happening to come up requested a note, and he promptly jotted:

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine—
take one dose every day."

The lecture was listened to by some 2,000 people many of whom had before heard his humorous and instructive remarks which that evening recalled his lines that day penned for us:

"We laugh more than we fret,
So says Robert J. Burdette."

—Clementine

DAISIES.

O, flow'rs of the field, everlastingly shrined
In my long troubled bosom with purest affection;
How well, but how sadly, ye bring to my mind,
That *you*, daisies modest, were yet *her* selection;
Love mantled her cheeks in its rosiest hue,
When, in terms of endearment, I uttered her praises;
And told her her beauty more beautiful grew
In my eyes, when she decked her with simple field-daisies.
Sweet seldom-praised daisy! thy simple display,
As thou turnest thine eye to the bright dawn above thee,
Could not be more modest than she on that day
When I told her my love, and then asked her to love me;
No pledge was exchanged, no word-promise was said,
But she looked in my eyes for the light that love traces;
And then sweetly blushing, and drooping her head,
Put her arms 'round my neck like a garland of daisies.
But now all is o'er—all a dream of the past—
A dream of sweet flowers, bright love-light and laughter;
And nothing on earth here is left me at last,
But to speculate spectrally on the hereafter.
Head-weary—heart-hungry—soul-thirsty, I live,
Seeking betimes at that only oasis,
Her tomb, for a draught of the pleasure to grieve
Over now what lies low under the daisies.

J. T. Doyle.

SYMPOSIUM ON BRITON.

Who would not forgive an enthusiasm, born of loyalty, from the lips of philosopher, orator, student of history, or scholar, when he speaks of the noted places and sacred shrines of his native land. Be he so fortunate as to be born in a country of constitutional liberty and appreciating its enlarged opportunities, how could his blood fail to be stirred by a record of his country's career? Taking Briton for the field of one's homily, the restricted pages of a magazine will afford but a cursory glance, and only then from the airy height of an eagle's glance. Separated from his native land by ocean, by lapse of years, by circumstances, at times his mind invitingly recalls scenes of long ago. Though acclimated by long usage, association, or abrasion to new conditions, the one who honors his native land and turns to her with affection is a better citizen for such display of feeling, and is the safest to be entrusted with the broader liberty afforded by a citizenship in this new *Canaan*. To such a one comes visions of the past; in retrospect he recalls the customs of his forefathers, the notable things and brave episodes that make up a nation's diary of events. A Briton by nativity, though far removed from native soil, he marvels at her domains washed by the oceans Pacific, Atlantic, German, Mediterranean, Indian, Caspian and Arctic. Her subjects so diverse, so antipodal in language, thought and custom; countless in her numerical strength of numbers—with what pride he muses upon his country's mighty interests, her unexampled possessions, stupendous influences, magnitude of her far-reaching power, the world she is the steward of, the diversity of interest to be legislated for considered and controled, her complex relation to other powers. The student of history may well entertain the thought of her being delegated with such responsibilities by a higher power to the end of her being the "Mother of Nations," destin-

ed to lead in thought, progressive, action and commercial life.

Since the era of Roman power no nation before or since has had such diversified elements to govern, such responsibilities to undertake, such international duties to perform, such an amount of colonization to direct, such vast possibilities to execute, such a wealth of possession to account for; finally, such a diversity of interests, religions and races to direct to glorious consummation. Her faithfulness to her higher duties may be questioned, but who can charge her with any dishonor in her diplomatic controversies, amid the intrigues of European politics?

Her relations, interests, possessions and flag extend to and float over every continent, with how little disgrace, discredit, or dishonor; where the grim mouths of her cannon have been, whether on high seas, hostile ports or friendly harbors, there freedom could be at profound peace.

The echoes from the wide-mouthed artillery of her men of war have proved a lullaby to rock the disturbed fancies of the nations to slumber. Where her red coats walk sentry, her interests are safe as are the persons and property of all her subjects. Where ever oppressions have caused freedom to shriek, there her hand and might have been potent even if bayonets had to intervene.

With few exceptions the red cross of St. George has been the sign-manual for peace, equity, law, social order and contentment. In their train have followed the white-winged messengers of good-will to men, the gospel of fraternity, charity, enlarged liberties of thought and action. Her ships, like *Argosy's*, wealth-laden, sail over every sea.

The limits of her authority are not merely circumscribed by boundaries of ocean and land. Her west moves on ever to the Orient of the suns, ever moving west; her east is where the shadows of morning are; her south is in the imaginary Isles of the

Blest, and the eternal snows and Arctic night circumscribe her north.

Can we not glory in while we wonder at her manifest destiny? While her laws are founded upon equity and right "the eternal years of God are hers"? Who then can limit the glories of her future? Who belittle the magnitude of her power? Her laws are the groundwork of all other just and equitable ones; her language is the tongue of the earth; her beneficence relieves all necessities; her commerce reaches every port and covers every sea; her literature is a golden one and is universal. Her latest thought permeates the nations.

In her progress the world has a profound interest, her markets are the Mecca towards which commerce tends. The financial pulsation of her stock market throbs every money centre. Where her troops go for possession or conquest, the beneficent influence of civil and religious liberty goes with them. How well the poet expresses the force of this latter thought:

"Lift that voice among the nations,
England of the Lord beloved."

In spite of intrigue, seditions, plotting, discontent at home, complications abroad, her career is progressive.

There have been alliances against her of foreign birth, disloyalty in her borders, but over all she preserves her magnificent identity. Her baptism was in blood; her birth enshrouded in the smoke of conquest; the uncertain steps of her infancy left marks of cruel wounds. Her costume has been that of a warrior, every acre of her fair domain is sanctified by the deeds of her heroic sons.

Crypts and naves, and aisles in chapel, monastery and cathedral, are filled with the dust and bones and memories of her undaunted dead. Her monumental shrines to the great and noble are like the stars, innumerable for number. Incentives they stand to present and future brave endeavors, challenging the admiration and attention of a nation born, and generations yet to come, who shall read, to emulate as they

read, the testimonials of a nation's gratitude to past powers.

Her foes antedate the birth of Christ, her enemies have been the renowned among warriors, from the Viking of the North, to the Saracens of the East. Her conquerors and educators have been Roman, Norman, Saxon, Dane. Her educators reach back to Vespasian, Diocletian, Canute. Her past is the history of a world; her future, who shall measure, predict or circumscribe it?

How thrills the blood by mention of her roll of honor, her worthies inscribed on glory's glowing scroll of fame, each name incentive to honor, affection and devotion! What halos of glory enshrine their memory! The imperishable names of those whose living and dying testify to their native vigor and valor, well illustrating the fact of "Where Briton's foes are thickest, there Briton's soldiers dare to go," for is not the blood of the Viking, the manhood of a thousand years of martial instinct, running in the veins of her past and present "Men at arms"? Is not the touch of elbow as invincible with the men from Severn, Clyde, Shannon, as with the mailed warriors of Wolsley's field? The bones of her ancestors lie buried where ever civilization has gone, and where their ashes lie they rest with honor. No Waterloo have they known except in fratricidal warfare on the heights of Abraham, in the frozen north, in the kraal of the Zulu, in the torrid heat of tropic zone; no command of retreat or surrender has disordered their steady lines. The Turkish scimitar or Arab spear, the Maori war-club or Zulu assagai, the Cossack spear or Indian arrow, the Sepoy knife or Prussian bullet, might decimate or even annihilate but never did it suggest dishonorable retreat or disgraceful rout. Such noble heritage of fame, such glorious ancestry, such nobilities of character to mark the epochs of a nation's page! How trite the question:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own my native land?"

No apologist, is the lover of his country: for her repressions of liberty, unjust legislation, ill advised sympathy in her domestic and foreign policy—glaring may be her errors, but how manifold her good deeds. What nation with her vast responsibilities, empire and power has made less? Therefore her loyal sons glory in her battles fought, her victories won, her prominence, her dignity and power. How comprehensive is the "Bard of Avon" in his descriptive eulogy of the country he made the more intelligent and patriotic by being a subject of it.

"This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat, defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands
This blessed plot, this earth, this England
Dear for her reputation through the world."

—*Thos. C. Parker.*

EDITORIAL.

THE pursuit of the ideal and the love of nature may be carried to excess.

As one of the characteristics of genius is enthusiasm, the possessor of it is intense and emotional, blind to every other interest. To the mind out of sympathy, he appears too devout, and his love of nature too absorbing.

In this practical age the imagination is ruled by reason.

The artist and poet should study nature, as it is an inseparable ally to art, as it is the source of their inspiration and material. Too much seeking after the ideal and contemplation of nature may be harmful.

It forms temperament but does not instil principle. It may keep us good-natured and kindly, but does not teach us restraint, and is often a temptation to idleness. Time spent in revery is generally wasted. It inspires no religious sentiment. The feelings may be intense but they are not practical. If we interpret the mission of beauty aright, it must be enthroned in the intellect, to teach us to know as well as

to feel. It makes a man of taste and is a source of pleasure.

As our intellectual powers are interwoven with our feelings and we cannot appeal to one without appealing to the other, our imagination and all our feelings should be our servants. To the man that pursues the ideal it becomes a beautiful bubble. The danger is that the mind will take delight in the far-away and remote, and build in the imagination the things that are not. It will find delight in the impossible and untrue. The right use of the imagination is to conceive what cannot be perceived by the senses; not to make the pleasures of an hour the past-time of a life.

PHILOSOPHERS are not all dead.

Some men have learned the philosophy of living. Their existence is one without care or want. Recently we met a number of these philosophers. While waiting for a train at a small station we strolled along till we found a laborer digging a post-hole. Grouped around him in different attitudes of repose were six old loafers. The self-appointed committee of supervision were all deeply interested. Each spadeful of dirt was the subject of philosophical remarks, and was watched with as much interest as the unearthing of ancient Troy. Though they labored not they looked as though they received their three regular meals a day. Their faces showed that their minds were employed just enough to be enjoyable without trying them.

If the aim of life is happiness, these men had attained that end. Many a millionaire has deep lines of care engraved upon his face that proclaim that he has not reached their heights. The man honored by the world wears a look which plainly says he has found fame a bubble. We have marked the man of learning, and his dissatisfied expression tells to the world that he has found that knowledge is not happiness.

Men everywhere wear their lives out seeking this goal, ransacking the world for rest and find in the end weariness and sorrow.

The same old story—a poor, ignorant pagan named Homer, composed the greatest poem of all ages. A graceless peasant by the name of Shakespeare gave us the only respectable prose that we have outside the Bible, and here were six men who had plucked the golden fruit and solved the problem of the ages.

The shy goddess is to be found in the by-ways and by those who trust in Providence, and not in fame, fortune or knowledge. Those who have faith that the Lord provides for the lame and the lazy—we will not ask how these men are fed and clothed, but rest assured that they are always provided for. We would point a tired and unhappy world to these six wise men, spending their hours in innocent idleness and restful ease, complacently moving on in the even tenor of their way.

S. R. Smith.

BOOK NOTES.

The volume of *Excellent Quotations for Home or School*, selected by Julia B. Hoitt, and published by Lee & Shepard, is one of the finest collections of this sort that we have seen. It has been said that "Books are the bee-hives of thought; laconics, the honey taken from them." In that case, this volume is a store-house of honeys of the finest flavors. Hymettian thyme, Pincian citron, Albion daffodils, and New World clover have yielded here their finest extracts. We were astonished to find such a great majority of the quotations so near us.

The Birds' Christmas Carol, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is as pathetic and humorous as one of the renowned Yule stories of Dickens. The difference is in the finer touch and consequent refinement of a lady's hand. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.* issue it in their well known good, artistic style of book-making.

If it be known that John Ruskin, when a young man, was the author of a fairy tale, it would be only natural to expect

that it would be full of poetry and fine expressions. Such is the case. He did write such a fairy tale, one surpassed by few of childhood's favorites. It is entitled *The King of the Golden River*, and is issued in neat form and excellent illustration by Lee & Shephard.

Ohio: By Hon. Rufus King. A substantial book, and one of lasting importance, is this history of a great state. It holds its place well in American Commonwealth Series, than which series there is a no more valuable historical work being prepared to-day.

Christopher Pearse Crauch is a poet, who as well as John Ruskin, knows how to write a story of the marvellous for children. *The Last of the Hugger-muggers*, with its sequel, *Koboltozo*, are stories of giants, and both are destined to become American classics in their department of literature. (Lee & Shephard.)

Those who have not a good acquaintance with the works of Julia Ward Howe, and have a natural desire to form one, can have no better introduction than can be given them by the *Julia Ward Howe Birthday Book*, being selections from her works by Laura E. Richards. Lee & Shephard.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Good Company Series—Size 5x7. Price 50 cents: Lee & Shephard.

I.—*Wishing-Cap Papers*, by Leigh Hunt, 455 pages.

II.—*Religious Duty*, by Frances Power Cobbs, 326 pages.

III.—*Fireside Saints*, Mrs. Caudle's Breakfast Table, and other papers, by Douglas Jerrold. 357 pages.

IV.—*Broken Lights*, by Frances Power Cobbs.

Little Miss Weezy's Brother, by Penn Shirley. Illustrated. Size, 6½x5½. Price 75 cents. Lee & Shephard, Boston.

Taken by the Enemy, by Oliver Optic. "The Blue and the Gray Series." Size, 5½x7½. Price, \$1.50. Lee & Shephard, Boston.

A Start in Life, by J. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. Size 5x7. Price \$1.00. Lee & Shephard, Boston.

WYOMING MAGAZINE

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VOLUME I

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THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

I like them ol' rail fences 'cuz they 'mind me uv a
day

What cums but once in all our lives 'n seldom
cums ter stay;

But fills the h'art 'ith moosic sweet ez y'ars 'n y'ars
roll by,

'N make us wish 'tw'ud cum ag'in jest once afore
we die.

My! how the sun did shine that day 'n how the
bu'ds did sing!

'N natur' smiled so lovin'ly on ev'ry livin' thing;
It seem'd ez ef in all the y'arth thar wa'n't a single
sigh,

'Cept the wind up in the branches, biddin' all
the leaves good-bye.

'Pears like ez if it happen'd jest a leetle while er go;
I wuz strollin' thro' the medder, whis'lin suthin'
soft 'n low,

'N jest got to the ol' rail fence when sum one
hollered "Pe-t-e!"

"Pleas cum daown 'n help me aout, th' rail hez
co't my f-e-e-t!"

Ye kin bet I hus'led lively 'cuz I know'd twuz leetle
Kit,

(Sence last purtracted meeting, we'd bin on the
outs a bit,)

'N ez I h'isted off the rail 'at pinned her down so
tight,

"O, thankee, Pete," she wispered low, her eyes
a beamin' bright.

Then we strolled hum tergither, 'n afore we
reached the gate,

I ax'd her ef she didn't think I'd make a likely
mate

Fur a gal erbout her inches,—then she hung her
purty he'd,

'N "ye'r awful good at h'istin' rails," wuz all the
word she sed.

Wall, menny a bigger load 'n that we've h'isted
from each other

These two score y'ars 'at me 'n Kit hez tramped
along tergither,

'N tho' sumtimes they med us bend like trees
afore the blast

They brung us all the closter to each other at
the last—

'N we love them ol' rail fences 'cuz they 'mind us uv
a day

'At cum but once in all *our* lives, but sum'how
cum ter stay,

'N fills our h'arts 'ith moosic sweet ez y'ars 'n y'ars
go by,

'N makes us wish twud stay right on until the
day we die.

T. P. Ryder.

TO OURANIA.

Of all the beauteous maids, thou fairest maid!

Thou child of grace! thou sky-descended sprite!

Thy wondrous image rose upon my sight

As that one who my brightest dreams hath made,

And in my schemes of happiness hath played

Till, at the glooming of my moral night,

Which called for an inspiring beacon-light,

I sought and found her not; my heart hath prayed,

Howe'er it be, amidst its wreck, to find

One like to thee; will thou not heed my voice,

Who hails thee now? alas! the crushing code

Of false morality forbids thy mind

It's sacred freedom;—O, that now my choice

Had room, to make thee my supreme abode!

M.

ABOUT THAT BLUE BIRD.

When a blue bird comes and sets on the trees

A pipin' that flute of his'n,

Tho' the ice is thick and you're like to freeze,

He knows as he warbles away at ease

That the posies is most out of prison.

O there aint no song like a blue birds song!

When the wind in March is a blowin' wrong,

He sez that spring is comin' along,—

Comin' along, comin' along,

He sez that spring is comin' along.

I. K.

A VOICE FROM A STATE PRISON.

"ALICE CHAMBERLIN."

All of us know that our State Prisons and our Poor Houses, to say nothing of our Lunatic Asylums, are peopled almost to overflowing; but few of us, indeed, know anything of the personal history of their occupants, or of the cause or causes which brought them, respectively, within the walls of these dreaded but necessary institutions.

In my capacity as an official visitor of a State Prison, I determined upon the task of ascertaining, as far as possible, the individual history of the several inmates, not alone for the mere purpose of gratifying personal curiosity, but for the more meritorious purpose of learning the cause why prison punishment became such necessary imposition upon so many of our fellow creatures.

My first interview was with one of the female inmates. She was a woman apparently of thirty-five years of age, though I learned from her during the interview that she had not yet reached thirty years. Her appearance was both striking and lady-like. It was easy to conjecture that she had seen better days; and more, that she had been tenderly reared, and that her youth had been spent amidst the refining influences of the usual educational and social forces.

After stating to her frankly the object of my visit, I asked her if she was willing to tell me of what offence she had been convicted, together with such parts of her antecedents, or previous history, as she might choose to communicate. Her reply was prompt, though her tone was distinctly tremulous, sinking at times into an almost inaudible, choking or sobbing whisper. It was substantially as follows:

"I have no objection, sir, against compliance with your request, though there are some things connected with my history of which I shall never speak. My maiden name, the place of my nativity, the real

name of my dead husband,—these are known here only to myself, and, whether here or elsewhere, ever hence they will not escape my lips. I owe this to an honored parentage, and it is a debt that I shall never forget. A father and mother are surely suffering an agonizing sorrow at this moment over a daughter whom they suppose the world has somewhere swallowed up, of whom they have not heard for upwards of eight years, of whom they will never hear again.

"My convict name, as you may ascertain at the prison office, is Alice Chamberlin. It is an assumed name of course, one which my husband selected as a proper accompaniment for 'John Chamberlin,' after we determined to hide, possibly, forever away from our kindred.

"I was convicted, sir, of murder, and rightfully too; I slew my husband"—a shudder was plainly discernible—"I slew him in cold blood. Perhaps I should have been convicted of murder of the first degree, but a sympathising and merciful jury fixed the grade of my crime as being murder of the second degree. So far as my personal feelings were concerned at the time of my trial, and, indeed, at this hour, I would as soon have been convicted of the greater as of the lesser grade of offence; for, if of the former, my sorrows would have been ended more than two years ago; oblivion, the chief and only desire of my heart, would have been reached; but as conviction was of the latter, I must linger here yet five years and upwards, if life lasts so long; and even then when I go hence, though I go into a world of liberty, yet, to me, it will be a world of desolation and woe."

She seemed powerless to articulate further, and though her sufferings were such as with women are usually ameliorated by tears, yet no tears came to her relief. She sobbed, choked and was silent for several minutes. Presently she raised her eyes to mine, and in a voice of remarkable sweetness recited two of Byron's lines:

"O could I feel as I have felt, and be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a
vanished scene.—"

I made the ordinary comforting assurance to her respecting the sure work of time, and also the certain rewards of future well-doing. Her response was:

"Never, never for me. I am hopelessly lost not only to family and friends, but to the world and myself. Usefulness is impossible. The demon that led me hither only waits my exit hence to enthrall me in a bondage which death only can break. Strange as it may seem to you, sir, I have been, and am now, an irreclaimable victim of *drink*. Although I fully realize the situation, the awful situation, into which my enemy has plunged me, still so powerful is my appetite for alcoholic stimulants that when you have left me, if my keeper should place a bottle of brandy on yonder stool, and between me and it and me should lay a shotted cannon, so arranged that any attempt on my part to get the brandy would be attended with nine chances out of ten of instant death to myself, I should hazard the one chance within the next half hour. I could not resist the temptation.

"And if this be so here, how, think you, could I withstand the temptation which would be around me on every side the moment I walked forth a free woman?"

This was a statement that astonished me. If it had been made by a man whose appearance bore evidences of the ruin which the excessive use of alcoholic drinks always works, I should of course have been less surprised; but here was a woman wearing no such appearance, a woman not yet in middle life, fair, intelligent, undoubtedly well educated, evidently truthful, telling me of the power of an appetite that I could not even approximately comprehend. I gave strong expression of my astonishment. I asked her how it became possible for a woman of her limited years to become so enslaved?

"I am aware," she said, "that my case, though not altogether exceptional, is still unusual. For a woman, not yet thirty years old, to reach the depth of degradation and crime through drink that I have attained, is certainly not common; but as society—I mean society of the better class—is so inconsiderate in its usages, so mistaken in its views of genteel hospitality, cases like my own will always be possible, if not, alas, too probable. Social custom is an educator of almost illimitable power. It not only founds, but it fixes in a largely controlling degree as well our physical as our mental tastes. The latter in most instances subject or dominate the former; but this is not always so. On the contrary, the former too often maintain triumphant sway. Such has been my experience, my terrible experience. But fuller explanation would involve the unfolding of a personal history I wish, O how I wish could be stilled, obliterated forever."

At this point her emotions quite overcame her. I assisted her to a glass of water which stood upon a small rough table near at hand, but for several minutes she was unable to swallow. At length she recovered composure and control of herself. Looking up, she said:

"How sad it is that in this enlightened but singular world, when a woman falls she falls forever. As human consideration seems to be adjusted, neither social nor even respectable recognition is ever afterwards within the range of possibility. I speak generally, having no reference whatever to myself. My fall was self-wrought. Besides, the incidents connected with it were in some respects of such a heinously criminal character that condonation from any quarter, or any circumstances, would be unjust."

I suggested that possibly repentant reflection upon the varied scenes of an illy spent life might have thrown around them a darker shadow than actual justice would warrant.

"No sir," she said, "when my history is made known to you, there will be, there can be, no room in your heart even for charitable impulses in my behalf. My history is no more, but no less, the history of the vilest, the most abandoned, the wickedest of women.

"I was born and reared in a large city. My father was a physician of high professional and social standing. He possessed more than moderate wealth. He was a refined and cultivated gentleman. No more affectionate, or generous, or better father ever lived. My mother was a lady, and a true and loving mother. The family consisted of father, mother, two brothers and myself. One brother was four and the other two years my senior. It was a happy, joyous family, not unlike however thousands and tens of thousands of other families living to-day in the towns and cities throughout the land.

"My father was fond of entertaining; his hospitality was proverbial. Wit, intellect, gaiety and refinement were always present at his board. His entertainments were not extravagant; they were simple and abundant; no more than ordinarily fashionable. Liquors of various kinds were features of his sideboard, but only wines—and these of choicest brands—found place at his table. During his entertainments, my brothers and myself were of course always consigned to the nursery, at least such was the case so long as we were children; but, in multitudes of instances, as soon as the dining room had been vacated, we stole into it, picked up the remnants of cake, made havoc with the nuts, and sipped the wine from half exhausted glasses. Before I was four years old I had thus contracted a fondness for wine. Neither of my brothers seemed to have much likeing for it—the wine was for me, the cake and the nuts were for them. So life went on throughout my whole childhood. My education, however, was carefully looked after by both my father and my mother. The best schools of the

city were opened to me. Music, dancing, indeed a thoroughly fashionable education fell to my lot. At the age of eighteen my school-days were over. In the meantime, however, I had acquired—stealthily of course—within my own father's house, a strong appetite for drink. By degrees wine became too light a stimulant. I had recourse to the side-board, and often in secret availed myself of it, though always careful to indulge within bounds. Even my mother did not suspect me until after I had attained recognition as a young lady. O how abundant then were her tears! A new and totally unexpected affliction had smitten her. I shall never forget, I can never forget the anguish she manifested on the discovery of my habit; nor can I ever forget the promises of reform I made to her. But reform was even then impossible. The vows I made to my mother, the thousands of secret and solemn vows I made to myself were soon overridden by an insatiable, indescribable thirst. The last thought on my pillow at night, and the first thought of the morning was of drink. True, by a great effort, I stayed indulgence for a time, but the tempter was too strong for me. The side-board carried its usual burden, and soon it had its usual stealthy attendant. Remembrance of my mother's suffering, of my promises to her, of my vows to myself had the effect to restrain for a time excessive gratification, but taste remained; it grew stronger and stronger, and at last it got beyond my control.

"Neither my father nor my brothers knew of my infirmity until after I was married. A faithful mother had borne her sorrow alone; hope enabled her to hold the sad secret. My marriage took place about the time I had reached twenty years of age. It was the consummation of my mother's wishes; it was to all appearances, a suitable and desirable marriage in every respect.

"My husband was a gentleman. He was five years my senior. The son of a

broker, after the close of his collegiate life, he became himself a broker. His fondness for me amounted almost to adoration. We lived in our own house in a fashionable part of the city. His means were ample not only for our comfort, but for our indulgence in many of the elegancies of life. Our wedding was followed by the usual social entertainments given by our mutual friends. These entertainments were not unlike those common in polite society, alas, from one end of the land to the other—wine was a prominent feature. It was during these occasions that my husband first discovered my love for drink.

“Maternal restraint having been removed, personal vows having been so repeatedly violated that they ceased to command recognition, I was left to combat only with a woman’s strength, an appetite that overcomes even the strongest men. Respect for my parents, for my husband, for my brothers, for myself, was rapidly being drowned, drifting hopelessly away. Indeed, within six months after my marriage, not only my own family but my associates, society at large, all had become cognizant of my situation. Parental prayers, prayers on my part, fervent prayers for strength to overcome my infirmity met with no response. Faith became shattered, vanished at last altogether.

“My husband was heart-broken. He never upbraided me; on the contrary, he was loving, kind and sympathetic. I told him freely how it came that such misery had overtaken us. He said to me, ‘Alice’—I use the assumed name—‘I shall not give you up; I can not; I will save you if it be possible. Let us go away from here; let us become strangers in some distant and strange place. I will dispose of my business and our home; my means are sufficient for our wants; besides, I need not be idle; my proficiency in book-keeping will secure me occupation in almost any of the business centres throughout the country. Such a course

seems to be absolutely necessary. The shadow resting upon you here will thus be lifted; a new home among new people will better enable you to begin a new life. I will acquaint your parents with the scheme; it will doubtless meet with their approbation; anything to save you they will gladly endorse. I will at once take steps to carry the design into execution.’

“He did so. Business and home were sold. Leave-taking of father, mother and brothers, how sad it was, but it was accomplished at last. I knew not whither we were going; and, indeed, my husband was then without any settled plans. His only fixed determination was to attempt to save me. During our first day’s railroad journey he suggested that we drop, temporarily at least, our true name, and assume the name of ‘Chamberlin,’ he to be ‘John’ and I to be ‘Alice.’ He gave me reasons for this, but I need not state them; they are now immaterial. We tarried in a distant city for several days, and in the meantime he concluded on a suitable place for a new home. If you have any curiosity to know where that was, the prison records will inform you. I prefer not to name it. We took a small but neat and comfortable house, furnished it suitably, employed a single servant, and began life in a new home.

“Strange, as it now seems to me, the excitement attending our breaking up and removal; the oddity of our position as compared with that of our previous life; the care and oversight necessarily required on my part to get established in accordance with our taste and needs, led away my thoughts from stimulating gratification, at least, for a time. Possibly three months elapsed before my ruinous appetite began to assert itself. The joy of my husband was well nigh immeasurable.

“In the meantime, he had obtained a situation as book-keeper in one of the largest business houses of the place, and at a salary quite equal to his expectations. We were happy, very

happy, and might have continued so, alas, if it had not been for unfortunate, weak and wicked me. For months and months, yes, for upwards of one whole year, I struggled with my adversary day and night. Nervous, sleepless, suffering almost constantly, I yet turned from the tempter, hoping always that relief would come within my grasp sooner or later. I plunged into an excess of household duties; I walked aimlessly over miles and miles of our new surroundings; I read novels of almost every kind and description, seeking generally those of most exciting or sensational character. I read both history and science, the latter to a much larger extent than I wish I had; I did all that seemed possible for me to do to escape the suggestions of my depraved appetite; it was effort in vain; I fell again at last and forever."

Availing myself of the pause in her sad story, I ventured to say to her, that parental care had doubtless neither overlooked her moral education, nor failed to point out to her the true source of all strength under every phase of human suffering. She smiled, but continued as follows:

"I understand your allusion. Yes, sir, my moral education was the careful concern of my parents. Both of them were members of the Episcopal Church. My mother was a devotedly religious woman. She possessed that most lovely of all faiths, a woman's faith. Her daily care was to instruct her children in the requisites and beauty of a christian life. Our baptism and confirmation seemed to bring to her chiefest of all joys. For myself the faith of a well-reared girl was a possession that I enjoyed. Nothing occurred to weaken or disturb it until I had attained comparative maturity. I was a firm believer in special providences in answer to fervent prayers; but as I said to you before, after I became the victim of drink, and the prayers of my mother and my own—all as heart-felt, sincere and fervent as ever had utterance from human lips—

availed me nothing, my faith became shaken; it was even then on the verge of taking wing. Later, or after our settlement in a new home I began a system of almost constant reading, not for any special love for reading itself, but solely with a view of occupying and interesting my mind that longing for stimulants would the less distress me. And here was the beginning of a new misfortune.

"You, doubtless, wonder at this; but allow me to explain. For years and years in the past, millions and millions of children all over the civilized and christian world have been made happy by the expected coming of St. Nicholas during the night succeeding Christmas eve, and for ages and ages yet to come other millions and millions of little ones will annually enjoy the same innocent and joyous hope. No matter, though such happiness be the result of the merest fiction possible, yet who would set about deliberately to destroy it? *Cui bono?* No power exists to present an equivalent; no substitute could be suggested; none is imaginable adequately.

"And so with respect to the christian religion. Considering it from a woman's standpoint, look at its promises, and the hopes which for upwards of two thousand years have been her joy under all circumstances. It has plucked the sting from every affliction, shorn death of every terror. The 'Word,' as a whole, founded with her a faith as illimitable as it is indescribable. A woman's faith—the like of it never had, nor never can have existence.

"Well, sir, my misfortune, my last and crowning misfortune, was the reading of scientific literature. O that Darwin, Lyell, Lubbock, Huxley, Proctor and many other learned and well-known authors had not written at all; or, having written, that their works had not fallen within my reach. They lead one to think, and the object of thought is truth based on evidence tangible to the senses and to reason. A

woman will think. George Eliot thought, and thought deeply. Her exclamation, 'God, Immortality. Duty—how inconceivable the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory the third'—shows the character and quality of her mind. No, sir, scientific reading is not the province of woman. If she enters upon it, no matter how careful may have been her early training, no matter how well grounded her faith, sooner or later bewildering doubt will be upon her. With Lord Tennyson, she will exclaim,—

'I falter where I firmly trod,

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

Behold, we know not anything,
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.'

"But I have digressed. My final fall was the direct result of a dangerous, if not of an always surely fatal experiment. In my miscellaneous reading I had somewhere met with the statement that malt liquors were, at worst, but a mild intoxicant, besides being a complete curative of the appetite for distilled liquors. How eagerly I clutched this veritable straw! I began at once the purchase of beer in bottles; I secreted it away from the observance of our servant; I made no mention of it to my husband; I drank it, first, in moderation, but later, in excess; the story is short—it intoxicated without producing elation; it induced drowsiness bordering on stupidity; but, above all, it fanned into renewed and resistless flame my appetite for stronger drink. Within three months afterwards our home contained almost daily a drunken, besotted wife. And so upwards of a year passed. All social intercourse with our newly-formed and pleasant circle of acquaintances came to an end. Sorrow sat continuously upon the countenance of my husband, though no word of reproach fell from his lips, on the contrary, sympathy and kind-

ness were the constant characteristics of his conduct toward me.

"But such a state of things could not last always. The physical and mental forces of women generally yield earlier, under like circumstances, than those of men; and when the former begin to give way, the latter follow often at an increased pace. I was conscious of this; experience had been my teacher. Relief, both to myself and to my husband, was the unceasing contemplation of all my dismal hours. But what relief? Whence could it come? The answer was not long wanting. Self-destruction presented itself as the only untried means yet within my power. I entertained it, thought of it day by day and month by month. The wickedness of the act never once occurred to me. The only cause for long pondering was the difficulty of positive conclusion as to the best and surest means of accomplishing the purpose. I felt at last that,—

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
Between the blossoms of health and the paleness of death.'

"My husband kept a revolver in the house always loaded and in order. I determined on its use.

"But a new and more formidable delay now beset me. I loved my husband devotedly. I could not bear the thought of leaving him forever. I imagined his grief at my unexpected crime, his unfeigned sorrow at my loss, his unbroken solitude after the deed had been done. By and by other visions crept into my disordered imagination, and wandered there without ceasing. I could see myself wrapped in the habiliments of the grave, with worms and creeping things all around me, while away off on the other side of the last river, I could see my husband wearing an air of forgetfulness, the companion of another wife, the head of another household. At times my brain was frenzied. Misery added to misery

seemed to trail after me from every quarter.

"A new product of my distraction after a while interposed itself. It brought me contentment. It was nothing less than the wicked, horrible thought that my husband should be joined with me in death. I reasoned that life was comparatively but of a day, and that death, properly accomplished, was but a moment. I saw in the revolver the means of our joint and sudden taking off. The fitting opportunity was daily at hand.

"After my doubly wicked determination had been formed, I so regulated my drinking habit that, on the return of my husband at evening from the duties of the day, I was enabled to meet him in a condition of comparative sobriety, often completely so. And when dinner was over and the weather was pleasant, we indulged in long walks about the town. An occasion of this kind seemed to me of all others best suited for the execution of my design. Again and again as we thus left our door I promised myself that neither of us should ever return; and though I carried the deadly weapon ready in my pocket, still again and again did his words of affection, his many little acts of kindly attention, stay my hand. At last, however, my madness acquired firmer impulse. During an afternoon I penned a note to our faithful servant thus,—

'Farewell, Ethel, see that they bury us together.'

"I placed this note where the good creature would see it the moment she entered our room. That night our customary walk was begun on my part with indefinable joy. At a damp crossing of an entrance to a foundry along one of the streets, I stepped partially in the rear of my husband, and quickly drawing the already cocked revolver from my pocket, I held the muzzle just above his right ear. The explosion followed; his arms were thrown up convulsively as he fell, striking my pistol hand with great force, and

throwing me backwards upon some broken car-wheels lying scattered in front of the building. I realized nothing more of occurrences there or elsewhere for a period of weeks. My first gleam of consciousness was a dazed recognition of surroundings inside of prison walls, and the further fact that, standing over me and bathing my temples, was the faithful, weeping Ethel. She, it seems, had besought with success the kind-hearted jailer to allow her attendance upon me until the issue betwixt life and death had been determined. Recovery, strength, the power to think and to understand were prolonged in their coming; but, at last, I learned everything from Ethel.

"Briefly stated, the facts were as follows: Directly after the shot a policeman came up: My husband was dead, killed instantly. I lay unconscious amidst broken car-wheels a few feet away with the revolver grasped tightly in my right hand, bleeding profusely from a deep cut on the back of the head resulting from the fall. Many persons gathered at once; identification ensued; the body of my husband was removed to our home; I was borne away to the prison; the physician pronounced my hurt most serious, attended with probable fracture; the funeral was had; the dead was buried. A few days subsequently the good rector of the parish produced my husband's will, wherein the former had been named as executor and trustee; the home was closed; Ethel flew to the relief of her imprisoned and suffering mistress.

"What a history for my ear! Absence from drink, the tenderest of care, the best of medical attendance had well-nigh restored both my physique and my reasoning powers. I comprehended fully the awful result to which an unthinkingly cultivated appetite had led me. Was it wonderful that I yearned for the means to strike myself dead on the spot? Was it wonderful that I cursed myself for not warding off the convulsive blow that

threw me upon the broken car-wheels?
O the agony, the agony, that I suffered!

"But the days and nights came and went. Ethel obtained service not far from the prison. I was alone, save a weekly visit she was allowed to make, bringing always with her and at her own cost, some delicacy of which she knew I was fond. All others were peremptorily denied sight of, or communication with, the occupant of a 'felon's cell.' An exception was ultimately made at my request. I longed to see the rector of our parish. My husband loved him above all other men, and I respected, almost revered him, though, alas, his teachings took little hold on my heart. He came; and from him I learned that many months before, he had become the depositary of my husband's history. Of the 'skeleton in the house' he knew all. I learned further that, realizing the fact of the often unexpected coming of death, my husband had made a will giving to me for life the whole proceeds of his estate, and that he had enjoined upon his executor the further duties of a trustee in my behalf. I was to be cared for scrupulously, abundantly, tenderly, and with pity and kindness even though my habits of intemperance clung to me to the end. In the event of my early decease, which was regarded as more than probable, the estate was to be capitalized, and thus allowed to accumulate until the silence of the grave had shut away all possibility of parental knowledge of the whereabouts or fate of their once loved one, when it was to be distributed to the right heirs then living.

"I could bear no more. My heart momentarily ceased to beat; I fell; it was some time before the usual restoratives brought me back to consciousness; the rector was gone; a prison attendant was ministering to my needs. Slowly reason and connected thought resumed their province. Tears, hot tears, fell copiously; but at last the fountain would yield no more, dried up forever. When complete physical exhaustion forced upon me

a dreamy sleep, I fancied that, staring me in the face, written in blood all around my prison walls, were the words, 'Behold the wretched, wicked work that an unnatural, unceasing, uncontrollable appetite has wrought.'

"The dawn came, and with it an intensified longing for the realization of the end. I knew that oblivion now was only possible at the hangman's hand. The day of trial was finally announced; for me it was a silently joyous day—justice was to be done. I took no interest in anything subsequently occurring around me. All I recollect is that, in answer to something or somebody in the court, I said, 'I did it, I am guilty.' A policeman, a physician, and my faithful servant, Ethel, were sworn. I remember, too, that the note I left for the latter as I left our home the last time, was produced and read. I remember further, that I was sentenced to an imprisonment in the State Penitentiary, at hard labor, for eight years, and that I was brought here, and have since been here as you now see me. This is my history."

Trembling, she rose up. Her emotions, though subdued to a great extent, were nevertheless quite apparent. With arms uplifted, she added, "O if the voice of a lost creature could avail anything, I would say to society, to social circles of every class or grade throughout the civilized world, 'Banish wines, banish liquors, banish intoxicants of every description from your homes and your pleasures.' Further, I would urge upon those of my sex who are readers, the danger of indulgence in scientific literature. Science withers faith. It is the parent of a doubt, a stumbling block to the sweet and consoling hopes of the far off future."

She staggered to her pallet or prison bed, uttered a piercing scream, and fell. To all appearances, she was dead. In the midst of my alarm, a female attendant appeared, assured me that like attacks were not uncommon; whereupon I made

my way hastily to the proper office, and getting the date of expiration of her term of imprisonment, I left the prison.

My interest in this remarkable woman had been unspeakably aroused. I determined to be present when the doors of liberty were opened to her, that I might render such aid and advice as might possibly lead to reclamation; but, unfortunately, I was unacquainted with the law which wisely allows good conduct to lessen monthly and yearly the originally assigned term of punishment. Punctually, however, to the supposed date of release, I appeared at the prison; but to my surprise, and to my regret in one respect, I learned that uniform good conduct had won for her an opening of the prison doors almost a year previously. She had gone away, but nobody knew where, nor had any of the prison officials heard of her afterwards. Pursuing my inquiries more thoroughly, I ascertained the name and residence of a clergyman of the Episcopal Church who had been in frequent correspondence with her, under the usual prison rules, during her incarceration. It occurred to me that this person was the rector of whom she had spoken during our interview in time past.

I at once journeyed to his place of abode. My surmise had been correct. He was the rector; and moreover he was her trustee under the will of her husband. His present field of labor was not where the original tragedy occurred; the latter was scores of miles away. But the liberated transgressor came to him at once. He secured her a home at a respectable place of boarding. She entered anew upon life in the midst of a people who were strangers to all her antecedents. An abundance was always at her command not only for necessities, but for the elegancies usual in refined social position. She traveled whither she pleased; often was absent for weeks at a time. She was given much to reading, and to the doing of kind offices amongst the poor and

distressed. All at once, so far as ordinary observation could discover, the enemy of other days was at her side. Friendly solicitation, earnest entreaty, warning of results, all, were of no avail. Her only reply was, "It must be so; I cannot help it: let me die; that is my only escape."

I learned further that a few weeks previously to my coming, she had obtained from her trustee a small sum of money to defray her expenses to an adjoining town and county, naming them, but assigning no reason for her proposed visit other than recreation and change of scene. She had not returned, though no surprise had been occasioned, no definite expectation disappointed. My interest was increased; I started at once for the place indicated. Arriving, I could learn nothing from any quarter of the object of my search. Complete failure seemed to attend me. I gave up. Returning at last to the railroad station on my way homeward, I happened to ask the janitor of the building whether, during the past three weeks, he had noticed a lady traveling alone, alighting and remaining there. He replied that he had; that, during the time named, a lady apparently very ill had been assisted from the train, and helped to a seat in the waiting room, remained there practically unnoticed until late in the night, when he discovered that she was burning with fever, and bereft of reason; that in the early morning following he had moved her to the County House and left her there, her condition being then worse than when he first discovered her.

My return homeward was stayed. I went straightway to the County House, which I soon ascertained was only another name for the Poor House. My visit was early at an end. A woman had been brought there as the janitor had told me. She was suffering from pneumonia. There was nothing about her to indicate either a name, relation, or residence. In her delirium, however, she had pronounced several names with distinctness. One of

them, alas, I recognized. She had died the third day after her coming. Her newly made grave was in the "Potter's Field" of the institution. I looked at it. Neither head-board nor stone marks the last resting place of "Alice Chamberlin."

Star.

WHY LOVERS WRITE POETRY.

When the Prince is in love, his father's fool tells him he is in "fool's paradise," and styles the poetry he writes, "whetstones" that Cupid sharpens his arrows upon. Have you ever visited that enchanted land? Possibly you have been so happy as to remain there. You never tell anyone you wrote poetry, or to be correct, doggerel, or tried to, when the charm of this enchanting land had taken captive your senses. Or, maybe you are a gray-haired matron, notwithstanding you may have hid away a number of these frail tomb-stones of Cupid's pranks, that gave a brief immortality to those green oases in this barren desert. Such verses are the restorers of dreams that once carried the dreamer inside the gates of Eden. The ear will faintly catch the music that was hushed in the battle of life, as the eyes, fall on the time-tinted pages. You will try to ignore the years that have fled to gaze into the eyes that will not, or can not, tell as they once did, better than the lips, what was in the heart. Like magic they bring up the past. The faces of those they are associated with pass before the mind's eye. The living and the dead mingle in the memory with the past and the present, with voices that come like echoes from a distant shore, or strains of forgotten music fill the air.

The future is hid as the lover tried to embody in beautiful language the exalted feelings, with the beauty that love had revealed to him. Then the skies were blue,—the fields and woods spread out before him like an enchanted land,—the hills were of sapphire, while a fair woman's face reflected all that virtue and

goodness could impart. Then all are poets, for a poet is always a lover, and a lover a poet, or tries to be.

Love seeks expression in music, the happiness in song. Love, like a magic wand, touches the eyes, and they can see beauty. It touches the heart, and all that God implanted in the soul, awakened into life. It makes vice hateful, it destroys selfishness, it wipes away tears, it turns a dirge into a chant, and transmutes base metals into gold, a power that kings and subjects alike obey. When love rules the heart, the face that to the unenchanted eyes is freckled or painted, is to the lover the face of an angel.

To those who are true to this mysterious impulse, love is sacred, while to those who are not, it is a foolish dream, that will pass away. They tell us that it makes the wise foolish, that it makes false promises of happiness, and belongs to the inexperience of youth. They think because their cup is empty, all the streams are dry.

Drink, of this divine draught while you may; drink, or the cup will be filled with tears, and pressed to your unwilling lips. Listen to the melody, for when you would hear it you can not. Love for love's sake if it is only a cat, for love, like a rich king, can give its subjects all that they crave. When love goes, beauty flies, and hate comes in; the beauty of Nature becomes a mockery. Hell would be Heaven, if love were there.

ALBERTA.

To dip me from an unseen spring,
Some fair white hands reach down I see,
As round a cup their fingers cling,
At times to dip a draught for me.

This is the vision I behold—
The image of a lovely face,
Down in this cup of purest gold,
That trembles there in broken grace.

Incline the cup so I'll not miss,
And then, fair nymph, our face bent low,
When I bend down the drops to kiss,
That in the cup your face will glow.

JENNIE LEE.

Like sweetest strains the name of Jennie Lee
Comes full of pleasant memories to me.
This morn a bee I noticed sip by stealth,
From out the lovely flower it drank her health.

Jennie, Jennie, in visions fair I see,
Like soft sweet sunlight stealing o'er the sea;
Softly, so softly, every summer day,
Your voice so low like chanting angels play.

The south winds softly whisper, "She is fair
Oh we will ever drive away her care,
And trouble like the troubled heaving sea,
Oh never will we roll o'er Jennie Lee."

As good as angels from the golden street,
Are constant friends in life to make life sweet;
Though other gifts the gods refuse to send,
Oh Jennie, may you always be my friend.

ANNA.

One time I asked the flowers,
When the sun was in the west,
What name through all the hours,
They had heard which they liked best.

Violets from their beds of blue—
Daffodills by the water,
Sang, "the name of one who's true;
Truth and Virtue's fairest daughter."

The roses harboured at her throat
Emblem forth her soul's completeness,
Heliotrope that with them float
Fragrant are with borrowed sweetness.

The sun's red flame in the west had died,
And gloom fell on the Susquehanna—
Then home I turned heart satisfied—
The daisies said, "her name is Anna."

S. R. Smith.

EDITORIAL.

We have read Mr. Charles Linskill's book of travels in "Lands beyond the Seas," and would recommend it. We do not propose to say one word in regard to this book, that is not sincere. A short time since we read some beautiful poetical prose, in *Current Literature*, from his pen that possessed literary merit and we did not doubt that his book was interesting and instructive. The fact that it was meeting with a large sale and was endorsed by the intelligent public, guaranteed its merits. Still, all this did not lead us to expect so much good writing as we found in its pages. We expected, like all books of travel, the author would tell us what he had for breakfast, and at what time the train left, and the biography of the writer, and his relatives; that we would be introduced to a king and a porter in the same sentence, and travel all over Europe in one page—and we were not disappointed. We will forgive him if he inquires if we had heard of William Shakespeare, for who would not forgive anything of a writer that would describe for us the Tower of London, the cities and peoples of the old world, as Mr. Linskill has done. His descriptions are true and

strong. His reflections are philosophical, and beautiful bits of poetical prose, like streaks of sunlight, beautifying nearly every page. The author was not blinded by London fog, or scared by the British lion, for he proclaimed that his country was a greater country, and that the daughter had outgrown the mother. Every page shows the writer to be a clear-sighted, pure-minded man. He takes us, to use his own figure, over the waves that are dashed into silver on the shore,—over the ocean, in a ship that he calls a hammock of the billows. The ocean, as he tells us, is held by tiny grains of sand, and is joined to all the waters of earth and sky. Paris and London become real. Cathedrals, gray and ancient towers, that have for centuries persistently fought the tooth of time, fields where cannon have shook the purple heather, becomes real. You will catch the roar of great cities, and the breath of fragrant lands beyond the seas. Be you simple minded or great you will be thankful to Mr. Linskill for writing this book.

One generation ignores or forgets the generation that preceeds it, unless poets embody its history in verse. The poet personates Old Mortality, and burnishes up the names of those who should not be forgotten. The decayed leaves and drift must be cleared away, and the imagination of the poet give the noble men and dramatic deeds whose shadows still live life and beauty.

Caleb E. Wright has taken the tragic and pathetic history of Frances Slocum, to which nearly all of us listened in our youth, with both pleasure and pain, that ever after filled the wood and field of our valley to our imagination with the dramatic interest that belongs to the past. This history Mr. Wright has embodied in a poem and dedicated to Edmund Griffin Butler and George Slocum Bennett. The poem not only narrates an interesting story but wherever its character will permit we find lines of beautiful poetry. This poem, with a longer one in dialect entitled "Sidney Lear," dedicated to Colonel Dorrance, make up a handsome volume that has just been issued from the press of Robert Baur, of this city. To Mr. Wright the lovers of literature and this famous valley owe a debt of gratitude.

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THE STAGE AND MORALITY.

Perhaps there is upon no subject so much ignorance, among well informed men and women, as with regard to the morality of art. Everybody has something to say about it. It is one of the constantly re-occurring and always irrepressible themes of the pulpit, the press and the parlor. It rises up unexpectedly and will not down obediently. And yet not one in ten who undertakes to formulate or decide upon the issue involved in a questionable play, fails to muddle or sophisticate the whole matter with a gross ignorance, a cast iron bigotry, or a flippant contempt.

I have known critics of acumen to praise plays which vindicated vice, and threw disdain upon virtue, and laud dramas whose whole purpose was infamous and whose showing was shameless.

Over and over we have seen the canting damsels of society throw up their hands in protest at the beautiful exhibition of wholesome and natural functions and sit tickled to their souls at the libertinism of French comedy, just as we have seen them blush at the dauntless veracity of the Bible, and then take Swinburne to bed with them and breed a progeny of hybrid fancies.

The real function of the drama is like that of a novel—not to amuse, not to excite; but to portray life, and so to minister to it. And as virtue and vice, goodness and evil, are the great fundamental facts of life, they must, in serious story or play, be portrayed. If they are so portrayed that the vice is alluring and the virtue is repugnant the story or play is immoral; if so portrayed that the vice is repellant and the virtue alluring the play or story is moral. The effect of a play, not the selection of its material, determines its character. The play of *Camille* has been denounced for years with bitter pens and tongues, because it

uses a courtesan as a heroine. As if that had anything to do with art or morality. Is a courtesan any worse morally than a murderer? And art selects the murderer constantly. The effect of *Camille*, as is its intent, is pathetic. Sin drags itself through roses to a dishonored grave, and the beautiful tears of pity are dropped on the couch of aberrant love. The scar of sin remains; there is the eternal shadow stretching out into the hereafter; it is inexorable and true. That is its lesson.

The theatre is trying, now blindly, now with some gleams of sacred light, to put the ideal of life and character in evidence. It here and there shows us its possible and ideal traits. By and by it will present us with the ideal man and woman. *Apelles* tried it long ago in art. *Christ* tried it in morality. *Plato* tried it in philosophy. The theatre will yet reflect it in action. To that end all brave self respecting high minded players, and all honest and intelligent critics will dream and work.

The pessemists who deny any good to the theatre are no worse than the shallow scoffers who hold that religion is an organized system of crime and deception. *Dr. Talmage*, who preaches oftener with the sword of *Gideon* than with the sword of the Lord, is just on a par with the actor who keeps a scrap book in which he pastes the newspaper clippings about recreant clergymen. But I think actors everywhere should remember that while it is not the function of the drama to preach morality, it is the function of the pulpit, and if the drama is impertinent when it does preach it, the pulpit is recreant when it does not.

Much is said of the temptations and scandals of the stage. In my humble opinion the stage furnishes no more scandals to the news columns of our journals than the bank, exchange, bar or pulpit. There are vain men and silly women on

the stage as there are in society, who go out of their way to find temptation, but it comes to them no more than it does to others. When an actor goes wrong we hear a loud cry against the evils of the stage, but we never hear a similar protest against the evils of the dry goods trade if a clerk or cashier is caught in a misdemeanor.

The fact that some adventurers and bad women have chosen to make the stage an advertisement for themselves does not militate against the dramatic profession. The actors feel this intrusion acutely and resent it honestly. The average actor takes as much pride in his profession as a lawyer, doctor or another in his. He is the first person to speak against charlatanism, against methods for advertising which bring the stage into disrepute. He knows only too well that the theatre is opposed by a large and influential majority, and that the prejudice of this majority stands in the way of progressive stage art. He knows, too every scandal involving an actor or a person on the stage makes these prejudices still stronger. It was Mrs. Langtry and Freddy Gebhardt yesterday, it is Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellw to-day. These are the things that lead an actor who loves his art, and who labors for its dignity to denounce his own profession. It is almost pathetic to observe the neglect with which actresses of high standing and distinction are treated while the affairs of some unimportant creature, whose loose conduct and adventures have made notorious, are eagerly discussed. Mrs. James Brown Potter for instance. She is the most talked of woman in the dramatic world to-day. And I say without fear of contradiction, that she does not understand the first principle of dramatic art. Yet she has never appeared to a small audience. She bears the stamp of approval of the Prince of Wales—and we all know what that means, notoriety without fame and a reputation without merit. Why should the members of the dramatic profession be condemned for this? The public alone is responsible for the society star craze, which is looked on by actors as a curse to the profession.

That virgin woman and truly great actress, Mary Anderson, "snubbed" the Prince of Wales, only to find that the doors of New York society were closed to her with her fame, and opened to Mrs. Potter with her notoriety.

It may seem unkind for me to say it, but I fear there are more bad actors on the stage than good ones—I mean bad from an artistic standpoint. The stage is filled with coarse clowns who have gained a foothold on the boards through an increase in the "horse-play" comedies. A play can be funny, and still have the comedy element, a legitimate outcome of plot and character, but the farce comedies of to-day are a mere hodge-podge of incident held together by a worthless and trivial pretense of plot, and devoted to showing how many times a man can be thrown down stairs, dropped into a washtub and walked on in the course of an evening without being killed. Who is to blame for this? The public for supporting them, not the actors and managers for giving what pays them best.

I am in hope that the excess of these things will disgust play-goers after a time, and they will be glad to see real plays once more. One reason for their growth is the present popularity of comedy. Tragedy is not agreeable to most people. There is too much of it in common life. Take up any newspaper and read the world's history for a day. What a record of accident, crime, vice, hardship and death; so we go to the theatre as a relief from the gloom of daily tragedy and the struggle and strain of this selfish nineteenth century.

Where good plays are acted by good men and women the influence on the public can be no other than wholesome. Did one ever go to see Booth, Barrett, Irving, Jefferson, Mary Anderson or Julia Marlowe act and come away the worse? I cannot conceive it. Not only does every play that's rightfully constructed teach a lesson, but it keeps our natures fresh, pliant and youthful; it touches the springs of our generous emotions, proves the nobility of self-sacrifice and generosity, "shows scorn her own image and holds meanness up to contempt."

The quarreling between the church and the stage has been done by a few narrow-minded and sensational preachers. On this subject we have had a mass of pulpit oratory which for compressed stupidity and incorrigible narrowness has never been equaled in the bucolic realms of cant. It is sometimes as difficult to make a preacher understand what morality is, as it is to make an actor comprehend immorality.

Daniel L. Hart.

MAMORA.

Ca, ha ! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails
werè hairs ; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines*
de fen ! When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk :
he treads the air ; the earth sings when he touches it.
—KING HENRY V, ACT III, SEC. VII.

There lives in Washington a lass
Who can all other maids surpass
In pranks and schemes of jollity
Outreachingly, as easily
As the live wind outruns the sea.
Her joyousness has nothing kin
To ugliness of vice or sin ;
Wiles wanton round her dimpled chin,
And mix with heart-born smiles that win ;
Around her form rolls merry Laughter,
And reddening Mirth goes tumbling after ;
Young Joy with flapping wings doth rise
And Mischief dances in her eyes.
Her form is of imperial mold,
But trembles and can hardly hold
The life of which it is the fold ;—
This maiden surely feels the glow
Which happy gods deign to bestow
On favored children here below :
But hers is not that impulse fierce
That drives the poet into song,
And half his life's days doth amerce
With racking pains of passion's throng ;
Her glow is sweeter—yet as strong.

She also needs a fitting vent
To free her ardor bosom-pent,
Just as the orator or poet
Needs for his fire a vent to show it.
He has within his careless reach
The various forms of blazing speech :
To *this* means *she* has no recourse ;
But she has still a good resource :
When'er she feels that inward force,
She calls, like Richard, for a horse.
And thus one morn when she awoke,
She felt her spirit's mystic stroke ;
She slightly raised her head, and sighed,
And called her mother to her side :
"That restlessness returns once more
Which came upon me oft before ;—
I knew not then its meaning strange,
Nor know it now ; but I believe
That boundlessly o'er fields to range,
Would happily my breast relieve.
Then for thy dutiful daughter's need,
Oh ! grant that I may have a steed—
One that exactly suits my need—
That shakes his beauteous mane with pride,
Rears, curvets, full of life and fire—
Can fly along the mountain's side
Full swift, and never, never tire."

Then to the maiden spake her mother :
"My daughter, thou hast been a bother—
Yes, ever since thou'st been a child ;—
O that thou had'st the spirit mild—
The peace and meekness of thy sister :
How oft I've taken her and kissed her,
Secretly wishing that a part
Of her sweet peace were in thy heart !
But I will grant thy strange request ;
And now bethink thee what is best
For thee—and mayst thou still be blessed."
The daughter languidly reclining
While thus her mother gently spake,
Now rose, and forward sprung, and twining
Her arms around her mother's neck, she kissed
Her mouth and brow with many a quake

Internal, while thick streamed her tears ;
Then thus : "O darling mother, list :—
Now cast aside thy loving fears ;—
If thy good promise thou'lt fulfill,
I vow that never more of ill—
Of endless fun and waywardness—
Shall spring from me to thy distress."

To satisfy the maiden's yearning,
That very morn a steed was brought—
A steed impetuously spurning
The ground, as though with entrails wrought
With that fanned fire from Heaven caught.
Now while before the door he pranced,
For very joy the maiden danced :
She hastened to her riding-habit—
It was delight to see her grab it—
Her dainty hand has grasped the whip ;—
And to the door now see her skip !
She cast one glance toward the steed,
And cried, "Now is my spirit freed."
With an exulting single bound
She reached the horse, and viewed him round ;
She laughed aloud—and in a crack
She leaped upon the horse's back ;
The whip far flashes with a thwack —
And they are off ;—lingers "farewell,"
Like echoes of a silenced bell.

With streaming mane and straining neck,
The horse sped onward at her beck ;
The thundering clatter of his hoof
Warned all pedestrians aloof ;
Her gleaming eyes, which strangely flashed
In measure as she onward dashed,
Her head's unruffled, soft repose,
The proud disdain on her fine nose,—
Threw passers-by into amaze,
Who followed her with marvelling gaze :—
She seemed the spirit of a storm
That fell behind her fleeing form.

And now the town lies in the rear.
Mountains and vales begin to appear.
Her joy, which whilome she had smothered
Because of fear of those who bothered
Her mounting spirit with restraint,
Was such as language cannot paint ;
Relieved of the dull multitude,
She rose and in the stirrups stood.
She sees a high hill to her right—
Forthwith resolves to mount its height :—
Lo ! how she strikes up to the summit !
Now swiftly as a far-thrown plummet,
She cleaves toward the mountain's base,—
And there she checks for breath her pace.
Her buoyant spirit's latest change,
Her laughing powers' present range,
To her own breast she here reported ;—
The horse impatient snuffed and snorted :—
And while the bubbling laughter burst
Upon her lips, thus she rehearsed
Her bosom's thoughts in silence nursed :
"Oh ! wildly to be thus free ever !
And never to endure—oh ! never—
The fetters fabricated by
That iced thing society ;
I may not laugh—leap—run—and shout—
And why ? Because I'm galled about
By clankless chains of Custom's rules—
The tyranny of zealous fools.
Oh ! Could I mount and leap afar
To some bright, solitary star !
Where I might feel no more
The stilted dullness of this shoro !
It may not be ; but since I must

Alas ! remain here with this dust,
 I'll furnish me a pleasant haunt,
 There dullness shall not come to daunt ;---
 There shall my bosom freely glow---
 The fulness of my fuu shall flow,
 And laughter sparkle unrepressed :
 Oh ! Heaven ! how I shall be blest !"
 Thus ended she. Her black eye fired :
 Again she urged her steed untired ;
 He was so lively still, it seemed
 The subtle force of fire streamed
 From the inspired maiden's breast,
 And through her tingling limbs addressed
 Itself into the charger's flanks,
 Just as the battery's current flows
 Through boys that in a circle close,
 Or when her son the mother spansks,
 As she with each stroke warms his shanks.

The steed and maiden—what a sight
 They offered in their bird-like flight !
 But now the day drooped into night :
 She wheeled her courser to the right,
 And started on the homeward stretch.
 She was no more the fettered wretch
 She felt when she awoke that morn,
 But seemed to boldest freedom born—
 The freedom of a winded horn—
 And though the itching of her mood
 Of rising laughter was subdued,
 Her merry heart with peace endued,---
 Her courser's pace she slackened not,
 But swiftly still along she shot :
 For now she could with pride regard
 Her great skill at such riding hard,
 It filled her sobered heart with joy,
 That this old man and that small boy
 Stood still in admiration at
 The easy way in which she sat,
 The speaking daring of her eye,
 Her lithe form's grace and majesty.
 Conscious that admiration's gaze
 Was centered on her with its praise,
 One last great effort here she made
 For all her riding-skill's parade :
 She screwed up to its highest pitch
 Her energy, and swung the switch :
 It roused to further speed the colt,
 And onward like a thunderbolt
 They came toward the maiden's home,
 She drenched in sweat and he all foam,
 Before the outer steps they halted

With such impetuous recoil,
 That she far from the saddle vaulted,
 And gently lodged upon the soil :

"Yet is my happiness exalted,"
 She quickly thought, "but what can foil
 My skill so ? Ah ! well---well---no matter.
 Unluckily, ere up she gat her,
 Her mother, having heard the clatter,
 Appeared upon the hapless scene ;
 "Why daughter what does this thing mean ?
 Art thou indeed a rider green ?"
 "Nay mother, I am now misprised,
 I merely leaped and exercised,
 Away with this—Oh ! I'm so glad
 That I this fiery steed have had !
 And mother may I ride thus oft ?
 My spirit seems to fly aloft,
 When I on that swift courser bound
 So rapidly along the ground.
 And here it dawns upon my mind
 How writers of a certain kind
 Could well—unseen—relieve themselves,
 Of their erotic, pimpled elves,
 Which they unhesitatingly

Permit the laughing world to see.
 My buoyancy is not the same
 As theirs, and takes a different name,
 I grant, all-pure and free from blame,
 Lo ! Libby, Daintrey, Wilcox, Rives,
 And others of their famous class—
 Why don't they make themselves good wives ?
 For then, in sooth their glow would pass ;
 But if this would not be romantic,
 And not proclaim themselves love frantic
 From the Pacific to the Atlantic,
 Oh ! why, instead of sending pealings
 Abroad—loud sounding o'er the land---
 To announce their amorous thoughts and feelings
 All which they offer in their hand,
 Why don't they in a modest way
 Ride their redundancy away ?
 If they should once themselves betake
 To horseback-riding, it would shake
 From them their love's exuberance,
 And keep intact their common sense."
 "Yes, Yes ! my child that is no joke,
 But words as true as e'er one spoke :
 Each of those girls is nigh a sinner,
 But come now child, and have your dinner."
 When thus the maiden's mother ended,
 Then : "Sambo ! Sambo !" he attended
 Full promptly to his mistress' call,
 And led the steed down to the stall.

E. W. Marshall.

—O—

THE MARBLE STATUE.

Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess. Beside being beautiful she was good and lovely in character. Next her father's dominions lay the kingdom of another rich and powerful ruler, who also had one child, a son, beautiful too, and brave, but wicked and cruel. He loved nothing but that which was evil except the princess, and she loved nothing but that which was good except the prince, from which we may infer they were much in love with each other.

This pleased the two fathers greatly, but they were both good old men, and could not help disapproving of the prince's bad ways. They held a state council and agreed that the princess should wait for him three years and if he did not reform by that time she should marry some one else. Two years passed, and the prince's progress in the right direction was so very gradual that no one could see ever so little a change. The princess would talk to him, and her influence made him long to do better, and for a whole day he would try with all his might, and then his old habits would return, and his weak will was powerless to help him.

All this gave the princess great sadness. One day she was out in her father's woods, where she often went when she felt melancholy, for here few people came and she could think of the prince undisturbed. Sitting on a mossy log, lost in thought, she was warned by the crackling twigs of some one approaching. Looking up she saw before her an old woman about three feet in height, dressed entirely in red. On her head she wore a long narrow peaked hat of the same color, and she rested her chin on the handle of her red silk umbrella, evidently waiting for the princess to begin conversation. As the princess said nothing, but looked with her great eyes at the little creature, she at length spoke.

"I can help you," was what she said. Then the princess knew she must be a fairy tho' she had never seen one before, and as fairies always know your thoughts the princess did not question her remark, but simply said "Thank you." This seemed to please the little old woman for she smiled and seated herself on a stone, and ceased propping up her chin with with her umbrella handle.

"My name is Endeavor," she said, "and if you do as I suggest you may yet marry the prince. You must be willing to become a marble statue, perhaps remain one forever—but that depends on the prince. As soon as his reformation is completed you will again be yourself. But there is the terrible uncertainty—he may never reform. Ask no questions, but consider well what I say."

She turned to go. "Oh stay," cried the princess, "I consent." "Not so fast," said the fairy, walking away, but moving her head around so completely, that the face stood between her shoulders. "Take three days for consideration, then at this same hour I will come here again. In the meantime I will see the prince." And she disappeared behind a huge oak.

To a real live princess, changing into a marble statue is a serious matter, and added to that the very small chance of rechanging inside of a year. "It is a great risk," sighed the little princess

"but it must be done. Perhaps—perhaps—tho' I doubt it---I wont be marble all my life."

The three days given for reflection were devoted by her to long rambles through the woods among her flowers, pets, and the peasant children who were all fond of their merry little mistress.

At the time appointed she went into the wood and seated herself on the same log. Again the mysterious crackling of twigs, and the old woman in red appeared. "Well?" was her only salutation. "I will be the marble statue" said the princess, "but," with a gasp in her voice "It wont hurt much, will it? I mean changing me?"

"Not one bit, I promise you. I have told the prince and he is quite willing. Here he comes now. We will walk to the seashore, to that pile of rocks, and I will tell you all about it on the way."

So the three walked slowly toward the beach, perhaps the little princess the slowest of all. The prince, considered it as one great joke, gotten up for his especial amusement, was full of fun and good spirits. The fairy explained her plan to the little princess, who shivered as she thought of the petrifying process. The statue was to be situated on the highest rock of all, the prince to be changed into a wave, and not until he could spring high enough to kiss the feet of the marble maiden could either regain their original selves; and he would not be able to leap as high as was necessary till heart and disposition were cleansed from their evil propensities. By the time the fairy was through they reached the rocks. The ascent to the highest was not at all easy, and the princess' courage was severely tried. The sacrifice would have been less hard, if the prince had seemed to realize all she was about to do for him, but he was only thinking of himself, and not of the brave little maiden patiently toiling over the rough stones, sharp to her dainty feet.

"Wont my father be anxious when I do not come back?" she asked.

The two kingdoms are put into a sleep to last until your return, so you

need not be troubled on his account," replied the fairy.

The little old woman posed the princess on the rock to her satisfaction, then she went off a few steps and brought back a hollow stone. Lifting this high above the princess' head she uttered some strange words, and the stone began to shed water like the huge watering-pots gardeners use.

As the drops fell on the little princess a wonderful transformation took place. Her form became rigid, her eyelids drooped, and her lips and cheeks grew of a deathly whiteness. Soon she was a semi-transparent statue of the finest marble. Well content with her work, Endeavor dropped the stone, which burst into a thousand pieces on the rocks below, and turned her attention to the prince, now an interested spectator. Endeavor did not linger long in this part of her task. She simply walked up to him and with the words, "Remember prince, your nature must be changed before you can ever be anything but a wave," she gathered him up in her arms as if he were a child and moved to the edge of the cliffs, where she deliberately threw him over.

The next moment a flash of foam fell into the sea, and a merry little wave danced on the crest of the water.

So Endeavor left them, the marble maiden so far above his reach, and the restless wave impatiently dashing at the foot of the cliffs.

Knowing that this would do no good the prince determined not to waste his energies in one place, but to see life, accordingly with many other waves he was borne out into the heart of the ocean. But the only thing the poor statue could do was to think, and she thought continually of the wave.

The little wave danced on and played with the pretty fishes, tossed the boughs of the tangled sea-weed until he was tired of the sport, when he came slowly back and beat monotonously beneath the crags, above which the pure face of the statue rested on him with a look of great tenderness.

This life he led for some time, when suddenly he woke to the consciousness

that he was doing nothing for himself or the patient little princess, and with that thought he rushed impetuously out---way out---over the boundless desert of waters, determined to return with triumph. The waves about him were of a dark green color, and from their sullen mutterings he learned a storm was brooding, that death was in the air, robbery and destruction were their portion. Gladly he joined these congenial companions, for his old nature was aroused, and he threw his white-cap high in the air, and laughed as the wind hurled him into spray. "Oho," he said "This is life! This is what I love!" And he forgot all about the little princess. The waves dashed wildly on, and they came in sight of a tall vessel. The gallant ship had fought a brave fight, but now she could not last much longer. All around her lay broken planks and boats in this fearful sea. The screams of women could be heard above the roar of the tempest, and the terror of little children, and the white faces of men flying to save their loved ones were shown by the fitful lightning. The waves didn't care. Making themselves into a solid wall, with a terrible force they rushed on their prey. With a universal cry from hundreds of throats, down, down, the good ship went, never to be seen again.

Were the prince and his companions satisfied now? Not they, but like sea-dogs prowled around in company with sharks and whenever they found a poor soul clinging hopelessly to a bit of board, they fell on him, and he soon followed his friends to eternity.

Finally the prince grew tired, and left for the crags to look good-night as was his wont to the princess. A fog was rising, and through the mist he could not see the sad sweet face, and then, too, he was so tired from his boisterous work that in spite of all efforts, he could not go as near as usual, and sick at heart, repentance came and remained with him throughout the long dark night.

The next morning, as he pondered what he could do to retract his course,

a youth and maiden passed along the sands. They were evidently quarreling, and soon the young man left the girl, and walked with quick steps in the opposite direction. Left to herself the girl sat down where she was and began to cry. The prince had just been so utterly miserable himself, that for the first time in his life, he experienced the divine emotion of sympathy.

Creeping quite close to the girl he murmured words of comfort, tho' she could not understand them and only thought how resting the sea was sometimes.

After weeping her pretty eyes red she drew from her pocket a pencil and wrote a sorrowful little note to the young man, which she was sure would bring him back to her. The wave, stealing nearer, startled her, and in her fright the note was dropped and carried out on the receding tide. The prince tried to float it back but found it impossible, so instead he bore it along by the shore till he came where the young man stood, idly poking a stick into the sand. Here he laid it at his feet, and the youth picked it up and started with long strides back to the girl. That night the wave dashed higher than ever before. After this first little act of kindness it was easier to do others, and every day the prince made more progress toward the marble statue. Several times he found himself slipping back because of the evil still in him, but firmly resolving to grow better each day he never allowed himself to be discouraged.

One night it stormed, and again the waves rose angrily all around him, and prepared for their destroying work. As before the prince's delight was great. He shouted and raved in mad excitement with the other waves, until with a pang, he remembered the marble statue. He quieted instantly, and the thought came to him to do all the good possible with his strength. So when the rest of the waves beckoned to him to come on, he joined them and was soon on the water battle-field. This time it was a steamer driven on a reef of cruel rocks, not far from the shore,

which was lined with the village people. Some were getting out life-boats, but the most ran aimlessly up and down wringing their hands and crying. Gently one wave guided the life-boat as it started on its perilous journey, and then, pushing with all his force, sent it straight to the wreck. The other waves seeing this grew angry and turbulent, and with a grand rush down they came on the steamer. She cracked, and cracked, and with a groan that was almost human, divided and sank.

Then came work for the prince, for while the other waves were struggling to engulf the poor beings fighting for life he tried to save as many as he could. He succeeded well. Many a home was gladdened by the return of father or brother from an almost certain death, and none knew that the prince, who was thoroughly disliked on his father's kingdom had been the means of their ever seeing their homes again. He toiled all night, and when morning came started for the cliffs, feeling so happy over his good work that he danced on the sea toward the statue.

The sun was rising in a ruddy glow, tinging the pale cheek of the marble maiden with the hue of life. As the prince came nearer his whole heart seemed to overflow with love for the princess, and in one ecstatic plunge he leaped forward and upward, he touched her feet in one long lingering kiss. The next instant he stood in his old form, the gay and happy prince by the side of the trembling blushing princess. Hand in hand they moved toward home. On the way they saw coming to meet them, the two old kings and between them the fairy, Endeavor.

"The fairy has just explained to us what has been going on," said the father of the princess, "while we were asleep, and now that you have become a good prince you may marry my daughter."

"Yes," said the prince's father, "and we both intend abdicating our thrones as we are growing old, and you can

reign over them together.

"Where is Endeavor?" said the prince and princess at the same time. "Let us thank her." But when they looked Endeavor had disappeared.

Katharine Scott Moore.

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VANDALISM OF PROFANITY.

Nearly every reader will exclaim "Oh, why does he take this old worn out theme! This subject that for ages has claimed the attention of theologians, teachers and moralists. We all know that taking the name of the Supreme Being in vain is profanity and that profanity is a violation of the laws of Heaven and earth. That all Christians and pure people abhor it and that true gentlemen will not swear anywhere much less in the presence of ladies and children."

Profanity is a word so broad and deep and significant that many large volumes might not exhaust it. Strictly speaking any violation of any wholesome rule or law is profanity, for profanity signifies making an improper use of anything. Thus we cannot trample upon anyone of the ten Commandments without being profane. When we misuse our own body or that of a fellow creature we are profaning the temple, or what should be the temple, of the Holy Spirit. It is profane to eat or drink too much; to dress too much or too little. It is profane to use slang, thus polluting pure, correct language. Nicknaming is also profane as well as dishonest. Drunkenness is very profane and no doubt in myriads of cases it is the unpardonable sin. And is it not profane to pollute the teeth, mouth and breath with drugs and offensive, sickening odors?

According to the dictionary, to make an improper use of a thing is to profane it. However, as the common reader understands profanity to be the taking of the name of God in vain, the writer will for a moment thus view it.

We can truthfully say of the profane man that he does not love his Creator and that he hates the laws of his land, and thus proving himself to be a law-breaker does he not, or will he not, break all laws? If we rebel against

one law are we not rebels? The untruthful man swears to what he says. The mean, cowardly and small man swears to give weight, and attract attention, to what he says. He knows there are great names and great powers, but he has not the sense to fear and respect them. The curses he calls for will fall but they will fall on his own head.

As I walked the street a man hissed out a terrible oath and I thought it sounded like the blood spurting from a spear wound in the side of the Innocent Man. It was evening, and, as I walked I heard another awful oath and I saw a large, coarse, dirty hand fall upon the pale, cold lips of a dying mother and it drowned her last, pleading words into a moan and a sob. Going on I heard still another fearful oath, and looking, I saw a handsome, well dressed man with arm outstretched in a lovely garden full of flowers, fountains, light and beauty, and then a forest of rare, white statues fell in fragments from their pedestals among fair, sweet roses, crushing a sleeping infant, while a beautiful young lady trembled and turned pale and walked away to weep and sigh and die alone in the darkness that fell upon the garden. *Charles D. Linskill.*

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THE BUDDHIST'S QUEST.

I sought for peace in classic love
But found its heroes all too gory,
"Arms and the man" but nothing more:
Sweet peace dwells not in ancient story.
I sought in wine a subtle charm
To banish care and thirst for glory;
But oh! the morn brought double harm,
Peace fled and left a shameful story.
Fair Science called with winning look:
I seized the gift, and conned the pages
Of nature's ever-changing book
Of laws unchauged through all the ages.
From Monad up to man, one force,
One plan with endless variations
Pursue their unrelenting course
For nature blasts her own creations.
Oh life! Oh! death what hidden power
Joins and unjoins these conscious members?
Is death or life the final hour
Does death put out thought's glowing embers!
No! I shall live in other forms
And Karma build through countless aeons
Shall vanquish death till life transforms
This lowly song to angelic paeans.
My spirit pure! Oh blissful rest—
Triumphant shout one glad hosanna
Then quickly melt on Buddha's breast
And find sweet peace, long sought Nirvana.

Frederic Corss.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LU.
ZERNE BAR.

HON. HENRY M. HOYT.

It is not given us to know either the happiest or the most important period of a person's life, but in a reminiscence of Henry M. Hoyt, it is a school companion's pleasure to linger amid the tranquil scenes of social and domestic life, when advancement was promising, and it is upon the circumstances of his youth, and early manhood, more especially than the later manifestations of public or of professional life, that the recollections of early friends love to dwell; for to them there is a charm in that golden period of human experience, which they fear the world has not known, and of which they bear testimony more fondly, than of more important later things that cluster about his name.

Furthermore observation teaches that the school in which human character is formed, and its destiny shaped, is around the domestic fireside, where the first lessons are taught which go with a man for weal or for woe, through life: making the remembrance of the past life a part of the present life, and we cannot help looking back on that which is past, or help looking forward on that which is coming, nor in either case suppress an emotion corresponding to the perception.

There is probably none among the contemporaries of his youth who foresaw or predicted his future, professional or political consequence: which favors the admission that distinction may be the reward of industry and patient submission to routine.

In tracing his career from an honest boyhood to the highest official position in the commonwealth we find his course maintained with dignity and honor, and with a reputation for unflinching adherence to the principles of right and justice.

His early efforts at extemporaneous discussion show compass and force of argument, and while there was no condescension or affectation, there was a moderation and delicacy show in an unwillingness to advance pretensions; and later, as he went forth in the world, those who viewed his character, marked him as a young man who would be heard in the great activities of life.

Those intellectual resources, that enable him to use his faculties so aptly, are

the results of the discipline of years long gone by.

His manners were ever genial, his conversation instructive, his temperament cheerful, and his gayety overflowing. He was studious, but his thirst for knowledge never showed an air of conceit, nor has any display of vanity, or egotism, marred the greatness that has transcended the intellectual condition of his childhood, when the ideas he is now developing were germinally manifested and where the quiet of rural life gave opportunity for uninterrupted thought and reading.

He possesses the power of minute analysis, and examines in its various relations, every subject with which he deals; although not a professed student of metaphysics, he is essentially a metaphysician, analytic in his mental processes, intense in his convictions, and holding firmly to good traditions, though neither litigious, reticent or opinionated.

His humor is playful, his opinions are broad and tolerant, and he despises shams and conventionalities.

He has moreover an accurate eye for political perspective, and his style of speaking is unpretentious. He excels as a writer of English prose, philosophical thoughts, historical facts, scientific illustrations, personal experiences, local allusions, and suggestions springing from daily life, are always subservient to a timely and useful purpose. He had admitted claims to knowledge in the department of legal lore, and he was always sufficiently furnished to do justice to any cause in which he saw fit to engage, possessing a power of reasoning and discernment, and a depth of insight, that made him a formidable adversary.

There was a strength of intellect, a mind of active resources, a vision that saw deeply and quickly, into whatever is intricate or whatsoever is profound. He was a great refiner as an attorney, but he never used nice distinctions to prejudice truth, or to conceal justice, and his conduct at the bar would dispel any aspersion on the profession of the law, that it was inimical to classical learning, literary culture, or the civil arts.

A certain degree of good sense and knowledge is indispensable to judicial success, and while he preserved the most intrepid steadiness he was fortunate that both duty and ambition always concurred in pointing out the straightforward path

to success and favor. In his life such success and prosperity attended him, as results from lofty aspiration, intellectual ability, consummate prudence, self-denial, and unwearied industry.

He was steady in his friendships, undisturbed by ambition or rivalry; in social life his personal qualities gained their most lasting luster; in conversation his wit and pleasantry was natural, his gayety spontaneous, and his temper was never accompanied by frivolous and superficial qualities.

Moreover, while he was always commended for diligence and integrity, was in the highest degree courteous and complaisant, his civilty universal and undistinguished, and these united to simplicity of manner, delicacy of sentiment, and patience in the execution of his office, make a shining part of his character; yet his great understanding did not attain all its growth in professional soil.

In early life he gave promise of that proficiency, which in manhood was realized by a combination of professional knowledge and liberal accomplishment. His intellectual, literary and attaching qualities of heart, drew to him the warm attachment of a numerous body of friends, attesting to his excellence, which now shaded by the lapse of many years, sheds a calm and placid light over his past memory, like the pure ray of a distant star, which the mists have for a time obscured from our view.

In all the relation of family and friends his presence adds new zest and relish to social intercourse, without wonder-stirring vicissitudes, his career is instructive and interesting. The school companion becomes a Lawyer, a Colonel of a regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, a Judge of the County of Luzerne, and Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; and when the names of orators and statesmen, illustrious in their day, have been forgotten, his name will be remembered as a gallant and faithful soldier, and as a magistrate, whose judgment will be studied and respected.

Geo. Urquhart, M. D.

SHAWNEE MOUNTAIN MINSTRELS.

It was late in June that I climbed to the top of Shawnee Mountain to spend a few days with Judge Rhone at his pleasant summer cottage. The Judge, who is one of Pennsylvania's cleverest ornithologists, literally lives with the birds. Forests and groves of shrubs surround his summer residence, and hither repair each season the feathered tribes to build their nests and rear their young. Thrushes, verios, chevinks, woodpeckers, orioles, chichadees, warblers, and many other species seem to regard the Judge as their legal guardian, and in this they are not mistaken; for neither John Burroughs nor Olive Thorne Miller could be more solicitous of the bird members of their families than are Judge Rhone and his talented wife of the sylvan minstrels that nest about their grounds.

Not a dozen rods from the cottage I found a red-eyed verio's nest suspended between two twigs of a maple sapling and not more than a yard from the ground. It was a neat pensile nest, constructed of dried grass and bits of paper which were well glued together. The lining was of a fine silken substance which I shrewdly suspect madam vien had plundered from the back of a helpless caterpillar. Three eggs, dotted with cinnamon brown near the large end, was the complement of this, their second, brood. The parent pair were richly attired in yellow-olive with brown-tipped wings and tail. The red-eyed verio is one of the most numerous of the warbler family that regularly visits Wyoming Valley, and his emphatic "Whip Tom Kelley" is always heard during the months of May, June and July.

That rare exotic visitant, the scarlet tanager, always summers with the Judge; and what a beautiful fellow he is with his rich suit of scarlet set off with jetty black, his handsome forked tail, delicately tipped with white; and his well-bred manners. True, he has little in the way of musical attainment, to commend him; but his even temperament, excellent character, uniform gallantry, and attractive "personnel" always win for him a goodly amount of admiration, and his welcome, on a bright May morning, is sure to be a cordial one. But I not that less tanagers come to the north each season; and as I watch and wait during the spring

months for his return, it is with fearful apprehensions least the last of the tribe should have been exterminated to adorn (?) some lady's head-gear. Cruel fashion! How long must this unmerciful warfare continue? Unless it is checked, our beautiful orioles and tanagers will shortly be extinct.

The wood-thrush, abundant everywhere is nowhere found in greater numbers than on Shawnee Mountain and the woods thereabouts fairly ring with his silvery notes. Burroughs, by all odds the keenest bird critic on this side of the Atlantic, awards the first song-prize to the hermit, and the second to the wood thrush. I cannot but question the justice of this decision. True, the hermit goes an octave higher than the wood thrush and his song is serener, more ethereal and hymn like; yet it must be borne in mind that his notes are seldom heard. He is, as his name would indicate, an occasional performer, preferring rare occasions and solitary places to try his silver horn. Not so with the wood-thrush. He is always in tune and asks but one invitation to pour forth a rich volume of sylvan melody.

Will S. Monroe.

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A VOICE.

Within our spirits there is that
Which calls on us to rise and be!
Which shows us heights we shudder at
And whispers, "Lo! these wait for thee."

I. K.

EDITORIAL.

A SHORT CUT TO HAPPINESS.

We are told that there is nothing in the universe but Thought—that unhappiness is a thought, that is, if we are unhappy, it is because we *think* we are. Having control of our thoughts, we are miserable, it follows, because we will it—a mental operation that we will to come to pass.

Ye Gods! the shores of the blessed await us! We, ourselves, are there-by a sleight of the mind! We are also told there is no material world; the visible exists only in our minds.

This will do very well as a speculation. The coming man may become independent of his environments, may become the despot of his feelings, but it is certain that our present experience can consider that prophecy as a mere

Utopian dream.

But is happiness the real desideratum of Life's endeavor? The thought of ideal happiness is at variance with our experience; it is enticing but fruitless. If it were possible for us to live so that realities did not touch us, we are not sure but that it would be unwise and criminal to exist in such a state. Our senses need something tangible; we cannot escape what the Creator has laid upon us by running away mentally.

The best happiness is attainable to all, but of all joys, the most unstable and unreal is that purchased with self-deception.

It is well sometimes to lose sight of the physical, and let our souls reach out to touch the great universe around us. When we let the eye wander wide space we have, like Mercury, a pair of wings fanning our heels. We are light-hearted and free. We feel that an invisible spirit tip-toes through the sweet, fresh air, and with tapering fingers, catches at the buds, whose scanty leaves scarcely hide the sparkling jewels within. They reveal to us the tears that have been caught by the morning dews. It is when we taste the luxury of a sunny bank, and touch the flowers, that like little hands, reach up for our caresses, that rustle, as the soft wind takes them into its folds. When they open their golden lids and raise their heads in clusters with the bees about them, to hear their praises sung among the sweet brier by the thoughtless winds that sweep over them. When morn, with its dewiness, kisses them, until their gentle flush wings its way o'er their delicate white, then we taste of joys that bless us. These upturned eyes do not reveal, but suggest, a sprite within them. We watch nature's gentle doings, and wonder at the loveliness. We are charmed with a spirit we cannot see. In the presence of this serene, almost sad, spirit, the soul moves on luxuriant wings. The calm grandeur of the beautiful, staid loveliness takes us out ourselves. We feel an uplift that touches us with its sweet full lips, and whispers inspirations in our ear, and woos our sad memories into forgetfulness.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM THE MOST IMPORTANT.

Humanity understands its relation to nature---the principles that underlie moral life. Its needs are working out the problems that underlie the social life.

The great question is to understand our relation to each other. This question has not been worked out as long as one man suffers through no fault of his own, and to overcome this false condition is the end to which we have tended from our beginning. There is in the world a deepening consciousness of human rights, an increasing feeling of obligation to our fellows, and a sympathy for the unjustly suffering. We are moving out of the eddies; we are departing from the solitude of our own souls; we are giving up the solitary struggle with the mysteries of life; we are abandoning the effort to penetrate the secrets of nature. Instead, we are endeavoring to utilize the forces of matter, and to enlarge our opportunities and those of mankind.

Man began by battling with laws outside of himself; later, against his own tendencies. Then the idea of personality began to be understood, and its power became clearly defined. An appreciation of religious obligation was awakened, and the coincidence of human aspirations was made visible. This is the heart of our lives, as we have discovered at a fearful cost.

The race has come to see, also, that each man must be given individual freedom, for each man is a distinct and indestructible creation. He must harmonize in the final purpose of life, but he must stand alone.

Religion has taught him how to rob calamity of its woe, and how to cheat heredity, that curse of Eden, of its destructive power, by Obedience. In this submission the immortal soul is purified. The war is not against fate, but against the base and weak elements of our impulses. By overcoming evil, we still the discords that sleeplessly watch for a refuge in our hearts.

The soul is complete in itself, apart from nature and life---the External. Its

destiny lies forever within the compass of its own will. If we compare ourselves with our ancestors we will see that the old conventionalities have passed away. Our ideal conceptions have become vitalized by a sympathetic insight that make them seem more real to us than our experiences. We accept nothing that does not irresistibly appeal or convince us of its reality. We are exploring to see life as it is. Nothing escapes. We are cutting into the Gordian knot; we are approaching the vista that opens to us the infinite possibilities that forever stretch before us.

S. R. Smith.

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A ROSE IN THE SNOW.

Within a lonely garden
One chill November day
A rare red-rose its leaves unfurled
In glorious array.
Its charming color caught my eye
As lowly there she swung,
Defying still the Autumn breeze
The other flowers among.
"O, beauteous rose!" I gayly cried,
"Why bloom ye here so late—
Know ye not well thy time is brief
A frozen heart thy fate?"
She nodded low her graceful head,
Without a show of pride,
And, scattering fragrance as she spoke,
In sweetest tones replied,
"When other lovely flowers are gone,
When earth is cold and gray,
I put my fairest blossom forth
To cheer the gloomy day.
Although no other here is seen
With rarer grace I grow
To lighten winter's dreary scene
I blossom in the snow."
"My mission is to brighten life
Though short my own may be,
I am content if I have given
A glimpse of hope to thee
When sorrow's winter closes 'round
And chilling breezes blow
Thy heart be glad if, for thy sake,
A rose bloom in the snow."
"Sweet flower!" I cried, "much more content
Art thou, indeed, than I,
Thou fearest neither cold nor death,
Art e'en content to die
If, while thou livest, thy beauty rare
Some pleasure may bestow
Thy fragrance scent the dewy air
"Tho blooming in the snow."
How noble thus to strive to live
Through life's dull wintry day,
Diffusing brightest color 'round
Unmindful of the gray—
A sunny smile, some heart may cheer,
A gentle word bestow
A lasting fragrance sweeter far
Than roses in the snow.

Marie M. Pursel.

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ONE NIGHT.

I heard the spring rain falling, in the night ;
And lying long awake, bethought me, then,
Of waste and solitary ways, of vale and height,
Remote and vague, unvisited of men :

Of lone pine-barrens where the twinkling eyes
Of forest-fires were winking, and of all
The bye and brambly paths, the wooded rise,
The fallow fields whereon the night rains fall.

I heard the risen stream, along the glade,
Run noisily ; and thought of nooks and caves
Rain-drenched, of tiny, wrinkled lakelets made
In grassy hollows, 'twixt old church-yard graves.

I slipped, methought, the leash of flesh and ran
Untired, alone, among the rainy hills ;
Along the woods where restive buds began
To bulge and burst. I felt impulsive thrills,

The inner tumult, and strenuous stir
Of quickened germs ; a sudden passion rife,
In riven husk and seed-pod sepulcher,
Declared the "Resurrection and the Life."

I, running, read the riddle of the earth,
The hidden thing, the subtle and the strange ;
Perceived that Life led on from birth to birth
Up, up the mounting spiral-rounds of change.

Life all about, in stem and bough and bud,
Announced itself ; where low in ruin lay
The rotting bole, there Life arose, renewed,
Intensified and strengthened through decay.

I learned the vernal processes, the might
Of moisture and of warmth. My spirit scanned
The labors of the Lord by that strange "light
That never is nor was on sea or land."

And I discerned in frost, and fire and wind,
Sun-warmth and vernal rains, in drouth and dearth,
Earthquake and flood, creative forces joined
To change and cheer, to mar and mould the earth.

"My homing spirit called aloud, elate—
I see the broken bud, the leaf uncurled,
The storms that smite, the seas that rise, I wait,
I watch the ceaseless building of a world."
Verona Che Holmes.

—0—

MODESTY.

The modest violet growing in the vale,
In obscurity,
Withstands the blasts of every boisterous gale
In security.

'Tis nourished with the sunshine and the rains,
It's fragrance mingles with the wild birds' strains,
If cumbered by rank weeds it still retains
Its purity.
Fred Williams.

COME IN MY DREAMS.

Come in my dreams and smile again,
Come, with the loving look of old ;
This broken heart is happy then,
And flutters free from sorrow's hold !
Come in my dreams and kiss again,
The dear old fondness to renew—
I wake to find you false, but when
I dream, oh ! then so fond and true !

Come in my dreams, when slumber brings
Forgetfulness of all my woe ;
Come in sweet dreams, when fond Love wings
The swallow flights of long ago,
And, from its home within the heart,
Still cleaves the clouds that lie beyond ;
And you shall nevermore depart,
And I will nevermore despond !

Come in my waking hours no more,
Unless it be with tearful eyes ;
For, close to sorrow's troubled shore,
Love, in a hopeless circle, flies
And knows it ne'er can build again
The broken nest from whence it flew—
I wake to find you false ! but when
I dream, oh ! then so fond and true.

D. M. Jones.

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A BIRTHDAY TOAST.

The years come quickly, and quickly they go—
Moving with rapid stride.
How much there is useless in each we may know
After that each has died ;
Every deception and each hollow show
Yields up its falseness when tried.
We see some unworthy ones meet with success
In all they undertake ;
Yet we know that they hardly enough worth possess
Their place among humans to take ;
On a strength of this knowledge we sometimes profess,
Lo ! here has Providence made a mistake.
Many good objects meet failure each year ;
Ill is the fact and yet true.
If fate rules the future of what we hold dear,
Vainly for kindness we sue ;
Never will she lend a listening ear
Except to the favored few.
Go where you will, and study with care
Men's deserts and what they receive ;
Mark how my neighbor has more than his share
Achieved of what Fortune can give,
And I, though deserving as he is, must bear
Needs that his store might relieve.
Go to the wide world of Literature,
You find much that seems out of place,
And many a paper undoubtedly "poor"

You see gain undoubted success.
Zealous and honest hard work is quite sure
Ever to lose in the race.

In one case, however, false Fortune inclines
Aside from her usual arts;
Now to give merit its due she designs—
Richly her favor imparts—
Echoes the wish of these alternate lines,
Sent out from the thousands of hearts.

E. Wolfe.

—0—

MISS PYNE'S PIT.

The northeast veranda of the small hotel at Tanglewood Tarn was the coolest spot to be found on a certain August morning, and all the young ladies in the house, to wit, five—had found it. They sat there in diaphanous white garments that would make any man who looked at them curse the day when he sold his soul to a fashionable tailor.

Each one had in her lap what she was pleased to call "work," upon which more or less zeal was expended. In the case of Miss Carola Pyne the zeal was decidedly less. That young woman made no pretense whatever of working, but lolled back in her rocker with an enormous Japanese fan in her hand, and laughed at cross-stitch Kensington and knitting-needles.

She said there must be a drone in every hive, and that she felt an inward call to that position. She also said she was dying for mischief and was going to give Satan a chance to find some for her, whereat, the Misses Elliott, from New England, who had high celluloid foreheads, and wore no bangs, looked utterly horrified and crocheted as fast as they could as if to exercise the evil spirit that Miss Pyne was conjuring. Miss Pyne wore bangs like a poodle, had no earnest thoughts, and didn't seem to have been very well brought up. So the Misses Elliott had occasion to remark when they first saw her.

But she always had a good time and that was more than they did. She was having a good time at this very moment keeping herself cool, saying things to scandalize them and watching their hard white foreheads crinkle when they tried to laugh.

Vesta Moore and Jane Brydges were not so scrupulous but laughed indiscriminately at everything she said.

Still, even the applause of one's friends grows monotonous at times, and after a while Miss Pyne said she thought the coach must have come in and she would diversify existence by going to look at the register.

In less than two minutes she returned in a state of great excitement.

"Oh! girls; there's some fun in store for us. I've a most beautiful plan that Satan popped into my head while I was at the desk. I was looking over the names and whose should I see but Rose Thorne's—you know her Vesta—awfully pretty girl, rich and deadly stylish—and there right under her's the names of Mrs. Hunter Mann, Miss Lovell, her sister, and Rev. Sandford Merton, of Coalton.

Now, I've got a crow to pick with these old ladies and it's going to be picked here on the spot—look out for flying feathers! Mr. Merton is their pastor and they both adore him, and they'd like to marry him themselves, but they can't you know, so they tote him about with them and show him up as if he were a prize giraffe and throw him at the head of every girl they see. They have thrown him at my head several times. They actually made love to me for him right in his presence. It's frightful, but it's funny too. They seem to think that they're only to bait their hooks with this great hescious fly and we little feminine fishes will swim right up and bite."

"And how does Mr. Merton like this sort of thing?" asked Jane.

"Nobody can possibly tell how he likes it; he just sits and smiles serenely. Perhaps he takes it as a joke that no one can possibly believe in, or maybe he enjoys being bowed down to and worshipped. Being a man, this is probably the case."

"I fear we have a cynic among us," remarked the elder Miss Elliott.

Miss Pyne continued - "I'll tell you how I cooked my goose. Mrs. Mann was saying one day—before him mind you—that young clergymen ought to marry and that they could marry on very little if they only got the right sort of a wife (I being regarded at this time

as the right sort for Mr. Merton.). Just a short time before she had been telling me how when she married the Rev. John Clammer, her first husband, on \$500 a year, her father had set her up by furnishing her house, and how he sent her provisions now and then and a new gown spring and fall. So I responded to her remark about young clergymen marrying, that it would seem to be more important to get the right sort of father-in-law! She had been growing rather discouraged with me for some time, now she was simply enraged. I've been in disgrace ever since."

"And now tell us your plan," said Vesta.

"Oh! my plan—it is this. I'm going to make a match between Rose and Mr. Merton. The special salt of this joke will be that they have a horror of Rose; she's the one girl they'd like to rescue him from. I don't know why, but it is a fact. Now Rose is a splendid creature, a trifle wordly, perhaps, but sound. A clergyman's wife ought to have some dash and wordly wisdom so long as she's not flippant and unprincipled—like me.

(The young ladies from New England cast a furtive glance at one another of unspeakable import.) "Rose has got some reverence. She won't mind always sitting up in the front pew and gazing aloft at him as if he were the law and the gospel incarnate. She'll never want to say bad things about his sermons! She is cut out for Mrs. Stanford Merton, and I'm the artist who is going to make a fit of it—perfect as one of her Redfern gowns!"

Here Miss Pyne's voice was drowned by a gong which announced with unnecessary stentorinousness that dinner would be on the table in ten minutes.

The bare clean dining room was already full of guests devouring a plain but abundant dinner, when Miss Pyne entered, accompanied by a tall, thorough-bred creature, clad in one of those same gowns which the former had declared her intention of emulating. A moment later the young clergyman appeared, walking between Mrs. Hunter Mann and her sister, who clung to his arms as if they were upon the slipper-

iest of ice. He conducted them with reverential care to a table next to the one at which Carola and Miss Thorne sat with the rest of their party. The two girls bowed to the late comers, but these greetings were barely acknowledged by the old ladies. Mr. Merton, however, blushed as fair men are apt to do, and bowed as nearly double as a man may with his soup-plate before him.

Soup, fish, and meat came and went, but the old ladies kept up a vigorous conversation with Mr. Merton, as if fearing that his undiverted attention might for a moment stray in a certain direction. But whether it was from the sudden failing of fresh topics, or from the delicious bodily sense of having had enough to eat, which is the most fatal encourager to that chiefest enemy of mortals--security; whatever the reason, with the clearing of tables preparatory to the bringing in of cottage pudding, apple pie and watermelon, a lull came when Mrs. Mann and Miss Lovell looked around the room to see what manner of beings were their fellow-guests, while Mr. Merton made little heaps of his bread-crumbs, smoothed over the disturbed surface of his "individual" salt-cellar, and at length fell to constructing mysterious diagrams upon the tablecloth with tooth picks.

Now or never was the time for Miss Pyne to enter the breach, and she did it straightway like the bold general that she was. Fortifying herself with an olive, and giving Rose a gentle kick under the table, she sang out in the tone of one who knows she possesses the situation.

"Mr. Merton, we're awfully glad to see you here. Do you feel like doing any missionary work during your vacation?"

Mr. Merton replied courteously that he had come primarily for rest, but that heathen were always an object of interest to him, and if Miss Pyne knew of any in that vicinity, he would be much obliged to her if she would—here Mrs. Hunter Mann began to glower fearfully—"Oh!" burst in Miss Pyne—"you have only to look about you to behold them, and some are in sad need

of your administrations.

"Now here are we poor girls ; there's one walk we can't possibly take without a man along to kill rattle-snakes."

Miss Lovell gave a convulsive shudder, and Mrs. Mann shrieked.

"Rattle-snakes ! oh ! dear, Mr. Merton, we would never have come here had we known this."

"There are worse things than rattle-snakes at Tanglewood Tarn, Mrs. Mann" said Carola.

"Oh ! what ?" shrieked both ladies, fairly frightened into addressing the hateful Miss Pyne, who deigned no reply, but trod on the toe of Miss Thorne who was choking most inelegantly over a cresent of water-melon. Jane and Vesta were by this time giggling shamelessly but the Elliotts cast down their eyes and wished for once that they had bangs to hide behind.

"Then Mr. Merton," continued Carola—"we are afraid to go out in the boats—at least some of us are ; the round-bottomed one tips dreadfully, and upsets if you look toward it, and the flat one leaks and besides it's so heavy we can't budge it. Now men always seem able to make boats go somehow—and we shall expect you to take us out—you will, won't you, Mr. Merton?"

"Oh ! certainly," replied that gentleman with alacrity in his tone, but casting an uneasy glance toward his mature companions. The cap of Mrs. Hunter Mann actually bristled, and she seemed to be searching the region beneath its white crispiness for some startling and attractive snbject which might serve as a counter-beguilement to Miss Pyne's sirenic appeals, but Miss Pyne had gotten the floor and there was no putting her down.

"Then there's another thing we want you to do, and that is to drive us over to Marketville. We can get a three-seated wagon that will hold us all with three girls on one seat, and you as driver. To be sure one horse is broken-winded and the other is skittish, but we'll consider them a pair if you'll only promise to take us. Mrs. Brydges is afraid to let us go without a man, and oh !" she added hastily, for Mrs. Mann gave signs of interference, "we shall find you so useful when we sing our psalms and hymns and spiritual songs on Sundays, to say nothing

of our profane songs on week-days. They sadly lack tone. I can almost sing bass but not quite—"

Mrs. Hunter Mann, apparently able to endure no more of Miss Pyne's rattling tongue, arose, and shaking the crumbs from her full black silk robe with the air of one who scorns to carry away the dust of her enemy's city, signified to her sister and Mr. Merton that it was time to leave the dining-room, and the three sailed out arm in arm as they had entered.

"Two birds have got him in hand, but the one in the bush can sing loudest," quoth the unquenchable Miss Pyne.

After dinner Carola drew Rose apart and said to her ; "Perhaps you didn't understand the little game I was playing at the table. It was simply a Declaration of Independence. I wanted to show those old ladies that I consider myself perfectly free to address Mr. Merton with or without their permission. That fact is now established. You know they've never forgiven me for my reprehensible rejection of him—"

"Why you never told me that he offered—"

"He didn't—they did, and I really could not see my way clear toward accepting him—under the circumstances. Now Rose dear, I want you to back me up in a little scheme I have concocted for tormenting them—a scheme of innocent revenge. I can see that they are determined Mr. Merton shall have nothing to do with either you or me. Mrs. Mann turned perfectly black when she spied us in the dining room. She would never have brought him here had she known—"

"Of the rattle-snakes," interposed Rose.

"Yes, of the rattle-snakes ; to say nothing of thorns to prick his dainty fingers and pines (spelled with a y)—oh ! don't look so forbidding—I haven't made a pun before, to-day. Now I forsee a delightful tussle ; Greek meet Greek. Mrs. Hunter Mann will pounce upon virtuous Vesta, the gentle Jane and the educated Elliotts, and draw them into that magic circle of hers where the Rev. Sandford sits serene and God-like in the center, only waiting to be adored—and I'm going to pounce upon the fair God, drag him out from under her charms, and—well, we'll see what to do with him after we get him out ; the chief thing is to get him out."

An expedition to "Rattlesnake

Walk" was made that very afternoon, and Carola managed that Mr. Merton and Rose should bring up the rear together. The two old ladies evidently took council during the absence of the young people, for upon their return from the woods Miss Lovell met them at the door and informed Mr. Merton that as Mrs. Mann was not feeling very well she would take supper in her room, and proposed "for sociability" that the three should take it together and if Miss Vesta Moore would also join them the table would be complete. Of course there was nothing for Vesta to do but to go, and it looked very much as if the young man were hopelessly rapt away, for that evening at least. But Miss Pyne bore up beautifully under it. She was---so she said---familiar with a diversion the value of which more than doubled any of those with which Mrs. Hunter Mann was acquainted. Mrs. Mann had selected Vesta had she? Well, Miss Pyne had selected Rose, and Rose it was to be! Miss Pyne had managed that afternoon so that Mr. Merton and Miss Thorne were together all the time, and it had not required so very much managing either, for they had both seemed to fall into her plan perfectly. In fact, they had had a tremendously cozy chat, keeping far behind the party and seemingly "very confidential" as Miss Elliot remarked. Carola had thought so too (though she did not say it) and wondered, at the same that she rejoiced, at the success of her scheme. She could not acknowledge that it showed any signs of failing simply because Mrs. Mann and Miss Lovell had decoyed Mr. Merton and Vesta into their room to take tea together. She knew what they were about at this very moment. They were making love to Vesta---for him, They were saying how pretty Vesta looked this evening, doesn't she Mr. Merton? and Vesta was blushing and Mr. Merton was sitting up calmer than the sacred pink elephant and looking anywhere but at Vesta.

Well, she mustn't let the grass grow under her feet. It was being planted and watered very diligently in room No.

16 but with the blazing sun of her intellect she would scorch it dry.

She must spend this precious evening in sowing seed of her own and in good ground. She would show that she knew more of husbandry---there! that just slipped out of itself; no matter the Elliots didn't hear it.

She must talk up Mr. Merton to Rose. You could always safely talk up a man to a girl, when he wasn't present; in fact, it was necessary to do it; girls are so easily influenced by what other people think, especially by what other girls think of men.

Now Mr. Merton, Carola reflected could be left to himself, except that she must push Rose delicately into his path. A man always knows a good thing when he sees it, and doesn't care a rap what other people think. But you must take care that he sees it. Carola meant to take care that Mr. Merton should see enough of Rose, and in order to secure this, Rose must be made willing to see enough of Mr. Merton. From her conduct that afternoon the task did not promise to be a hard one. Still it would not do to be too sure; Rose might be flirting, and this *must not* be a flirtation---it must be dead earnest.

So Miss Pyne gallantly addressed herself to the work of "talking up" the Rev. Sandford to Miss Thorne, with what success the denouement of this tale will discover.

During the next two weeks the house at Tanglewood Tarn was a scene of lively skirmishing. There was little smoke and din, but much marching and counter-marching, no deaths (save to hopes) but wounds in plenty. Miss Pyne appeared to have a whole arsenal of barbed words which she kept bright and sharp, but flower-tipped, lest warfare prove too savage a thing.

Mrs. Hunter Mann, who was not clever at her tongue's end, and whose cuticular sensitiveness might entitle her to be classified as pachydrematous, received these delicately be-decked shafts of Miss Pyne with a puzzled air, and when an occasional one happened to be more penetrating than the others, would

hurl back clods of speech in a sort of impotent anger.

But Carola did not deal much in words, she depended upon deeds and bold ones, to win the day. The drive to Marketville was accomplished, and repeated too, with Rose upon the driver's seat each time. The boats were kept going upon the Tarn until, as Carola expressed it, the leaky one actually swelled, as feet do with too much walking, and ceased to leak, while the "tippy" one grew broken-spirited from sheer weariness and thus became steady.

As for Rose, she was singularly tractable. She listened with a willingness truly touching to the oft repeated inventory of Mr. Merton's virtues—to the defence of his rather equivocal position in regard to the old ladies, and always acceded without objection to any plan that would throw her in his way. Mr. Merton on the other hand, descended from his lofty pedestal of seeming indifference to feminine charms, and acted very much as if there were not the slightest incongruity between the salary of a rural clergyman and the maintenance of that latest luxury of civilized life—a tailor-made wife.

To behold Miss Pyne during this period was to behold a general flushed with victory. Her pretty head strutted upon her shoulders and assumed Roman helmet attitudes, while her bangs fluffed out more than ever and rose stately like a crest.

But Miss Pyne's heart was in her boots! Yes, incredible as it may seem, Miss Pyne's drums and music and flying colors were but bravado; signs of victory, it is true, so far as the old ladies were concerned but in her own eyes symbols of defeat and death. Miss Pyne was beaten. And who pray, had beaten her? She had beaten herself. Two warfares had been going on at Tanglewood Tarn, and the fiercer of them was undoubtedly the single-sided combat fought out on the private battle ground of Miss Pyne's own breast. That time has arrived when the fact can no longer be concealed that Miss Pyne was herself desperately in love with the Rev. Sandford Merton!

The present biographer has no apologies nor explanations to make as to Miss

Pyne's extraordinary conduct in view of this portentous fact. The present biographer will not presume to rush in where the great Hosea Biglow feared to tread, and say "why gals act so, or so, or don't." We entertain grave doubts as to the ability of the "gals" themselves to offer anything plausible upon the subject. We shall probably find Miss Pyne furnished with reasons, but that these reasons will prove satisfying—at least to the masculine intellect—is matter for conjecture.

One day, after she had been flaunting her flags with unusual vehemence and saucy pride in her enemies faces, and was feeling somewhat torn by her double conflict, she took a book (O Literature! what follies are committed in thy name!) and withdrew apart in the direction of Rattlesnake Walk, which, by the way, was a far safer place than the Garden of Eden in respect of reptiles.

Here she sat her upon a mossy log, rested her elbows upon her book, and—well—every woman who reads this knows what Miss Pyne did, and as for the men they can understand about such things so there no use in saying any more about it. Only Miss Pyne's handkerchief was hung out to dry on a near twig several times, and she wished she had brought two, but then, no girl with any real sentiment about her would in such a case deliberately and in cold blood furnish herself with two handkerchiefs in anticipation of needing relays.

As Miss Pyne sat there—I might as well say it—weeping, her thoughts strayed away elsewhere. She knew a bank whereon all sorts of wild things grew, and in her mind she peopled this bank with two people—Mr. Merton and Rose.

She saw them plainly sitting side by side. She knew they were there for she had seen Rose steal off in that direction with a book—presumably to read and shortly after, Mr. Merton had also disappeared—ostensibly to take a nap, so that clerical young hypocrite had given the old ladies to believe. But Carola knew better. Yes, there they were, happy creatures! and here she was! and it was all her own doing. She looked dismally down the long shady, sun-shot walk and felt that the

combined rattling of a whole nest of rattle-snakes could not disturb her nor cause her to fear. Why then, did she jump at that rustling, crackling sound and peer around her with blurred eyes?

Heaven's! it was Mr. Merton coming up the path and alone!

Carola snatched her half-dried handkerchief from the twig and opened her book at random.

"Oh! is it you, Miss Pyne? You are not often so exclusive, but I see you are deeply absorbed in that book. Why, what's the matter?"

There was no help for it, she had to look up, and of course he saw her red eyes.

"Oh! I'm such a goose, I always cry over books; you men never do I suppose."

"No, not exactly, but I've laughed until I cried over certain ones. What is the doleful thing you are reading anyway?" and Mr. Merton seated himself upon the velvety log and turned up the cover of the book that lay on Carola's lap. "What? why Miss Pyne! Tom Swayer! You don't mean that you've been crying over Tom Sawyer! At least you must have laughed first, as I did, and then cried."

Here Miss Pyne burst out hysterically,—“Oh! dear, dear, I'm exposed! I d—didn't know what book I had—and I took the first one that c—came—and—and I wasn't crying over it!”

"Of course not—I knew that. And now what were you crying about? Since I've caught you at it, you might as well tell me."

Carola suddenly straightened herself up. "Where's Rose?" she asked.

"I don't know—I suppose she's in some secluded nook weeping over Huckleberry Finn, or some such heart-rending tale. Do you want her?"

"N—no, but I thought you—"

"You thought I did?"

"No—I thought—"

"Miss Pyne, what did you think?"

"I thought she went to the cove and that you followed her there."

"On the contrary, you came up Rattle-snake Walk, and I followed you here."

"You followed me, Mr. Merton?"

"I followed you, Miss Pyne."

Carola was silent for a moment; then she asked with evident anxiety in her voice—

"Have you and Rose quarreled? has there been anything—?" There she stopped.

Mr. Merton leaned forward so that he could see quite into Carola's eyes up under her broad hat—; "Answer me a question honestly," he said, "why do you trouble yourself so about Miss Thorne and me?"

Carola had rolled her wet handkerchief into a little ball and was tossing it from one hand to the other. She did not reply. She was wondering if this were really Carola Pyne, and if anyone would recognize her who had ever known her before.

Mr. Merton repeated his question, adding—; "Miss Thorne is a very nice girl, and a good friend of yours."

A pause, but no comment.

He went on—; "Had it not been for Miss Thorne I should not have been able to follow you this afternoon---" the ball tossing ceased---; "I should not have known which direction you took---I should not have felt sure that I might follow and be welcome---;" the ball dropped on the ground, and Carola was on her feet.

"What are you talking about, Mr. Merton? What do you mean? Are you crazy, or am I? I hardly know what you are saying, and yet—:" Carola stopped and gasped; she was very pale,

Mr. Merton rose quickly and stood before her. They both with one accord tore their hats off as if smothered by them, and the sun lay in streaks across her rough brown hair and tipped his blonde curls with gold. For a moment neither spoke. Carola first found voice. "Tell me plainly," said she, "what all this is about. Why did you follow me, and what do you mean by being welcome? Of course you are welcome—that is—have I ever given you reason to suppose that you were not welcome? Didn't I tell you the first day you arrived that I—that we were glad you had come?"

"Don't change your pronouns, Miss Pyne. Yes, you said you were glad I had

come, but your words were not followed by deeds; you have treated me with shameful neglect ever since."

"I have, have I?" flashed out Carola—: "Oh! what ungrateful things men are! I've devoted myself to you. You haven't been out of my mind an instant. I've planned and planned, and just squandered my brains in badgering those two old ladies, and managing so that you and Rose could be together, and this is all you care—you don't appreciate it a bit" sobbed Miss Pyne.

"No, I confess I don't, and it is now my turn to ask for explanations. Why, pray, have you 'planned and planned' to throw Rose and me together? Do you know what Rose has been doing? She has been planning and planning to throw you and me together, but she hasn't been able to accomplish it until to-day. You have been too clever for us, it seems, for we never perceived the game you were at. You are very clever, Miss Pyne."

Carola caught her breath and stared. "Why did Rose do that?" she asked.

"Because, with a woman's wit she divined my wishes, and kindly set about to further them."

"Your wishes?"

"Yes, I wanted a chance to see you alone, and as you seemed to avoid me I was obliged to obtrude myself."

Carola braced herself up.

"And what did you want to say to me, Mr. Merton?"

"Sit down, and I will tell you."

"No, I will hear it standing."

"Very well, then—" and now it was Mr. Merton's turn to brace himself as if for a supreme effort--: "I wanted to say that I love you!"

Carola gazed steadily at him.

"Did you come out here to make fun of me, Mr. Merton?"

The young man flushed angrily--"I am not so skilled as you in that art" he said: "The words I have just spoken are, I believe, seldom, if ever uttered in a spirit of ridicule"—and he returned her gaze unflinchingly.

Carola's eyes fell and her lips quivered: "Pardon me," said she. "I am in a puzzle--it all seems so—I"—she was trembling all over. Mr. Merton led her gently to the log and made her sit down, then seated himself beside her, taking

her hand in his.

"Let us not talk at cross purposes any more. Plainly, honestly I say it—I love you; It is true I have never said it before, nor shown you any special attention to prove it, yet it has been so strong a fact in my mind that I have sometimes felt as if it were written all over me, so that everyone might read it."

"But when Mrs. Mann--"

"Yes, Mrs. Mann has a rather uncomfortable way of shoving me into the notice of young ladies, and while I appreciate her interest in me, and feel most warmly toward her for her many kindnesses, yet I can't quite give her the satisfaction of falling into all her matrimonial projects; but at the time you refer to, when she did a little courting on my behalf in your presence, I confess I watched very narrowly to find some signs in you of pleasure at the idea she suggested, but I saw none whatever."

"You never seemed to be looking at me," said Carola.

"But I was, though. Tell me"—and he suddenly brightened up—"did you care whether I looked at you or not?"

"A girl always likes to be looked at," said Carola coyly--"that is--when she--if"

"Yes, I know, conditionally; a pretty girl in a pretty gown likes to be looked at by the right man. Was I the right man, Carola?"

And he evidently thought he was, for he put his arm around her while asking the question.

Carola sat with elbows on knees, and face covered up; her pretty ears and the back of her neck were pink, while her throat worked up and down like a piston. when she at length spoke it was with a thick voice and a choky utterance.

"You were the right man, but I wasn't the right girl. I'm not fit to be a clergyman's wife—I'm too wicked and slangy—and I'm not dignified at all. Mrs. Hunter Mann would never"—

"Please leave Mrs. Hunter Mann out of the question; I shall not ask her permission to marry."

"Anyhow, I'm not the right sort for you, I know that, and I didn't dream you

would think so--and I--but I"--sobbing--"I wanted you to be happily married, and I thought Rose was just the girl"--here Miss Pyne took down her hands and looked through her tears with some of the old whimsicalness; I was always one of those who believed it was the 'lady,' and not the 'tiger.' I really wanted you to have a good wife, even if--even if it were somebody else, so I played Mrs. Mann's game, and tried to make a match for you--and then--you and Rose seemed to take so kindly to one another that I thought all was going on right; then, when you came here to-day--Oh! I couldn't tell what to make of it! and Carola buried her face again, sobbing aloud.

"I see, I see it all now," exclaimed Mr. Merton, while he ran his fingers caressingly through her hair, and drew her unreluctant head down upon his shoulders. "There is no wonder that you suspected me of insincerity to-day, for my intimacy with Miss Thorne during the past two weeks must have been misleading. If only you could have known that you were almost the sole topic of our conversations. Still I was prepared for a little warmer reception than you gave me at first, for Rose had assured me that you were favorably inclined toward me--that, in fact, you talked of me incessantly."

"Lo I did, to help on the match I was making!"

"You dear, generous girl! you are a great deal too good for me; fancy my working to get you a husband because I had lost all hopes of you myself!"

And now there occurred a long pause in the conversation, not an awkward one, but Carola broke it somewhat awkwardly.

"I have something to confess," she said. "When you first came I made fun of you to the girls."

You did? How shocking! How could you?"

"Well, when I found you were here I felt like running away. It seemed as if I *couldn't* stay and see you every day, and I was afraid people would see how I felt--so I--I made fun of you, and oh! I'm so sorry. Can you forgive me?"

"I don't know about it; however, since there is some flattery for me lurk-

ing underneath your words, I'll consider the crime pardonable."

"And then," Carola went on with the air of one resolved to make a clean breast for once and all, "I did something else. I said I was going to make a match between you and Rose to spite Mrs. Mann, because she had thrown you at my head. But it was a lie! an awful lie! and--here she became very confused--"I didn't tell you quite the truth, that is, not all the truth. My real reason was that I wanted you to get married so that I shouldn't dare to think of you any more. There, now, if you think I'm good enough, take me!"

And he took her.

After another period of quiet Carola looked up, and asked--"Are you familiar with Rouse's version of the Psalms?"

"Not very. Why?"

"I was just thinking of a certain stanza:

He digged a pit--he digged it deep--

He digged it for his brother;

And for his sin he did fall in

The pit he digged for t'other!"

I'm so glad t'other didn't fall into the pit I digged for her!"

Edith Brower.

—O—

CORALS.

When the cold of winter is gone, the little buds that have so long been sleeping, stretch themselves at the call of the genial sun, and peep out from their downy homes to breathe the balmy air of gentle spring. To the inattentive mind nature is cold and dreary; but, as the sensibilities are awakened, fresh charms are discovered on every hand, and the glories of nature burst in upon our enraptured souls, awakening soft, responsive music that thrills us with delight. One of the most charming fields for investigation is that of corals. They belong to those works of nature which require careful observation to disclose their beauties. To one who has examined them minutely they are almost enchanting.

Corals have an important place in the geological structure of the earth. They are especially prominent in the palaeozoic era. The most common are cup-corals (cyathophylloids), honey

comb corals (favositids), and chain corals (hyalinitids). Each is easily recognized from the name. All the vast beds of limestone are chiefly of coral formation. Thus in limestone regions or in deposits of silt along rivers washing such regions, fragments of these corals may be found. The valley of the Susquehanna is especially rich in such specimens. Stretching over northern New York is a vast deposit of limestone. It lay right across the track of the great rivers of ice which pushed southward during the glacial epoch. These moving streams carried with them abundant fragments of limestone, rock and coral which were deposited in central and southern New York and northern Pennsylvania. The basins of the lake in central New York were formed by erosion during this epoch, and along their shores are now found fine specimens of cup-coral. In the valley of the Susquehanna, at the confluence of the Chemung, is an extensive plain, formed by a deposit of silt, and now occupied by the villages of Athens, Sayre and Waverly. Limestone pebbles are here very numerous, and I have found some very fine honeycomb corals. It is in this same region where the famous "singing sands" were discovered several years ago by John Boyle O'Riley.

Further down the river, in the days of the early settlers, limestone boulders were so numerous that kilns were constructed, and the boulders burned for the production of lime. At Forty Fort, and along the beach of the river down to Wilkes-Barre may be found numerous cup and honeycomb corals, some still containing the original carbonate of lime, and others having it replaced by quartz. Though these specimens are numerous and easy to find, I have not yet talked with a person who was aware of their existence.

About a year ago it was the good fortune of the writer to secure from a friend a fine collection of coral geodes. He is the discoverer of these curiosities, and found the only bed known in the world. It lies along the shore of Tampa Bay, Florida, and is covered at high tide, but exposed at low tide. Many of these geodes lie loose on the surface, while others are imbedded in a calcite rock, so soft that it can be easily pene-

trated with a pick to the depth of several inches. To the geologist, these are among the most remarkable formations.

Some are long, narrow tubes, and indicate branch coral; others are rounded masses, and indicate rock coral; but all reveal the coral structure beyond a doubt.

The deposit in every case seems to be some variety of quartz. In some the exterior shows the coral and its cells perfectly preserved, while the interior is lined with silica pure and white, or with chalcedony. In others, the original coral substance has been entirely dissolved and replaced by a delicate formation of other material. In all when there is a depression on the outer surface, a corresponding prominence appears on the inner, showing the evident attempt to make the lining of uniform thickness. Thus it often happens that the hollow, viewed from within, is surrounded by a beautifully rounded, irregular, convex mass of projecting points. One specimen reveals, on a transverse section, a circular or eye agate with flowing bands set in pure chalcedony. Another has twenty circular agates on the inner surface crowning the projecting points, and none over one-half an inch in diameter. Another has the coral cells on the exterior, while the interior is lined with a beautiful deposit of pure, clear, nearly perfect quartz crystals.

When found all are sealed so that they are air-tight, and, on being broken, some are discovered to be nearly full of water, which seems to be fresh, pure and limpid. Specimens have been sent to different scientists of note, who are surprised at the "find," and express themselves unable to give any satisfactory explanation of the formation.

I have a collection of nineteen varieties of coral which represent living species, and have seen several varieties which I have not yet been able to secure. The most common is branch or tree coral, which has the parts, as the name implies, arranged like the branches of a tree. The portions attached to the circumference and converging toward the centre. The cells of this kind

are circular, leaving the partitions attached to the circumference, and converging toward the centre.

Sometimes the cells project from the surface of the main branch in the form of a hollow tube.

The madreporé coral has a wavy surface resembling great folds in heavy cloth, traversed by irregular, parallel ridges, between which are arranged the cells. And such exquisite formations! They resemble the finest lace work, or beautiful designs done in hoar frost. The delicate partitions are highest in the centre, and round gracefully to the ends, which are often drawn together first in one direction and then in another, exhibiting the most charming variety. The rock coral resembles a bunch of roses grouped together in careless confusion, with here and there a small prominence which resembles a bud just ready to bloom. A closer inspection reveals the cells radiating laterally from the central column, and suggests the delicate, fringy spines of the moss-rose. The brain coral is traversed over its entire surface by alternate hills and dales which "wind about, and in and out," forming convolutions resembling those of the brain, whence the name. The divisions of the cells in this stand at right angles to the convolutions, forming charming little recesses, in the depths of which, in secure delight, the "sea nymphs dwell." The mushroom coral, as its name implies, resembles a mushroom. One surface is hard and compact, while the other reveals dense rows of delicate white curtains hanging in graceful folds. Held to the light, the cells can be seen resembling the most fantastic knitting. This variety is rare, and its value comparatively high. The club coral is not coarse and rough as one might suppose. It resembles a delicate wand concealed by the finest drapery. Its appearance is so exquisitely soft and fine that it would seem unable to resist the slightest touch. There is another variety, which, as no one has yet named, I will call daisy coral. This has in clusters of two or three, flower forms resembling the daisy. Rough, irregular masses of small particles are

grouped together, and form the centre from which radiates the cells resembling the involuere of those composite flowers. The disc is one or two inches broad, and is exceedingly beautiful. Vermitis, or worm coral, is attractive only on account of its oddity. If a fisherman should find his bait frozen in one solid mass, he would have a good representation of this coral. Tubi-pora-musica, or pipe organ coral, is of a delicate red color, and composed of minute hollow tubes, arranged in parallel rows, and firmly cemented by cross sections about one-half or three-fourths of an inch apart. The rose coral is the most beautiful of all. The strong parts rise gracefully above the general surface, one receding as the other advances, and always keeping the intervening distance the same. The partitions between the cells are parallel to each other, highest at the strong parts of the surface, and disappearing gracefully in the hollows that lie between. They resemble the most exquisite bit of finery margined with fringe more feathery than the softest down. They would seem to fade away at a touch of the breath, as snow dissolves before the noonday sun.

Nature is waiting anxiously to reveal to us her secrets. When we can understand her teachings new fields of pleasure and surprise are open to us at every turn in life.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his joyous hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

C. L. Baxter.

— — O — —

SUMMER BEAUTY.

Hail! beauteous summer full of love divine!
Just emblem of the blessing, beauty, peace
Which God holds for his children when shall cease
Their earthly joys. The majesty sublime
Wrought out in summer rich display is thine
Own handiwork great God! we hold the lease
Of nature's mild magnificence at ease;

And still our admiration for all this resign,
Ere bounteous autumn changes next the scene.
The season's joys are ever full but brief;
Our earthly pleasures time doth soon redeem.
The change to some brings sorrow, some relief!
What rapture in these beauties must there be
That shall outlast the whole eternity.

D. L. Creverling.

EDITORIAL.

AN EARLY WYOMING VALLEY WRITER.

There is on a sloping bank a fallen wall in confusion piled where once a little cabin stood. Near it a sunken grave, grown up in summer with herbage rank and wild, in winter filled with snow. The fallen roof covered for many years, and the sunken grave has covered for many more one whose bright mind shone in solitude, whose heart was touched by a strange glory—royal as the lilies that bloomed by the cool spring. Here lived one with eyes that could see nature; in whose breast beat a heart that could feel beauty.

Where the voice of man was rarely heard he watched the coming of the swallow in the spring, and in the lonely forest listened to the wood-birds' call. At night he watched the procession of the stars above the silent valley. This man left the city and the companionship of men because he found there was no place for dreamers in the struggling world. He chose for his home a lovely spot enclosed by hills at the extreme lower end of Wyoming Valley. He secured a horse and cart and some farming implements, crossed the hills, went down into the little valley, and never left it until a host of bright forms came for him from an unseen land. Then he bade the flowers and birds good-bye, and in the shadow of an old tree that shaded the green plot before his door laid down and died. Months after his moulding form was found nearly covered with leaves. The hunters had found him and buried him there, divided his property, and left the old cabin he had built to nature's care. All that we know of him is that he was a dreamer, and a large package of manuscripts proclaim him a writer.

These manuscripts were deemed of no value, and have been laying mouldering for years in a garret. A late generation has brought them to light, and has placed them at the disposal of this publication. We publish a few selections, and if they prove interesting to the public, we will hereafter publish more of the fancies of this dreamer, who wrote over the name of Daniel Scarlet.

ALONE.

No footfall stirs a leaf or blade. O'er head the clouds so still and white, like silver cliffs along the ocean shore. The moon's fair face is broken in the stream. The stormy souls of men or maidens with peals of laughter and with song ne'er waked the glen. By men forgot, my name, there's none that gives it voice. I hear the mystic voice that soothes the passion and the pain. Tell not of love that might have been for me. Sometimes a swift shadow and a thrilling scream dies across the woods on a quiet afternoon, like the goal that fills the hearts of restless men. Tell me not of the eyrie of the mountain. I will stay among the lofty cedars and the odorous pines. Upon the hungry way I found not duty, truth in God. I sought the moaning pine, no more to fret my life against the goading chain. An exile from my race. The hunger of the heart forgot, I wander through leafy ways and feel the spell of fancy's call. I wander in a dream in wild ways and flowing, scented meads. Here in the forest all alone with time. My soul has found the peace of God.

BURIED IN CLAY.

We have eyes of clay. We only see in the sky over the hedge; or, perchance, think we catch a glimpse of some distant land. Our ears hear only earthly sounds. We are in a country we know not of, and surrounded by forms we cannot see. Our ears are filled with music we cannot hear. Only a little animated clay between us and what? We do not know.

Daniel Scarlet.

—O—

After the late war a Union general was employing men in the south to labour on some public works. One morning a burlesque specimen applied for work. The general, for the amusement of those present, asked him if he had been in the war, and how many Yankees he had killed. He replied that he had been in some thirty engagements, but had never killed any but negroes and Irishmen, as the Yankees were always in the rear, making coffee.

See page 15 + 16
of this volume

POETS AND POETRY OF THE WYOMING * VALLEY BY WILL S. MONROE.

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TO give a critical and historical analysis of the poetry of the Wyoming Valley, necessitates the exploring of a hitherto unwritten department of local literature. Mr. John S. McGroarty, in his *Poets and Poetry of Wyoming Valley*, gives selections from the better-known versifiers, but no critical or historical reminiscences. For this brief survey I have taken possession of many widely-scattered facts and have endeavored to mould them into a history of Wyoming Valley Poetry ; and, while I have admired the songs of our native writers and made the touch of the critical finger somewhat gentle, I have sought to point out the powers and limitations of the singers and emphasize their imperfections.

More than a hundred years have passed since the first local writers began to drink inspiration from the beauties of this historic valley and to pour forth their intoxication with sparkling emication of poetic fancy. It was in 1785 that Uriah Terry wrote his "Wyoming Massacre;" in 1810 that Charles F. Wells wrote the "Warriors of Wyoming," and in 1812 that James Sinton wrote the "Poor Man and the Doctor." Edward Chapman, Charles Miner, and Josiah Wright helped to swell the flood of local verse during the opening years of the present century, but

their rhymes contain little merit and can scarcely be called poetry. The published verses of Amos Sisty, Andrew Beaumont, A. T. Lee, Sarah Miner, and Charles Mowery evince a degree of poetic talent, though unequal and faulty in finish.

The Literary Visitor, established at Wilkes-Barre in 1813, served as a medium of communication for the early writers of this section. It was royal octavo size, a weekly journal, and published by Steuben Butler. *The Visitor* was primarily a literary periodical, and the editor, in the salutatory of the initial number, assures his readers that the paper will be devoted to every department of knowledge "which can be considered useful, interesting, or amusing to all classes of readers—biographical sketches of the most important personages of America and Europe— anecdotes of wit and humor—important facts in the history of nature—remarkable events in the history of nations—the *finest flights of the muse*—the selected beauties of ancient and modern eloquence—such essays as will instruct correctly in morality and duty, in education, science and the arts; and these selected from the best writers, will appear in a dress calculated to form a correct taste in English composition." He also informs his

readers that "the great part of the paper, instead of being occupied with advertisements which are useful only to a few men of business, will be filled with such a diversity of matter, that it can hardly fail of obtaining a welcome reception from every reader." This promise was well kept. It contained no advertisements during the two years that it existed, and was the principal market for the wares of the early Wyoming Valley writers.

The Frontier Maid, or a Tale of Wyoming, was the first poetical volume published here. It was a metrical romance of two hundred pages written by Joseph McCoy and published at Wilkes-Barre in 1819 by Samuel Maffet and Steuben Butler. It is a narrative of the massacre of Wyoming, has ten or a dozen prominent characters, is divided into five cantos, and has an appendix of nineteen pages of notes explaining the geographical and historical allusions of the poem. Mature years painfully revealed to the author the defects of the poem and he subsequently collected and burned all the copies he could get. Although characterized for its inequalities and absurdities, *The Frontier Maid* is not wholly without merit. Here and there a line can be found having the genuine poetic ring. Mr. McCoy was, of course, too deficient in constructive art to elaborate a well-sustained narrative; but, had he been less ambitious and given more finish to what he undertook, he might have written clever verses.

The Harp of the Beech Woods, by Juliana Frances Turner, was published at Montrose in 1822 by Adam Waldie. The selections are chiefly lyrical, of which "My Home in the Beech Woods" is perhaps the best. "Evening," a dainty pastoral, is a poem of remarkable purity and simplicity; and "The Humming Bird" and "Happiness at Home" are delicate and picturesque descriptive lyrics. The volume contains a dozen sonnets which detract from the merit of the book, since the author evidently knew little or nothing of the mechanical construction of the sonnet. The sonnet "To a Mother" is rich in sentiment; and in the one on "My Rhymes" she displays a genuine sense of refined humor.

The Wyoming Monument, "A Poem by the Lu-Natic Bard of Wyoming," was published at Wilkes-Barre in 1841 by Anthony P. Brower, the author, and dedicated to the Ladies' Monumental Association of Wilkes-Barre. It is an attempt at lyric poetry, but has no merit, whatever, and teems with the eccentricities which characterized its author. About the only redeeming feature of the book is the twelve-page appendix of explanatory notes. A receipt for the price of the book, in the bard's own handwriting, was attached to the first page of each copy sold.

Richard Drinker and Edward E. LeClerc were both writers of meritorious verse. Mr. Drinker's "Address to a Land Tortoise," published in *Chandler's Magazine* of Philadelphia, in 1819, shows him to have been possessed of a rich sense of humor combined with all the fervor of a true poet. "Christmas," after the style of Burns, is humorous, witty and genial. His poems are wanting in deep pathos and originality of thought, but are distinguished for their vigorous common sense and unique execution. Edward E. LeClerc another writer of clever verse, possessed the divine gift of song to a remarkable degree. His best poem, "The Massacre of Wyoming," was read at the commencement exercises of Dickinson College in July, 1839, and subsequently published in *Godey's Lady Book*. This, and the poem on the death of his friend Lieutenant James Monroe Bowman, represents him at his best, although in all his writings he displays an exquisite sense of rhythm and a remarkable instinct in the choice of words.

Magazine readers of forty years ago doubtless remember often having read verses by "Edith May"—Miss Anna Drinker, of Montrose. During these years she wrote extensively for *Graham's Magazine*, *Surtain's Magazine*, and the *Home Journal*, then edited by N. P. Willis and George P. Morris. A collected volume of her poems was published by E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, in 1851. The preface to this edition was written by Mr. Willis, who said of her poems, "The rhythm has an instinctive power and dignity, showing the key to which her mind is ha-

bitually tuned, the conception and management of the subjects being full of originality and beauty." A second edition of her poems was published by the Butlers two years later. It contained a portrait of the author, copied from a sketch of her by Wm. H. Furness. This volume was elegantly bound and profusely illustrated by Cheney, Furness, Devereux, Grealbach and others of her artist friends. The second edition being soon out of print, a third edition was published by James Miller, of New York, in 1874, which was shortly afterwards entirely exhausted. The second and third editions, which were alike except in mechanical execution, each contained sixty selections, fifteen of which were purely descriptive. "Count Julio," an Italian story which was written when Miss Drinker was less than seventeen years old, ranks as a masterpiece in the line of blank verse. "Christmas," a ballad, illustrates well the author's freshness and richness of style, and "Rosabelle" and "Lady Clare," the delicacy and strength of her expression. "Magdalena's Confession," remarkable alike for its purity and simplicity, contains some exquisite passages. Her "Two Chants," Mr. Willis said, "shows the port and mien of one whose work in the highest fields of poetry would be that of inborn stateliness and fitness." In "Forest Scenes" she manifests a fondness for country hills and fields; and all the sights and sounds of greenwood witchery are there to make innocent and sincere the inspiration of this singer. Her subjects and treatment, it is true, are usually in the direction of the sad and mystical—the poetical chords oftener vibrating to the mournful surges of the darkly flowing river of Lethe than to the cheerful music of bright waters that break on fair shores; yet her poems of sorrow and doom prove emblematic of her own future and the weight of sorrow that oppressed her soul.

Lizzie Gordon was also born at Montrose and lived there until she was thirteen years old, when she was sent to the Female Seminary at Easton; at fourteen she became one of the teachers of that institution and two years

later she returned to Wyoming Valley and for six years taught in the public schools of Pittston; the eight following years were spent at Pittsburg as assistant principal of a graded school, returning to Wyoming Valley in 1854 where she remained up to October 1884, when the Master called her to a higher service. During the six years preceding her death, she was a helpless invalid and suffered intense bodily pains from an incurable malady, all of which were borne with genuine Christian fortitude. It was during this period that many of her best poems were written. In the preface to *The World's Future* she says, "Situated as I am, a helpless and hopeless invalid, I have been constrained to fill up the time in exercising my mental powers to ameliorate the dull monotony of a sick room and in some measure render life a blessing." Besides her poetical contributions to the newspapers of this locality, she published two pamphlet-volumes of verse, *Among the Flowers*, in 1879, and *The World's Future*, in 1881. The verses of both volumes breathe the true spirit of religious fervor, and though somewhat sad in tone, they are eminently sweet, strong, and original. When the eyes are full of tears we can hardly expect the heart to pour forth a joyous lay; yet to say that Lizzie Gordon's poems are sad, is not to declare that they are morbid or hopeless. There is a simple sweetness, an earnest goodness, in her verses which invariably win the heart of the reader. In her religious poems, the peculiar mental traits of the author are best exhibited; and however faulty they may be in artistic respects, the purity of their sentiment and freshness of their atmosphere are proof against adverse criticism. "Let Me Die" and "Ministering Spirits" show best how delicate the strings upon which she played and how finely attuned they were to impressions.

Hon. Steuben Jenkins, the poet historian, was born at Wyoming in September 1819; his education was obtained mainly at the common schools; in 1847 was admitted to the practice of law in Luzerne county and shortly afterwards he was in charge of the Foreign Mail

Bureau at Washington for several years; he served three terms in the State Legislature, has always been identified with the educational, historical, and literary interests of Wyoming Valley, and through a period of public services covering many years, there has been neither flaw nor shadow in his consistent and exemplary career. As an author, he has written much and well, but published little. Full of vigor, originality and dramatic power, his verses breathe the crispness of the morning air and the pungency of spring buds; and however defective we may find the finish of his work, we cannot but admit that their author possesses a well stored mind and a high degree of poetic inspiration which is always drawn from Nature's great fountains. "Wyoming," a tale of the Revolutionary war, "Manitou of Wyoming," and "The Concord Chase," his longest poems, contain many delightful descriptive passages. "The Forest of Life" is a collection of his shorter bits of verse, many of which evince a fair degree of lyric power.

Mrs. Harriet Gertrude Watres, the sense of whose loss is so fresh upon us, was by nature singularly sweet and musical and her poems sing of themselves. She sang as the birds—in pure, serene and hymn-like roundelays—and her songs are as sincere and genuine as those of the sylvan minstrels, possessing all the hilarity of the bobolink, the faith of the song-sparrow, the love of the blue-bird, and the spiritual serenity of the hermit-thrush. Finished and original in style, delicate in sentiment, fertile in imagination, and musical in expression, Mrs. Watres was a poet of high order, and her verses rank with the very best yet produced by Wyoming Valley singers. *Cobwebs*, a volume containing one hundred and twenty-five short poems, was recently published by D. Lothrop and Company, of Boston, and its merits can not but impress the most careless reader. "Barefoot" illustrates how well she succeeded in investing common ideas with new charms; and in "Caged" her rich imagination arises to the sphere of the true ideal. Deep pathos and refined humor are always nicely wedded.

At every shoaling in the serious stream of "The Quarrel," "Through the Keyhole," and "Ripe Cherries," a vigilant sense of humor ripples. "Woodland Friends," and "My Cottage Home" exhale the fresh breath of a May orchard; and "Love's Loss" and "Lulline" contain all the sweetness and melody, and much of the genuine touch of true poetry. Her melody is so perfect that were not these pleasant fancies as philosophical as they are musical, I should be inclined to charge their author with singing simply for the music's sake; but combined with all this melody is a depth of rare thought and fine poetical imagery. "Bret Harte" and "Snow Birds" are genial poems, and the former is constructed with remarkable ingenuity. In "Twice Waiting," "Rae," and "Faces on the Street," she manifests a thorough understanding of the language of natural emotions and a profound knowledge of the reserves and refinement of poetic art. Few writers have better succeeded in blending exquisite melody with serene, satisfying, and uplifting sentiment, or given us a finer adjustment of word to thought; and with an ever changing variety of measure, she not unfrequently interests the reader quite as much in the treatment of a subject as in the subject itself. To those who know the worth of her poetry, it is a matter of regret that she is not more generally read; but until the people of culture in this rich valley come to realize the genuine work which in obscurity and discouragement the few are doing for its honor, neither the local writers nor their friends need feel that popular neglect signifies merited condemnation.

Mrs. M. L. T. Hartman, who has written extensively both in prose and verse during the past forty years, was born at Huntington in 1817; and her early education was that afforded by the common schools of nearly three quarters of a century ago. She early formed a taste for reading and writing and manifested, even in childhood, an inventive faculty. After marrying, though burdened with the usual domestic cares, she kept up her habits of study and wrote frequently for the

local papers. For many years, both before and after her marriage, she was engaged in teaching; and in the school-room she found a successful exercise of her talents and a field of untiring influence and usefulness. During the civil war she materially aided the cause of the North both by personal aid and the wit of her brilliant pen. Mrs. Hartman has always been in demand as an after-dinner poet: and much that she has written was designed for mere temporary effect and passed away with the occasions which called it forth. She has, however, written many odes, pastorals, and descriptive lyrics which teem with wit, sentiment, patriotism, and poetic beauty. There is in her writings a blending of strength and delicacy, a fondness for country hills and fields and a disposition to gladden and beautify even dull places. She is in love with the singing birds, the breezy fields, and the wayside brooks; they sing to her and she in turn sings of them. She worships freedom and republics; and her intense patriotism, hatred of wrong, and inexhaustible sympathy for struggling humanity are always expressed with remarkable force and beauty both in her prose and verse. Her *History of Huntington Valley*, published in the *Mountain Echo*, was a work of great labor, originality, and ability. She gave to it that careful and intelligent research, which enabled her to make it as valuable for its accuracy as attractive by all the graces of style.

Miss P. A. Culver and her sister Mrs. Mary Dale (Culver) Evans have long been identified with the literature of northeastern Pennsylvania. They were born in Franklin township, Luzerne County, and obtained their education in the district schools and at the Wyoming Seminary, from the latter of which Mary Dale was a graduate. They early manifested a taste for literature and before they had reached the age of eighteen both were writing for the well-known periodicals of the day. Although wholly unlike, there is in their writings the same trace of keen sensibility to natural impressions, tenderness of feelings, and delicate perceptions. Their poems possess a freshness of expression, an air

of melancholy tenderness, and a rustic versification that leads the reader to suspect that more is due to nature than to study, to genius than to art. "Alone" and "Little Jane" are perhaps Miss P. A. Culver's best poems; they are not great creations, yet their diction is elegant and their conceptions pure and tender. "In War Times," published in *Forney's Press* in 1862, is treated with great vigor of thought and simplicity of language. "A Decoration Hymn" is a simple lyric that is full of tender sympathy and beauty; it was published in *Godey's Lady Book* in 1876, and was subsequently set to music for a decoration-memorial exercise at Philadelphia. She has also written a number of short stories which bear the impress of an original and well-stored mind. Mary Dale Culver, lately married to Hon. George Evans, of Frenchville, West Virginia, has written verses of considerable merit. She is noted more for beauties of expression than for fine inventive power and vigorous execution. "Under the Daisies" and "The Inner Life" prove her possession of a high degree of poetic vigor.

Philip O'Neill was born in Maryland in 1834; he passed the greater number of his boyhood days in Bradford County, this state, and during the entire time of the civil war he served in the navy. Although gifted by nature with keen sensibilities and a fine poetic temperament, yet for the want of artistic finish much of his writing falls short of being genuine poetry. His verses are all pure in tone and written with candor and charity. Mr. O'Neill is singularly in love with human nature and writes with the eloquence of truth and appreciative sympathy. "The Sister of Charity," "Emma Helme," and "Parted" are as good as could be selected from his many pieces to indicate the healthiness of his lyric impulse.

Homer Greene, Esq., the poet-lawyer, was born at Ariel, Wayne County, this state, January 10, 1853; was graduated from Union College, June, 1876, with the degrees of A. B. and C. E., and from the Albany Law School

in 1877 with the degree of LL. B.; admitted to the Wayne County bar December, 1878, since which time he has been in active practice, serving as District Attorney of the County for one term. Such is a meagre outline of his outward life; and now as to his writings: His first literary effort was written while a student at the Riverview Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, New York; it was a story entitled "The Mad Skater," and was published in Wayne Reid's Magazine *Onward* for June, 1869. While a student at Union College he contributed liberally both in prose and verse to college literature, and was special correspondent for the *New York Evening Post*, *Albany Evening Journal*, *Troy Whig*, and *Albany Argus*. "What My Lover Said," his best-known poem, was written during his senior year and first published in the *New York Evening Post*, November 9, 1875, with only the initials "H. G." signed to it. Its merits were patent, and it was widely copied and largely credited to Horace Greeley. The newspapers, however, were soon corrected; and its recognized excellence won for its author the encomiums of the most select critics. In unique conception and artistic execution, the poem is a masterpiece. Every line has compactness, precision, and elegance; it has an unstudied freshness, a sunny humor, and an artistic polish most genuinely the author's own, for Mr. Greene is quite as much a poet of art as a poet of sentiment. "My Daughter Louise" and "Kitty," published in Judge Tourgee's disastrous literary venture, *The Continent*, confirmed his reputation as a poet of the first order. The former is natural, graceful, and tender and infused with just enough sentiment to make it effective; the latter has a playfulness of style and nicety of finish that betray the refined taste and practiced ear of one who has completely captured the spirit of Divine song. "She Kissed the Dead," published in *The Christian Union*, in 1874 and "The Rivals," printed in *The Critic*, in 1885, have an artist-like finish and are written with great animation and deep feeling. In these, as in all his poems, his fancy is of a truly vital character

and his art-instinct thoroughly trustworthy. The two sonnets published in *The Scranton Truth*, "To Rev. H. C. S." and "Reversal," contain real pulses of feeling and flow from a heart full of sweetest affection. Mr. Greene seems quite as much at home in prose compositions as in his verse; and the same individual tone that dominates his poems is equally marked in his stories. "The Professional Juror," which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1884, "A Thanksgiving Verdict" in *The Albanian* in 1885, "Dick, the Door Boy" and "The Van Slyck Dog-Case" in *The Scranton Truth*, and "The Blind Brother," which won *The Youth's Companion's* fifteen-hundred dollar prize, are all legitimate works of fiction. His themes are original and well chosen; his keen observation penetrated by an imagination which is quickened into activity by a deep and humane sentiment; the tone of his stories is healthy and life giving throughout, and his lay characters transmitted into creatures of flesh and blood; his language is smooth and copious; his descriptive passages are life-like, and his artistic execution not inferior to that of the best novelists of the day.

Miss Susan E. Dickinson is a writer of refined literary tastes and one whose genius Wyoming Valley justly appreciates. Her facile pen has done more, perhaps, to depict the bright side of life in the coal regions than that of any other writer. *The Press* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia; *The Tribune*, *Herald*, and *Graphic*, of New York, and *The Traveler*, and *Pilot*, of Boston, are some of the journals for which she has written extensively both in prose and in verse during the past fifteen years. Her newspaper articles are full of energy and show care and elaboration—the evidence and fruit of honest, painstaking workmanship; and her book reviews, obituaries and editorials have alike been characterized for their smooth language and rich diction, and as eagerly sought by the metropolitan press as by the reading world generally. Miss Dickinson has also ventured in the department of fiction where she has been eminently successful. "A Christmas

Rehearsal," "Who Shall Win Her?" and "How Christmas Came to Azalea Forrister" are suggestively wrought stories and contain many passages of rich description, eloquent sentiment, simple pathos, and deep, philosophic thought. Strong, however, as Miss Dickinson is as a writer of descriptive newspaper articles, literary criticisms, and clever stories—and her handiwork is always skillful and often imaginative and strong—she has excelled as a writer of verse. Her style is a model of grace, ease and refinement, and many of her poems are constructed with remarkable ingenuity and finished with consummate art. She is seldom at loss for the proper word with which to clothe her idea; her external perceptions are alert and true, and the artistic finish of her poems is truly commendable. "Reubinstein" published in the *New York Tribune*, November, 1872, gives token of a beautiful poetic vein and a sparkingly original style; every line has elegance and flows with its fellows in exquisite harmony. "A Prayer in Blindness," originally published in *The Home Journal*, is one of the finest and best sustained of her poems; it is a masterly rendition of the iambic pentameter blank verse and shows the depth and beauty of her thought. In "Mignonette," "At Vesper Time," and "Oriole," all published in *The Home Journal*, the poet strikes a wider range of melody, especially the latter, which, in its novel and fantastic modulation, approaches Shelley's "Skylark." Her sonnet on "Wordsworth," published in the *New York Independent*, entitles her to a place in the most select circle of modern singers. "The Apostle of Ireland," published in Boyle O'Reilly's *Boston Pilot*, is a medley of six exquisite sonnets whose mechanical construction, with a single exception, is perfect, the merit, in the mechanism of the sixth sonnet, being slightly marred by the grammatical break between the octave and sestet. Miss Dickinson has also written a number of religious and elegiac poems which bear the impress of a finished and original style. "Easter Arpeggios" was published in *The Churchman* and

contained three hundred and twenty-five lines; and "In Memory of Horace Greeley," written for the *New York Tribune* and subsequently published in the *Greely Memorial Volume*, is rich in both sound and color. Her poems are marked for their melodious versification, beautiful imagery, and moral purity.

Combining in himself the true poet and the skilled novelist, it is difficult to say in which character John E. Barrett has rendered the most distinguished service. He has trodden almost every path of polite literature and gathered flowers from them all. I am inclined however, to believe that he has cultivated the Muses more as a matter of recreation than with any view of building up a reputation as a poet; yet there is quite as much genuine poetry in his verse as sound sense and keen observation in his prose. His poems are vigorously conceived and as vigorously executed; and evince a delicacy and discrimination of taste, an unvarying kindness of heart, and a purity of moral feeling. Never awkward, his style is often spirited and forcible; and his poems at no time bear the mark of chance or haste. When less than nineteen, Mr. Barrett published a book in England which proved a great success, the entire edition being exhausted shortly after its publication. It was entitled *The Wrecked Homesteads* and depicted the Irish Land system in the guise of fiction with remarkable accuracy and freshness. The British press received it very favorably and the conservative *Dublin Nation* gave it a three-column review. *The Irishman*, since merged into *The United Ireland*, the now powerful organ of the Parnell party, likened the story to *The Mill on the Floss* and hailed the author as a new writer of much promise. Mr. Barrett's stories are the fruit of occasional pastimes amid the incessant labors of active journalism; they have been contributed mainly to the *New York Weekly* and the *Philadelphia Saturday Night*. "The Rising Tide," which appeared originally in *The Weekly* and was republished in the *London Budget*, and "The Black List," copied from *Saturday Night* into a Dublin weekly, are

perhaps his best works of fiction.* Mr. Barrett is endowed with a clear penetrating observation of the salient and picturesque in human nature, and his stories are pre-eminently stories of character. He has photographed human beings as he found them; and he never palliates crime, but invariably leads his reader to the admiration of virtue and nobility. "The Romance of Razorville," though possessing less merit than some of his other stories, illustrates, with admirable effect, the author's wealth of humor, vast acquired resources, and original intellectual power.

David Morgan Jones, the lawyer-poet, was born in 1843, in the city of New York. Part of his boyhood he spent in Wales. He received his education in that country, at the Scranton High School, and at the Lewisburg University, where he was graduated in 1867. In the following year he was admitted to practice at the Union County bar, but soon removed his office to Wilkes-Barre, where he is still actively pursuing his profession. Mr. Jones' course in literature has naturally been desultory. While possessing a pure quality of poetic talent, it is not often that he is permitted by the exigencies of his business to take from its dusty corner the well-beloved lyre, and charm an idle moment with a song. As rapidly as they are produced, his poems have appeared in the *Philadelphia Press* and other city journals. In 1882, J. B. Lippincott & Company published *Lethe and Other Poems*, through which Mr. Jones is perhaps best known to the public. It had a rapid sale and the edition was soon exhausted. This volume, however, does not contain the best things which he has written. He has done better work since for the *Boston Pilot* and other papers. The leading poem of the book "Lethe" is not in his best vein. Among the shorter pieces, about forty in number, probably the most admired is "The Vanished Maiden." At all times Mr. Jones has been in popular demand as poet for public celebrations. In this capacity he read before the assembled literary societies of Lewisburg University, in 1880, his poem on

"William Loyd Garrison;" this and that other notable creation of his on "Eloquence," together with the poems which have appeared since the publication of *Lethe*, would warrant a new edition of his works. Notwithstanding his own self-depreciation, the fact is patent to observers that among the very few poetical geniuses which Wyoming Valley has produced, Mr. Jones is one of the finest and most original. There is only one complaint which I have to make against his verse, and that fault redounds to its classical excellence. There is a peculiar gliding movement in his metre, which, while it charms the ear, partially defeats the stress of the thought; but, beneath the surface, all the results of potent imagination are exhibited. If called upon to make a metaphor, I would say that externally his verse is the perfect plane of ice which paves a brook—brilliant, smooth, transparent, hard; gaze but a moment into this ice and you see below one confusion of delicate imageries and wonderful fancies of form. In his poetry, it is difficult to discover traces of any distinct influence unless it be that of Keats. There seems, at first sight, to be a universal grey tone to his work; but interested eyes soon discover this effect to be due, in very fact, to the richness and complexity of colors. Yet he is not a word-painter, though his vocabulary is large. Indeed, I suspect that an epithet is often chosen, not for its picturesqueness as much as for its euphony. From this, however, it must not be concluded that he is not a clear reasoner, for never is he betrayed into an absurdity. Mr. Jones will not reach his merited station in the estimation of the public, until readers recognize that he is not to be read as versifiers are, hastily and carelessly, but with the attention and loyalty that a true poet deserves.

John S. McGroarty, the poet-editor, is young in years, sociable in nature, and unmarried. Whether or not Euterpe in the near future will cease her lyric chords and string the amatory cittern, is a question that would hardly admit of discussion in the province of literary criticism. With an ear

finely attuned to the delicacies of melody, a bright intellect, and a pure taste, Mr. McGroarty has kept his talents bright by use; and many of later productions have the strength and finish of a more experienced hand. The poet has a heart that can feel for the wants, woes, and trials of humanity in its humblest and most despised walks; and he pours out his soul, in his patriotic verses, in strains of touching, sympathetic tenderness. "The Saddened Heart" and "A Lost Friend" stand, in some respects, unequaled. They are somewhat sad in tone; and, were it not the poetic and artistic temperament to feel keenly and instinctively all the emotions of life, I should incline to charge their author with moroseness. They are, however, so sweet and unpretending, so pure in purpose and gentle in expression, that they disarm criticism of all severity. "In Memoriam," a decoration ode, is a graceful and genial rendition of the iambic heptameter verse, and at no time during the poem is the attention fatigued. His command of rhythm is finely evident in "Florence," a poem which contains some of the purest elements of harmony and beauty. "Cæsar" ranks with his best work; it is richly descriptive and rhetorical, although the poet is more touching in his less labored verses. Mr. McGroarty's elegiac poetry is meritorious and deserves cordial recognition. It is marked by ease and delicate discrimination rather than by strength or vigor of conception; yet it has a simple and placid tenderness, a lively and observant fancy, and a soft and musical versification which can not but impress the most careless reader. His poems have been published, mainly, in the *Philadelphia Times and Press*, *Wilkes-Barre Leader and Record*, *Boston Pilot*, *Hazleton Plain Speaker*, and *Scranton Republican*. *The Poets and Poetry of Wyoming Valley*, compiled and edited by Mr. McGroarty last year, is a work of great labor. It contains one or more poems by each of the better known writers—with a few unfortunate omissions—and should occupy a place in every family library in Wyoming Valley. Youth

and maturity have unfolded to Mr. McGroarty wide knowledge and broad experience; and, since he is yet on the sunny side of life's prime, coming years will doubtless add a rarer note to his gamut and his poetic future fully vindicate the rich promise of the present.

Claude G. Whetstone, the poet-journalist, has passed his novitiate as "an enamored architect of airy rhymes," and is fully disciplined for genuine singing. Mr. Whetstone is at present employed on the editorial staff of the *Philadelphia Times*; and, although not, strictly speaking, a Wyoming Valley poet, he was for a time editorially connected with the *Hazleton Plain Speaker*, and later with the *Scranton Republican*, and has always been identified with our local song. As a journalist, his editorials have an ease and raciness that bear unmistakable marks of diversified culture. He has read much and thoughtfully, and mingled with society in all its phases; and his editorials possess an accuracy of statement, a breadth of view, and an independence of party dictation that make them quite as trustworthy as readable. Modest, retiring, and singularly sensitive, Mr. Whetstone has always been unwilling to place on his verses their real value. He has a nervous temperament, a rich imagination, a quick sensibility, and his share of that melancholy of which poets are made. His verses are not characterized for any very profound emotion or deep thought; but they have a perfection of metre, a beauty of diction, and a smoothness of finish rarely excelled by his fellow bards, and this is much to say in these days, when so many clever pipes are heard. Mr. Whetstone's poems are chiefly lyrical, and generally of a pathetic cast. They evince a tenderness of thought, a purity of feeling, and a love for the beauties of nature that rightly lead his readers to conclude that this singer has not dug in vain for the genuine ore of poetry. "Two Singers," "After Death," and "The Poet's Song" give token of a grace of expression, a musical versification, and an air of melancholy tenderness so congenial to the poetical temperament. "By the Stream," a sweet and lux

urious strain of pure description, has been set to music and accorded general favor by contralto soloists. "Mine Enemy," "The Difference," and "A Recollection" are delicately conceived and as delicately executed; and "Shadow All," "Fate," "All Is Well," and "While We May" are marked by a vein of fine moral reflection, and a freedom of versification and poetic art.

Theron Giddings Osborne, better known to the reading public as "Tom Allen," was born on the shores of the beautiful Lake Wynola, in Wyoming County. For some years he has taught school; but at present he is one of the staff of the *Wilkes-Barre Leader*, in which paper most of his poems and poetical squibs have appeared. His portfolio holds upward of sixty original verse compositions. Of these, perhaps the most popular is "Annie's Grave;" the most admired, "The True Muse;" the most poetical, "The Woodland Spring," and the most unique, "After Vacation." While Mr. Osborne may be taken to task for his carelessness in technical finish and impatience of legitimate structure, nothing is more an evidence of his abundance and originality, than his very readiness to transgress the lesser rules of versification. His "True Muse," an admirable poem, resembles an edifice which the artist has permitted to rise hap-hazard from its base. The result is neither Ionic nor Gothic, Romanesque nor Queen Anne, but a novel, though beautiful, confounding and mingling of all orders and decorations of architecture. It is in critical, not in creative faculty, that he is untrained. Fluent as is his diction and exuberant his thought, too much of his work betrays lax self-judgment. Only after persistent and skillful practice on the part of the rider, will a Comanche mustang begin to exhibit the points of Attie Pegasus. Many of his compositions are humorous and deftly satirical, and show what an able hand the author has with which to treat the absurdities of contemporary customs, politics, and science. These prove, better than do his earnest productions, the extent of his fine vocabulary and his power for apt phrasing. But it is not here

that Mr. Osborne's true province lies. These spurious little offshoots, I trust, are but the tangled growth at the base of the daisy's stem. The flower is just beginning to blossom above them in its white and golden hues. The real inward character of his poesy cannot yet be determined; but his muse, I shrewdly suspect, like the bride of "That son of Italy who tried to blow e'er Dante came," is attired in two costumes,—an outer radiant garment of gayety and mirth, and the concealed inner sackcloth of thought and austerity.

Miss Ione Kent is not of an uncertain age; she is young. Naturally, then, the biographical data for this sketch are few. She was born in St. Paul, and at the age of seven became fatherless. With her mother she then came east, and has lived since that time in the country. Her home is at Waymart, Wayne County; but at present she is situated in New York city, where she is a student of art at the Cooper Institute. One year, too, she spent in the studio of a portrait painter at Binghamton. Miss Kent's poetical productions have appeared, either under her proper name or the assumed one of "Francis Hale Barnard," in the *Wilkes-Barre Record*, *Toledo Blade*, *Northern Christian Advocate*, *Phrenological Journal*, *Literary Life*, *Chautauquan*, and *Peterson's Magazine*. The titles of these poems are very suggestive of the character of her muse. Here are some of them,—*"One Perfect Day," "At Twilight," "Beside the River," "A Dreamland Tryst,"* and *"When Summer Comes."* Miss Kent aims to be the interpretress of summer's moods and appearances. She is versed in the nomenclature of scenery; she faints in the hazy perspectives of uncertain landscapes; she sympathetically throbs before the pulsing flame of dawn, and lingers with regret over the wasting beauties of sunset. I suspect that among these luxuries of the soul she moves in true poetic despair, for the poet's spirit, in its moments of inspiration, is a sad mingling of exaltation and dejection. It is at first exalted, when the wordless idea comes bounding along the nerves; it shoots to de

jection, when the lips vainly move to convey an adequate expression of that idea. Her poetry is of that golden kind which would win from Edgar Allen Poe the praise of having beauty for its sole object; but whether beauty and truth are identical, I presume Miss Kent has not sought to argue. Nevertheless, with her, as with Messrs. Osborne and Powell and "Steenie Grey," it is very apparent that beauty is the end which she unconsciously struggles to attain. In these young writers there is no approach to weary didacticism; all their feeling, if not their expression, is warm and sensuous. In Miss Kent, more than in the others, one observes that excited fervor of attempt which signifies how heavily the burden of the unintelligible weighs upon her. What she has accomplished, however, betrays a more careful impress of simplicity and taste than is to be discerned in the work of most of our younger poets. Her artistic sense is more acute; she applies her brush more thoughtfully and carefully, and uses her pencil with greater accuracy.

William George Powell, the son of a well-known Welsh bard, is one of our youngest and most promising writers of verse. He was born at Scranton; spent one year at the Military Academy at West Point; graduated from the Pottsville High School in 1886, and is at present engaged in teaching. He has a well-stored mind, a compass of invention, and a luxuriance of poetic fancy. Mr. Powell's faculty for singing is well disciplined; his verses are replete with classical allusions, and always fashioned after the best models of poetic art. Occasionally his stanzas are so subtly constructed that they lose that sweet and unstudied simplicity which pleases the ear and touches the heart of the reader. He has written eight sonnets which are shrewd, caustic, careful, and manifest energy of thought and condensed felicity of expression; they represent widely different grades of motive and execution, and are sometimes stiff and labored, but never violate the canons of taste and criticism. Of these, "The Death of Burns," "Longfellow in Italy," and "Shel-

ley's Prometheus Unbound" probably best indicate the classical correctness and closeness of his style; although in several other of his sonnets, there are some delicate touches and pleasing descriptions. In "The Welsh Harp" and "The Dream" he marshals his dactylic measures with the ease and precision of a trained lieutenant; they seem to have been dictated by real pulses of feeling, and are full of lyrical melody and natural tenderness. The ode "To Venus," published in *The Saturday Argus* is marked by a vein of fine feeling and happy expression. And as the half-gleeful, half-prophetic carols of the bluebird on a fair March morning announce the return of the feathered songsters, these early liquid, bubbling notes by Mr. Powell herald a new voice in the Wyoming Valley choir, from whom maturer strains are not unlikely to flow.

Miss Hattie Clay, now a teacher in the Scranton public schools, has, under the assumed name "Steenie Grey," been a frequent contributor of poetry to the *New York Tribune*, *Philadelphia Press*, *Peterson's Magazine*, and the newspapers of northeastern Pennsylvania. Her early published verses are rather faulty in artistic respects, the author seeming to prefer the flash of momentary inspiration to the severer but more enduring labor of correction and rejection. All young writers must, I suppose, pass through a moulting process, and during this time discordant notes may be expected. Her later verses, however, show that she has emerged fully feathered and in a better voice. "The Angel's Gift," the most poetical of her productions, is clear, natural, ingenious, and vigorous. In this, as in "Adam's First Wife," her vivacity of style and sense of unique design are richly evident. "Daisies," "June," and several other of her descriptive lyrics, have a flow of subtle fancy and sonorous versification, which are steeped in the flood of ideal beauty. Her amatory strains possess traces of real passion, and a vein of healthy sentiment and poetic fancy, versified with ease and elegance. The poet's cheerful and amiable disposition is generally

apparent in her verses; and, notwithstanding their obvious crudities, they always find response in the universal heart.

Edward A. Niven was born at Cuylersville, N. Y., in 1841; graduated from Medina Academy in 1856, after which he went to New York City and entered the mercantile business with an uncle; at about this time he began to write short stories and sketches for weekly newspapers; from 1861 to 1865, he served in the civil war, finishing with Sherman's march to the sea; during the war he wrote weekly letters to the *New York Mercury*, and at its close returned to New York City and regularly entered journalism; after a period of several years' reportorial work on the metropolitan daily papers, he connected himself with the *Genius of Liberty*; subsequently he served as city editor of the *Savannah News*, *Minneapolis Free Press*, *Deluth Tribune*, and *Scranton Republican*; while connected with the *News*, of Savannah, he was associated with Joel Chandler Harris, author of well-known "Uncle Remus'" plantation verses. Mr. Niven has at different times served as special correspondent in the New York, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina State Legislatures, and frequently written letters from the coal fields to the *Herald*, *World*, *Star*, and *Sun*, of New York City; the *Times*, *Press*, *News*, and *Telegram*, of Philadelphia; and the *Tribune* and *Times*, of Chicago. As a general correspondent he has been in all parts of the Union, and his acquaintance with public men and the editorial fraternity is extensive. In 1876 he founded the *Leader*, at Pittston, afterwards merged into the *Union-Leader*, on which paper he has since been principally employed. While Mr. Niven's prose writings are not without their points of excellence, his strongest work has been done at the bidding of the Muses; and many of his shorter lyrics are not unworthy the pen of a laureate. In his poetical writings, he happily unites strength with grace, and originality with dramatic talent; and his perfection of the art of graceful and fluent expression is finely apparent in all his lyrical efforts. His words and sentences, al-

though placed with seeming artlessness, are always thoughtfully chosen and judiciously varied. "Baby Grace," the fairest flower in his poetic chaplet, has a tone of lofty sentiment, and celebrates a father's affections with unusual grace and tenderness. "Foreboding," pitched in somewhat the same key, has all the exquisite versification of John S. McGroarty, and the pathetic tenderness of Claude G. Whetstone. His decoration odes are among the most melodious specimens of elegiac poetry in our local song; but his ludicrous and satirical verses are greatly inferior to his more serious poems. His comic opera, "The Smith Family," has some flashes of genuine sunny humor, and has been produced on the stage with a fair degree of favor, although it has no great literary merit, and scarcely ranks with his best work.

It is to be profoundly regretted that Mrs. Verona Coe Holmes, of West Pittston, is permitted by the public—the Wyoming Valley public at least—to continue in the obscurity which at present shrouds her life. After "Edith May," Pennsylvania has had no poetess with a better claim to recognition. Mrs. Holmes is a native of Michigan, where she resided until grown to womanhood. Her father was a clergyman, who, consequent to his calling, was often obliged to shift his habitation. Miss Coe was educated at the Kalamazoo Female College, and for some years was engaged in teaching. It was about twenty years ago that she came to West Pittston, but before that time her productions began to appear in the *Chicago Tribune* and other western journals. Interested observers of our local literature will be surprised some day, when the volume of her collected poems appears, as it in duty ought, to find that she has written so much; they already know that she has written well. There are so many of her pieces that reach the plane of high excellence, that in this cramped sketch I hesitate as to which I should give the preference of mention. "Late Summer," which came out in Theodore Tilton's *Golden Age*, is a tender and subtly descriptive lyric. "In the Fall" and "Mabelle" appeared years ago in *Peter*.

son's Magazine. Other poems appeared in *Moore's Rural New-Yorker*. But it is to the Hon. Theodore Hart that the most honor accrues in connection with the publication of Mrs. Holmes' poems, for by far the greater number have appeared in his journal, *The Pittston Gazette*. To convey to readers unacquainted with the quality and range of her work an adequate impression of its character, is a difficult pleasure, for it is painful to think that such rare genius still remains unsuspected in the midst of a literature-loving population. Her poems have such a quiet, modest, yet self-confident bearing, that criticism has no excuse for cavilling. They have a sweetness and intellectual strength to be found elsewhere only in the poems of the lamented Helen Hunt Jackson. There is no parleying with Art here, for Art is the obedient servant of her feeling; and her feeling is not extravagantly impulsive, for it is softly subdued by the calm resignation of religious faith. Genius Mrs. Holmes undoubtedly has, and genius of a whiter light than most of the poetesses, known to the wide country, can display. It is the disadvantage of the privacy of her career that she has not been forced by critics to bestow more labor on the artistic polish of her stanzas. Her caesuras occur sometimes with alarming frequency; but they are uniformly well managed and turned to good account, as in the case of "Siste Viator." Sometimes, too, she allows stanzas to run into each other. But these are trivial errors. The originality and sincerity of her inspiration are unimpugned. "Restored" has a delicacy and exquisiteness of recital almost incomparable; but the best of it is that the same can be said of so much of her work. The public, too, must understand this; and it is the earnest expectation of her present small circle of admirers that the complete edition of her valuable poems will soon be in press.

Dr. John T. Doyle was born in Dublin, Ireland, December 9, 1837; educated in private schools and at Trinity College, Dublin; graduated in surgery at the Royal College of Surgeons, at Dublin, and for a time served as assistant sur-

geon in third Madras army corps; for eighteen months he was in the service of the East India Company, when he resigned and entered private practice in Australia; he re-returned to Ireland in 1863, and four years later came to America and settled at Wilkes-Barre, where he has since resided. For several years he was connected with the *London Saturday Review* and the *Illustrated London News*, contributing various literary articles, and descriptive sketches of scenes in Australia. In an article entitled "Prospects of the Irish at Home and Abroad," published many years ago, he prophetically demonstrated the land question in Irish matters long before the present leader, Parnell, was at all heard of. Dr. Doyle is a good versifier but not a great poet; his style is sometimes turgid and often monotonous. He has, however, an ear for metrical harmony; and in his lighter verses, he lays bare the springs of human action with marked ability. In healthy tone and natural Irish wit, these humorous ditties are not unlike some of Tom Moore's lighter verses. The Doctor has also written serious pieces, which, if not highly poetical, are harmonious in tone and artistic in execution. Of these, "The Sunbeam and the Brook" is the most smoothly versified; it has a musical versification, some delicate fancy, and seems to flow freely from nature.

Patrick F. Durkan was born and educated in the town of Swinford, County Mayo, Ireland. He evinced in youth a strong propensity for literary pursuits, and began to write at an early age for the newspapers of his native country. He came to this country for the first time in 1860, but returned the same year and published a small volume of poems, which was favorably reviewed by the national press, particularly by *The Irishman*. After a two years' stay in Ireland, he went to England, where he engaged for a time in merchantile pursuits. In 1865 he returned to Ireland, and the following summer sailed for America. He taught school in Susquehanna County for several terms, and in May, 1869, settled in Scranton, where he continued to live and teach up to June, 1886, when he resigned, and

moved to Philadelphia, his present residence. Mr. Durkan's verses are largely the inspiration of his native island home, some of which are humorous, witty, genial, and full of the fun and frolic of Irish life. "Alice O'Connor," the most admired of his poems, is spirited and forcible. "The Cracker Boy," "Honesty," and "Angels of Earth" have a vein of moral reflection, some ingenious thought, and occasionally a striking imagery. "John's Tour in Ireland" is unique, but protracted at too great length. "Irish Melodies," and "Father John," his best poems, have an easy and flowing versification; the former shows him to be not only a luxurious, but also a melodious singer, and many lines in the latter are rich, ornate, and highly poetical.

Mrs. Annabel Morris Holvey, of West Pittston, a native of New York State, came to the Wyoming Valley in 1876. Prior to that time her poems and prose sketches were contributed to the *Albany Evening Journal* and other New York papers. Since then her graceful lyrics have appeared mostly in the *Pittston Gazette*, some in Wilkes-Barre and Scranton papers. They are distinguished by delicate imagery, depth of sentiment, and a fluent but sometimes careless flow of melody that show the born singer whose thoughts flow naturally to music. "The Pansy's Message" tells a pathetic story of war times in tender verse. "Starlight," "Twilight Musings," "Passion Week," and "Dividing the Church" carry the inspiration born of profound feeling. "Christmas Eve" is worthy of Carleton's music, and "Outcast," probably her strongest poem, is full of passion and power. She has written some short stories and occasional articles for newspapers in and out of the valley.

Although not a poet of the first dimensions, Dr. P. J. Higgins knows what good poetry is, and can write it. That he has frequently courted the Muses is evident from the fact that his portfolio contains over one hundred verse-compositions. Fifteen of these are translations from the German, Irish, and French poets. Of sonnets, odes, and Troubadour songs, he has written six of each. The re-

maining selections are chiefly lyrical, including songs of labor and love, hymns, and patriotic, temperance, and sentimental pieces. Several poems are written in the Irish brogue, and a few in the original Irish language. The translations have an easy smoothness and correctness of versification, and give token of a familiarity with several modern tongues. Of his sonnets, the one on "Sorrow" is best fashioned; of his odes, "To Purity" is the choicest; and of his Troubadour lyrics, "The Boating Song" is the sweetest. "Hope and the Rose," "Bear Up," and "Ye Petty Birds," his cleverest lyrical selections, are marked by melody, ease, and sincere feeling. The Doctor's poetry is frequently deficient in fire and energy, its sameness often making it tedious; but his versification is free and sonorous, and his creation of scenes and objects rich and unique.

While a student at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, R. B. Brundage sometimes wrote verse-compositions, two of which appeared in Mr. John S. McGroarty's collection. Neither selection evinces very much true creative genius; but they are written with infinite prettiness, and do not fall short of a certain standard of grace and correctness. "Immortality" contains some pleasing poetical language and dazzling metaphors, and "Remembrance" has a soft and musical versification.

J. Andrew Boyd has written a few verses which deserve cordial recognition and meritorious mention. While some of them are not altogether in harmony with the canons of versification, they have a vein of pleasantry and a strain of pure and fervent passion. "Excelsior," published in *Puck*, is a light, fantastic effusion; "Hidden Grief" contains some forcible, but awkward lines; "Cometh the Night" breathes a healthy moral feeling, but the poet is diffuse, and not over careful in the construction of his sentences; "Four-Leaved Clover," is a hasty and spontaneous production, and "Contraries," the most poetical of his fancies, is intermingled with genuine pathos.

Rev. M. J. Morgan was born in the town of Caranarvon, Wales, in 1861. The prominent seats of instruction he matriculated in have been the Cynnog Grammar School, North Wales; the Llandovery College, South Wales; and the Theological Seminary, of Princeton, New Jersey. He began preaching quite young, and came to this country as a minister of the gospel. After a reconnoitering tour through the States of New York, New Jersey, Vermont and Pennsylvania, he settled at Sugar Notch, where he continued to preach for two years. He is at present located at Carbondale, having received and accepted a call from a church there in January, 1887. Mr. Morgan has moralized in verse on such subjects as "Faith," "Hope," "Life," "Midnight," "Beyond," "Somewhere," "Life's Morning," "Night Thoughts," and "Science and Faith." These are strains of tender pensiveness, and give assurance of a genial and pious spirit; but the poet's fine feeling, graceful fancy, and poetic diction are best indicated in an ode "To an Uprooted Tree" and a fragmentary lyric entitled "In a Cemetery." Though immature, several of his pieces contain strong poetical thought, which gives promise of rarer future notes. His early verse is but the bud of the rose, whose complete inflorescence will, I doubt not, reveal a goodly quantity of poetic beauty and fragrance.

The late James Law, of Pittston, wrote several poems in the Scottish dialect which show him to have been possessed of a truly poetical imagination. Mr. Law was born in Scotland, and came to America and settled in Canada when he was a young man. Just before the outbreak of the civil war, he removed to Scranton, where he lived for a few years; he next took up his residence at Pittston, where he continued to live up to the time of his death, which occurred last year. Always actively engaged in the duties of his occupation, Mr. Law's writing was merely accidental pastime. He possessed a vast fund of information; but, being diffident, he was always reluctant to give his productions to the printer. Among his best pieces are "Auld Uncle Wallie," "My

Ain Cannie Mither," and "Lines on a Dead Canary;" these selections give token of an inborn poetic elasticity and a sparkingly original style. Several of his cleverest poems have been published since his death by Hon. Theodore Hart in the *Pittston Gazette*.

One is often compelled to regret that young writers are so prone to coin their heart-pangs into marketable verse; yet the melancholy strains of Mr. T. P. Ryder are so soft and plaintive that the vein of sadness, which runs through them, is oftentimes their chief charm. Mr. Ryder has written a number of light verses; but he is poetical only in his more serious productions. His pieces have appeared in the local papers and in the *Philadelphia Times* and *Detroit Free Press*. His versification is defective; but for melancholy tenderness, his verses are not altogether unlike those of the late Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the south. "Light and Shadow" and "A Memory" are tender and touching, and evince a sensitive feeling and a beautiful poetic vein.

Lawyer C. P. Kidder, of Wilkes-Barre, has written some verses which show marks of genius, but they betray the author's want of taste and artistic sense. His poem on "Garfield" is a noble strain of fervent passion, pregnant with celestial fire. "Old Vets," a decoration ode, is not without merit, but it contains a number of crude and extravagant lines.

Like that rare exotic feathered visitant, the orchard starling, the voice of Miss Alice Smith is seldom heard. Miss Smith is a teacher in the West Pittston public schools and has published only a few of her verses. She is not an original thinker, but possesses the happy art of presenting good thoughts in pleasant and impressive language; and she has a tender, humane sympathy which warms her writings and brings her near to her readers. "Cui Bono," the best-known of her productions, has some pleasing sentiment and fine feeling.

Timothy Parker, now in his eighty-first year, is an Englishman by birth, his maternal

ancestors having belonged to the Commonwealth, or Parliamentary party. He came to Wilkes-Barre in 1862, and since that time he has been a frequent contributor to the local papers. Mr. Parker's verses contain some fresh descriptions, and suggest the glamour of forests, mountains, and lakes.

Dr. R. H. Tubbs, when a young man, frequently wrote verses for the *Lawrenceville Sentinel*, edited by John C. Knox, who was afterward a judge of the Supreme Court. Dr. Tubbs was graduated from the Medical College of Woodstock, Vermont, in 1844, since which time he has practiced medicine in Wyoming Valley, writing occasionally both in prose and verse for the *Plymouth Star*, and other local newspapers. For several years he was lecturer of chemistry and botany at Wyoming Seminary; and he has occasionally prepared literary and scientific lectures, which have been delivered before literary societies.

Fred Shelley Ryman was born April 26, 1858, at Dallas, and attended Wyoming Seminary and Cornell University each for three years. While a student at the latter institution, he wrote for the *Cornell Era*, and later was connected with the *Binghamton Leader*. Mr. Ryman's present residence is Lockport, New York, where he is engaged at special literary work for *The Occult World*. His productions have been printed in the *Arkansas Traveler*, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Gordell's Chicago Sun*, *Texas Siftings*, and the *New York Mercury*. One needs to read but a few lines of Mr. Ryman's work to acquaint himself with the fact that this writer is a close student of the poems of Lord Byron; for the same profound morbidness which pervades the pages of the author of "Don Juan" is everywhere apparent in the verses of his admiring pupil. Some of his pieces are marked by quaint humor, acute observation, and shrewd, sarcastic sayings; but they are often so caustic as to produce an unpleasant effect on the minds of thoughtful readers. "Ostler Joe," a well sustained narrative, which has some of the qualities of Will Carleton's ballads, is sadly marred by an af-

fectatious prelude and a coarse postique. "Antony's Last Ante" is smoothly versified, but many of the lines are scarcely more than echoes. "Is it So?", a lyric, and "The Night of Michael Angelo," a sonnet, are his best selections; the former has a vein of better feeling than is found elsewhere in his work, and the latter, though immature, has some richness of fancy and invention. Many American youths have been caught in the whirlpool of a foolishly extravagant adoration of Lord Byron, but none so violently as Mr. Ryman. "The Pleasures of Life," published at Ithaca in 1879, in the most considerable stream that has yet gushed from the exuberant intellect of this still youthful and excusable aspirant. To Byron we are to assign all the merits and demerits of this boyish attempt in verse; to Byron, the audacity in the perpetration of doggerel; to Byron, the reckless, braggadocio expression of trite aphorisms; to Byron, the careless, saucy pedantry of preface, mottoes, and footnotes. Byron, in a word, is the cause, and Byron the permeating influence of this wretchedly humorous and weakly didactical metrical effort.

Being of a rather retiring disposition, Alfred S. Greene has succeeded in shunning opportunities which would have made him better known as a writer of verse. Somewhat like that rare-voiced royal minstrel, the hermit-thrush, he has preferred to try the strings of his instrument at leisure and in solitary places. Mr. Greene came to Wilkes-Barre from New York in 1869, and has since resided there, having previously been engaged in mercantile pursuits, mostly in the West Indian trade. His verses, with the exception of two poems published in *Potter's American Illustrated Magazine*, have all been printed in the local papers. His best efforts are "The Wyoming Monument," "On the Centennial Celebration of the Massacre of Wyoming," "Dick Benson's Last Yarn," "The Little Tin Pail," "The Love of Children," and "The Storm." The first and second of these appeared in *Potter's Magazine* for July, 1878, and contain some delicate touches and clever

descriptions. "Dick Benson's Last Yarn" is a lengthy narrative poem, but well sustained throughout. "The Storm" and "The Love of Children" are commonplace verses, expressive of pure and ennobling sentiments; but the author's clear poetic feeling is best displayed in "The Little Tin Pail," a poem which is marked by great tenderness and melody.

Misses Bertha and Ella Millard, of New Columbus, are ladies of refined literary tastes. Besides supervising the work of a farm, which they have operated for some years, they have, from time to time, written tender and simple songs which are instinct with the true sentiments of fireside love and joy. Their poems flow freely from nature; and the singing birds that nest about the hedges of their fields, the quiet brook that traces its way lazily through a meadow just beyond their rural home, and the sighing branches of trees that margin the lanes and roadsides, all find voice in their songs. Their verses are little more than orchard notes, but they are always soft and plaintive and sometimes bright and animated.

Rev. Charles Holland Kidder evidently believes that "books quicken, strengthen, and perfect a spiritual life." Rarely a minister of the gospel—or any person, for that matter, other than a professional litterateur—can be found who has given so much attention to books and authors as Charles Holland Kidder; and more rarely still, one possessing his fine combination of high intellectual qualities. Mr. Kidder was born at Wilkes-Barre, December 27, 1846, and educated at Yale College. He was graduated from the West Philadelphia Protestant Episcopal Divinity school in 1877; and he has since, at different times, officiated as rector of Episcopal churches at Pottsville and Wilkes-Barre. It is only natural that one possessing his diversified culture and wonderful command of easy language should sometimes write for the press. His thoughts "too deep for tears" have occasionally found vent in light, fantastic rhymes. These are sometimes wanting in salient points, but they are always well ex-

ecuted and are pure and elevating in their tone and influence.

Thomas J. Ham, of Honesdale, has written some verses which are marked by great vigor as well as heauty and pathos. Among these are "Lips of Clay," "Nothing in Vain," "The Faithful Heart," and an elegiac poem written on the death of John Brown. His verses are often hasty and spontaneous, but they usually have a harmony of versification, richness of natural description, pathetic tenderness, and a vein of moral sentiment and original thought. Mr. Ham seldom aims high in his metrical compositions, and he seldom fails. His John Brown elegy is an outpouring of the most delicate poetical feelings from a keen and sympathetic heart. "Lips of Clay," another of his graceful effusions, is tender, original, and melodious. Mr. Ham is a clever journalist, and the writer of a good many tart, racy, and pungent editorials. His historical sketches of Wayne County represent unweariad research and are quite as artistic as reliable.

Dr. L. Byron Avery, of Centremoreland, Wyoming County, and Mrs. Mary B. Richart, formerly of Pittston, have both written mediocre verse. Dr. Avery learned the printer's trade in the *Wyoming Democrat* office, at Tunkhannock, and afterward studied medicine. He was graduated from a New York Medical College, but has never given much attention to the practice of his profession. He has usually written under the assumed name of "Nat Zykes." To Mrs. Richart belongs the honor of having named the beautiful Lake Wynola. Having visited it many years ago, and charmed with the scenery which surrounded it, she wrote a short prose legend of the lake for the *Pittston Gazette*, which established the present name. Mrs. Richart has also written a legend of the lake in verse, but it has not yet been published.

The Welsh inhabitants of the United States cling with singular tenacity to the traditions and customs of their fatherland. Poetry and song, the national heir-looms for ages, have their devoted guardians wherever the lan-

guage is spoken. Irish, as pure Erse, has almost entirely ceased to be heard; Cornish died a hundred years ago; Gaelic and Breton have severely altered under the corrosion of change; but the Welsh utterance still retains all the vigor and purity of its original phrase. No language is better adapted than the Welsh for the expression of feeling. Such is its plasticity and energy, that any species of emotion, from tenderest sentiment to raging wrath, can give vent to itself in corresponding sounds of pure vocalic sweetness, or grating guttural harshness. The verse can sing in low harmony to the tinkling of a rivulet, or echo with equal resonance the clamor of a mountain storm. Some stanzas may consist of no letters but vowels and trills, while in others the consonants may crowd so thickly as seemingly to defy pronunciation. The tone of utterance, as this indicates, may vary from delicate Tuscan to course Teutonic; the words have forms as numerous as can be supplied by the moods of the Latin, together with the euphonic changes as complete as can be furnished by the Greek. It is not wonderful that such a language should have so rich a poetical literature, but it is strange that the range of composition is so narrow. The poems of Wales are nearly all included in four divisions,—sacred, didactic, heroic, and lyric poetry; and yet, it is a literature whose dawn is dated by Druidical myth, and which is still in the fervor and perfection of its sunny afternoon. Its mid-day glory was in the Twelfth Century, when, as Thierry observes, the Celts lived on poetry. Then it was that Edward First, in order to subdue the patriotism and valor of the people, issued that horrible proscription which put all the bards to death, and ruined what at that time was the finest civilization on the globe. The influence of Celtic legend and poetry on English thought and expression has not until recently been adequately considered, and is as yet but imperfectly estimated. Since Matthew Arnold and Henri Taine have begun to study the subject, and special professorships of Celtic Literature have been established at the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, it

is evident that here is an important force which philosophical criticism has hitherto failed to calculate. To make the following sketches more lucid, I must precede them with a few comments on the bardic customs of the Cymry, and their methods of versification. The "Four and Twenty Measures" composing the whole of Welsh prosody have remained unaltered since they were thus established by David ab Edmund at Carmarthen in 1451. A close examination of examples of these measures disclosed to me some interesting peculiarities of structure. The verse is syllabic, not accentual. In some cases I found a triple rhyme extending the whole length of a page; in other cases the alliteration is so intricate as to be wholly incomprehensible to a novice. Of the great variety of poems of strange construction and individual name possessing no counterpart in English verse, perhaps the most celebrated is the Englyn, a four-line poem of thirty-one syllables so exacting in metres, rhymes, and alliteration, as to make its composition a task of extreme difficulty. The American public is well acquainted by this time with the character of the Eisteddfod, that grand institution which, from its founding by Caswallon in the days of Caesar to the present, has been the mainstay of the oldest of existing tongues. Originally, Eisteddfods were sessions of the bards alone, but the same now includes essayists and singers. The greatest of these art tournaments—as such they might be called—ever held in this country was that of 1875, at Hyde Park, which lasted for two days. The lists were under the great Concord tent, procured for the occasion, and the six meetings were attended by assemblages averaging in number five thousand people. Eisteddfods have always been of frequent occurrence in this region, but it is only at the principal ones that the leading bardic contest is for "a chair," to win which is the highest renown a Welsh bard can attain. Accompanying the "chairing" of a bard and other features of an Eisteddfod, are quaint Druidic ceremonies which it is not to my purpose to describe here. One little explan-

tion, however, I will insert: Not all poets are bards. To be a bard, a poet must pass his novitiate as a successful amateur, and receive his degree and a pseudonym with much traditional pomp at the hands of the Arch Druid, of Wales, or of the Chair-Bard, delegated by him to confer that honor. Bards, further, may be divided into two classes, those who have won "chairs," and those who have not. Wyoming Valley can boast of a few chair-bards, a great number of bards, and a population of novitiates. I have made researches concerning the most meritorious of all these, but being unacquainted with the Welsh language the notices are necessarily brief and barren of any criticism. Rev. J. P. Harris (Ieuan Ddu) is the author of a sacred drama entitled "Joseph and his Brethren," and is a very ready composer of Englyns. Of his songs, the most popular is one on the death of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Harris is a Baptist clergyman who came from Wales in 1840. In war times he ministered to a congregation at Hyde Park, but at present he is pastor of the English Baptist Church at Nanticoke. Rev. Joseph E. Davis, now deceased, although the author of a hundred hymns, is best known by his productions in prose. One of his books is entitled *The Religions of the World*, but his great work was a *System of Theology*, in four bulky volumes. The opinions and conclusions of the venerable divine are soundly Orthodox, and confirmatory of the Calvinism he preached. His remains are interred at Hyde Park, where most of his life labor centered. Rev. John "Gwrhyd" Lewis is a graduate of Carmarthen College; he came to this country in 1878, and is at present pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church, of Wilkes-Barre. Although it is claimed that, being in the prime of life, he has not put forth his greatest efforts in poetry, Mr. Lewis is a "chair-bard," than whom there is none more honored. His principal poems—"Josbua," a heroic of several thousand lines, "Garfield," and "Cleopatra"—are accounted to be perfectly classical and notable for their rich and careful imagination. Rev. T. C. Edwards, (Cynonfardd), of Kingston, owing

to his elocutionary powers, is probably the best known Welshman of Wyoming Valley. He, like Mr. Lewis, is a graduate of Carmarthen College, and came to this country as a Welsh Congregational minister. His first charge, in 1870, was the church at Brookfield, Ohio, but in a short time he came to Wyoming Valley, and situated first at Wilkes-Barre and then at Kingston, where he resides at present as pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church, of Edwardsville, and professor of elocution at Wyoming Seminary. Mr. Edwards has on two occasions won "chair prizes," first at an Eisteddfod at Pittston, on the poem "Solomon," and again at the great Eisteddfod of 1875, at Hyde Park, on the poem "The Mayflower," which afterwards lent its name to the title of a collection of his poems. This volume met with a ready sale, and is much prized by Welsh readers, especially for its minor poems, among which the most popular are "The Babe and the Moon," "The Star of Hope," and "The Youth." Two of his longer poems are "Cromwell" and "The Maniac." H. M. Edwards, Esq., the present District Attorney of Lackawanna County, is not more esteemed by the people of Scranton for his legal ability than he is by the Welsh people of Wyoming Valley for his poetical genius. By his contemporary bards he is acknowledged to be the most brilliant lyric poet of their number, and the opinion is expressed by an informed critical taste, that of all the poets who have been sketched in these papers, none is more pre-eminently a true poet than Mr. Edwards. He came to Scranton in 1864, as a recent graduate from the Normal College of Swansea, and has made for himself position as a lawyer, and popularity as a speaker. As a poet, Mr. Edwards is especially noted for his elegies. His longest productions are a drama, entitled "Queen Esther," and an ode on "Roger Williams." Mr. David C. Powell, the most original of the Welsh bards, came to the valley in 1865, and has a wide reputation as an able poet and essayist. Among his poetical pieces are elegies, soliloquies, and odes of various descriptions, with titles such as "Happiness,"

"The Outcast Girl," "Melchisedec," "Generosity," and "The Grave of the Babe." Of his numerous prose works the most important are the treatise on "Geology," and a recent essay on the "Mineral Resources of Schuylkill County." In the beautiful Forty Fort Cemetery is a monument over the grave of a genius. It is a simple stone erected by lamenting bards to preserve the memory of David Jenkins (Llwchrog), the Welsh Poe, who gave brilliant promise as a poet. He came from Wales in 1869, and had written marvelously on "Love," "To a River," and "The Eisteddfod." He met his untimely death in a Carbon County coal mine, and was buried at Eckley; but his friends and admirers later removed his remains to their present lovely resting place. Others who have written much Welsh verse, and meritoriously, are John H. Powell, David Jones (Dewi Ogle), Isaac Benjamin (Bardd Coch), Daniel J. Evans (Daniel Dru), and James W. Reese (Athenydd), all of Scranton; Benjamin Thomas (Alaw Dulais), of Taylorville; D. L. Richards and Morgan C. Jones (Cledwyn), of Wilkes-Barre; H. G. Williams (Gieddwysyn), of Plymouth; Thomas C. Evans (Cilcenin), of Nanticoke; and Griffith P. Williams (Tegynys), John R. Davis, and Moses D. Evans, of Kingston.

These papers would in nowise be complete if consideration were not given to the notice which Wyoming Valley has received from poets beyond her borders. The homage that has been paid to her is not more devout than her beauty can demand. Already she has a queen-like reputation in history and literature. Of the countless many who have dwelt in fantasy, dreaming of her charms, but few have had the temerity to engrave upon a scroll a statement of their passion. What they have written is good or indifferent, but never bad. There is one reflection which has become quite habituated with my thought: What a different tale of poets and poetry would have to be told to-day, if Coleridge and Southey, eighty years ago, had but perfected their schemes of pantisocracy, and had settled with their friends upon the banks of

Susquehanna's "untained stream!" If the solemn cenotaph to Chatterton rising from the mountain side, instead of remaining a poetical contemplation, had developed into the sweet fact, over what a grand literature it would stand the guardian saint! Hazlitt probably had "Gertrude of Wyoming" in mind when he wrote that studiously elegant criticism on Campbell's poetry, which reads, "A painful regard is paid to the expression, in proportion as there is little to express, and the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry." The truth of this assertion is so attenuated that it ceases, in its obscurity, to be just. "Gertrude of Wyoming" is the absolute creation of a prolific fancy. Campbell was obliged to make even his own landscapes and create his own *flora* and *fauna*. He knew nothing of the scenery of Wyoming himself, neither did he have an opportunity to decompose any prose work on the subject, for if he had he surely would not have turned the valley into a museum for condors, palms, flamingoes, and alligators. Perhaps Hazlitt meant to declare that Campbell's poetical sentiments are not intrinsically poetical, but that opinion would be absurd. Yet it seems as if Spenser himself and Lord Byron have been the only poets who have invested the Spenserian stanza with semblance of real inspiration. However, the Art, which tossed to and fro the shuttle of verse, and weaved "Gertrude of Wyoming," was swift and passionate in her movements; and the three cantos are cut from the whole cloth of imagination. It must be admitted that the artificiality is not so observable but that it can be said, "'Tis so like seuse, 'twill serve the turn as well." Who is he that, possessing the ideality, having once been taken captive by the magic of the prelude, "On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming," has not followed the tale to its pathetic close in a sort of obvious revery? What rapture is more tender and sublime than that awakened by the vision of Gertrude in her lonely bower laughing and weeping in turns over Shakespeare's endeared volume? Campbell is noted for such meteor-flashes of

perfect idea and expression. Certainly nothing in English verse is more purely poetical than this description of the trembling Gertrude reclining on the mossy knoll like a lovely personification of Nature, and listening with emotion to the accents of consummate Genius. Fitz-Greene Halleck was the poet of disillusion, though never on that account of cynicism also. "Alnwick Castle" and "Wyoming" have an undying melancholy charm, a tantalizing mournfulness. In both poems, after a soft and tender prelude sung to inflame the listener's ideality, does this American Elia fatally smile and sadly proceed to the disrobing of the very images of his own conjuring, which then hustle abashed into ignominious retreat. The explanation of the paucity of his compositions is undoubtedly here,—it was not because he lacked poetic sensibility that he failed to respond to his inspirations; it was—that in whatever realms of fancy his spirit wandered it was still attended by the gnawing consciousness of earthly reality. The twelve Spenserian stanzas, entitled "Wyoming," have these characteristics. The poem opens in the finest vein of Campbell; and, as it is at once perceived, owed its origin to the "Gertrude." Dreams and exaltations are at first rehearsed, and then comes lightly spoken but sorrowful raillery. No Gertrude, Waldegrave, Albert now, he sings—and so admits the utter ideality of Campbell's creations. Halleck's burlesque meets no resentment in the hearts of his readers, for all can taste the sentimental flavor of its mock-earnestness. If his "Wyoming" has one fault it is that too many moods of mind chase each other with such rapid fickleness through so short a space of rhyme. But of all the poems which have yet been written relating to our valley, Campbell's and Halleck's, it must

be confessed, are by far the greatest, both in respect to Genius and Art. Mrs. Lydia Huntly Signourey, who, during the first half of the present century, was such a strong force in moulding the moral and intellectual agencies of the American mind and heart, did not in her busy career pass unnoticed the romantic beauty and tragic history of Wyoming. A well known critic has said of her poems, "They are more like the dew than the lightning; yet the dew, it is well to remember, is one of the most powerful of nature's agents—far more potential in its grand results than its brilliant rival." And what applies to her collected volume of poems, applies well to her poems, "To the Susquehanna" and "Wyoming." They are not great creations, but the former has a mildness and delicacy that reminds one of Mrs. Hemans' "Voice of Spring," combined with the graceful descriptions of Bryant, and the latter is a tender but earnest appeal for the erection of a monument in memory of those massacred at the Wyoming battle. Professor Henry Copee, LL. D., of Lehigh University, wrote and read at the Centennial of the Wyoming massacre a pleasant poem, entitled "Beautiful Wyoming." It is a poem of consummate taste and genius, and contains some delicate touches and accurate descriptions. "The Tribute of Massachusetts to Wyoming" was the title of a graceful and melodious verse composition by Rev. C. D. Barrows, of Lowell, Mass., read at the one hundredth anniversary exercises of the massacre of Wyoming. Mrs. Mary Sparks Wheeler, of Philadelphia, has written a poem, entitled "The Wyoming Centennial," and the cleverest selection of Col. John A. Joyce's volume of *Peculiar Poems* is entitled "Wyoming Valley."

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